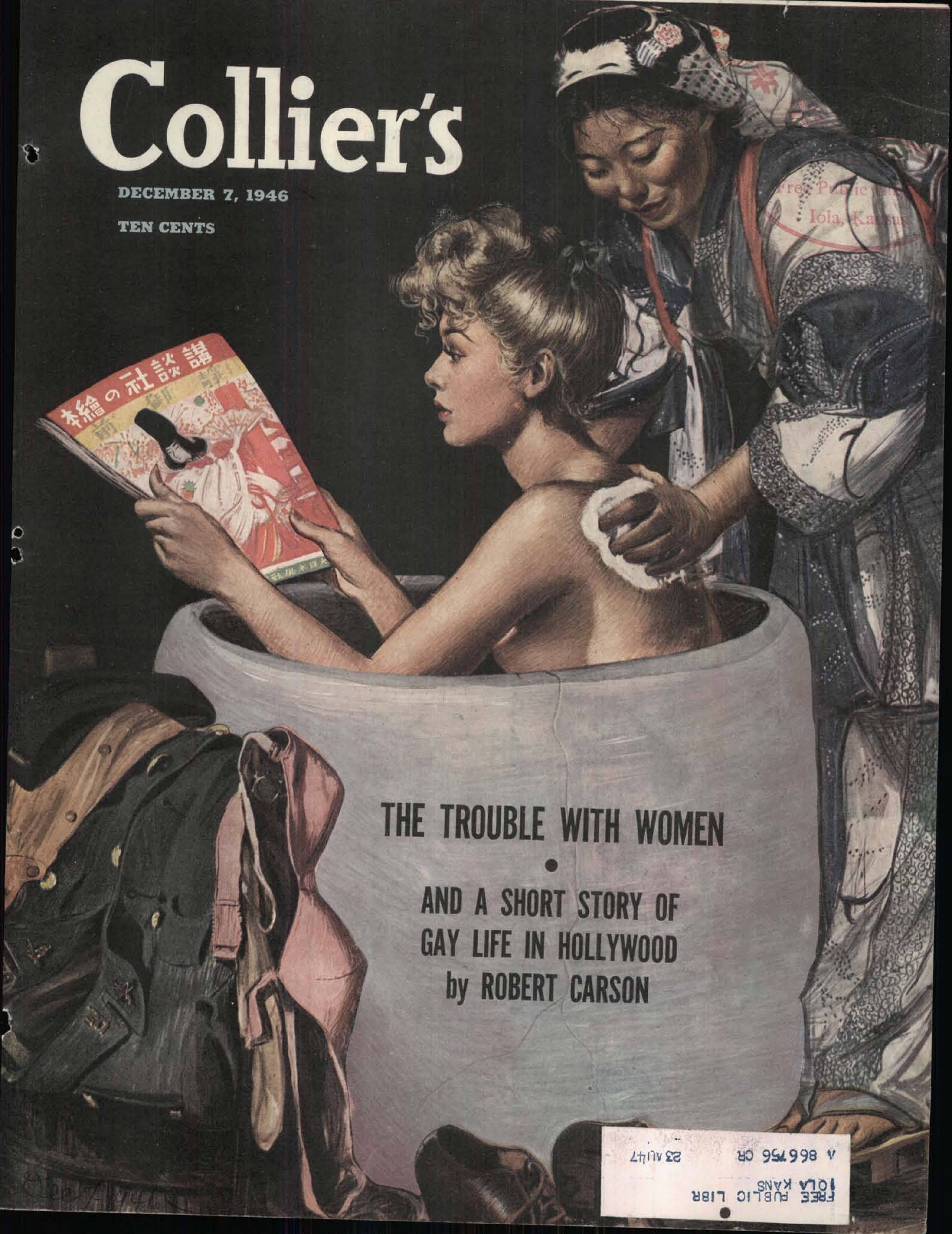
Collier's

DECEMBER 7, 1946

TEN CENTS



THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

•

AND A SHORT STORY OF GAY LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

by ROBERT CARSON

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SHEAFFER'S "TRIUMPH"

THE *Lifetime POINT**

Unconditionally Guaranteed For First User's Lifetime Without Repair Charges If Sent To Sheaffer Factory!

NEW *Fineline* SLEEVE TIP°

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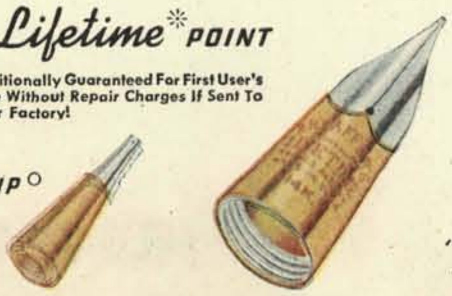

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Finer Post-war Models Priced at Pre-war Levels

SENTINEL and TUCKAWAY pen, $12.50; pencil, $5; complete set, $17.50. No Federal Tax. Other sets, $3.95 up. Complete range of Colors.

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More miles with
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

TYPICAL EXAMPLE: THE NEW TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

Pictured above is E. B. Palmer of Denver, Colorado, a traveling salesman, who writes:

"Last January I was fortunate enough to obtain one of your B. F. Goodrich tires from the Waco dealer. The same day that I mounted the tire, I put on three of a competitive brand.

"I am a traveling salesman and I drive many thousands of miles, over all types of roads at comparatively high speeds. This B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tire has been 36,664 miles, most of which time it was on the right rear wheel.

"It still has a good tread and apparently a number of safe miles left. The three competitive tires have long since been discarded. *It has given me better service than any prewar tire that I have ever used.*"

Letters like this—from owners of taxi fleets, passenger car drivers, police departments and commercial car owners—are coming in every week to tell us that the new B. F. Goodrich tires stand up better than the tires of prewar days.

Supplies of tires are still limited, of course. Even today's increased production cannot keep up with the demand. This is particularly true of the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires. It's best to check your needs with your B. F. Goodrich dealer well in advance. He'll do his best to keep you rolling until he can get new tires for you. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Fight a little...

Play a little..

Love a Lot!!

that's
Loretta David
Young · Niven
IN
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION
"The Perfect Marriage"
with
Eddie ALBERT · Charlie Ruggles · Virginia Field
Rita Johnson · Zasu Pitts
Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screenplay by Leonard Spigelgass
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"You'd better see 'The Perfect Marriage.' It comes pretty close to being the perfect comedy." —Jack Moffit, ESQUIRE

COLLIER'S
December 7, 1946

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

CAMERA EYEDEA

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: I found Revolution with a Camera (Nov. 9th) interesting. I hope to find M-G-M's Lady in the Lake equally interesting. Herb A. Lightman, the author, notes that the basic camera eyedea employed in Lady in the Lake is not new. He is correct. Numerous experimental films have used the camera as the eye of the protagonist.

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, made in the early '20s, was told through the crazed corneas of an inmate of an insane asylum. In Variety, the camera took to the trapeze, as though an artist looking down on the audience from on high. In The Last Laugh, the camera was strapped to Emil Jannings as he staggered drunkenly about a room.

Pancho Villa once refought a revolution so that a newsreel cameraman might shoot retakes. The prospect of the camera proving revolutionary is even more exciting than Pancho's staged battle.

IRVING HOFFMAN, New York, N. Y.

FOREVER SIXTEEN

DEAR WEEK'S MAIL: Shades of Ponce de Leon! (Week's Mail, Nov. 2d). Doesn't Doris Ginnold appreciate the boon that will be hers on the adoption of the new calendar? Her birth date is thereby eliminated. She will never have another birthday. She will remain always the same age as she was when the old calendar was discarded. And she asks, "Is that good?"

J. M. SALMON, Chicago, Ill.

We have it, on good feminine authority, that the 20 best years of a woman's life, by any calendar, come between 28 and 30!

THAR SHE BLOWS!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: After reading Arctic Giant Killers (Nov. 9th), it is apparent that Mr. Lanius' Eskimo friends have to earn their blubber the hard way. Present-day whaling is a highly specialized, large-scale activity, carried on almost entirely in the Southern Hemisphere. Using enormous factory ships for processing the whales, prewar Norwegian, English, German and Japanese expeditions swept the waters of the antarctic searching their prey. Today's whalemen are agreed that the romance of the industry has gone.

During my visit to the antarctic the most impressive memories that remain are those of the killer whales. These are not large, about 30 feet in length, but they are voracious and dangerous. One summer's day I was standing on the ice shelf looking seaward at some penguins promenading on an ice floe. Suddenly a large fin cut the water, the floe was tipped over and penguins

(Continued on page 94)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

"Hey! we're burning up the page!" cried GENE KRUPA as he beat with the heat
GK

"Yes Sir," said Les Brown, "the readers of this magazine are going to scorch their fingers when they pick up this Columbia Record ad!"

"Eet's hottest jam session in heestory . . ." said Xavier Cugat, "when Columbia's beeg names get together."

"You can't beat Columbia Records for strictly sizzling platters," said Frankie Carle.

"Read this slogan," said Claude Thornhill. "It's a complete education in popular music!"

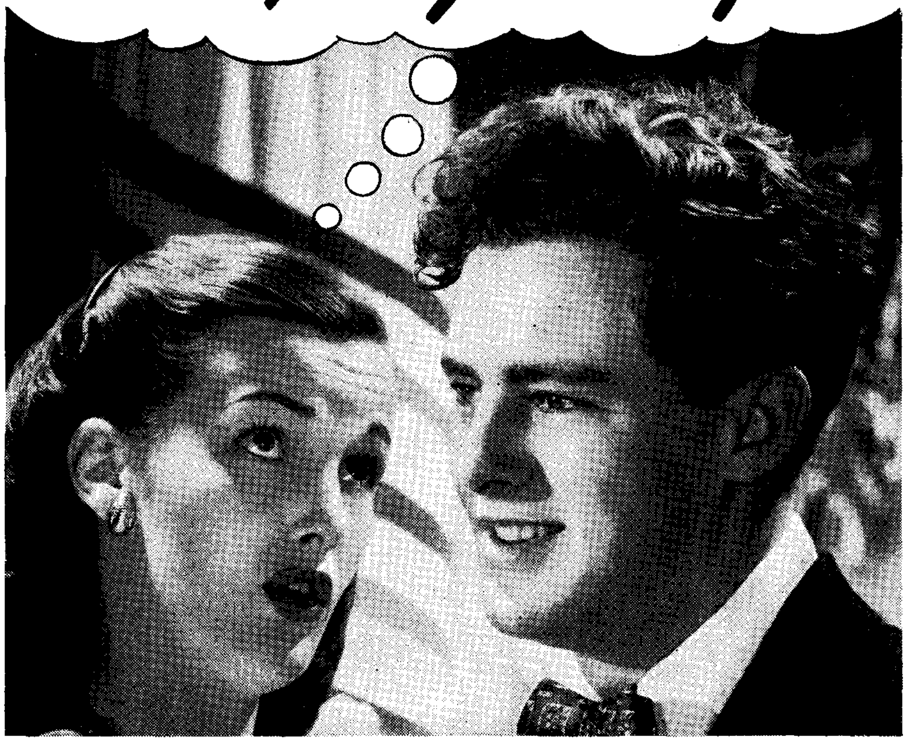
HEAR THE GREAT ARTISTS AT THEIR BEST
Columbia Records

"All we need now," said Tommy Tucker, "is Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Harry James, Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore, Count Basie and the many other top Columbia popular aces . . . and we'd burn up the whole magazine!"

Tune in to these Columbia Record stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" radio program with Martin Block. See your local paper for time and station.

Trade Marks "Columbia," and Reg. *U. S. Pat. Off.*

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WHAT A DIVINE DANCER! Too bad he has such messy hair! I'll bet he has trouble combing it . . . and it's too lifeless for words! Sure enough, he's got loose dandruff . . . Dry Scalp! Right after this dance, I'm going to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

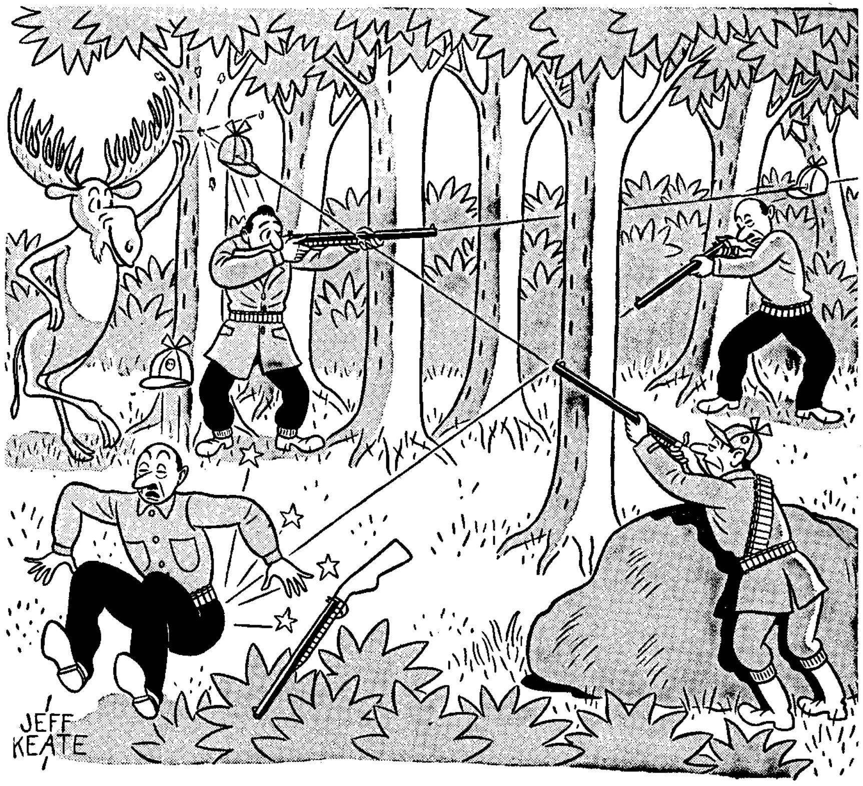
Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

NOW HIS HAIR is really well-groomed and natural-looking . . . 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. All it takes is a few drops a day. Result: Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better. And loose dandruff is checked! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's excellent also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Although defective eyesight is a major cause of the accidents in which about 500 hunters are killed and 3,000 injured annually, no state requires a vision test before issuing a hunting license.

For two decades, criminal investigators have employed "lie-detector" machines which record changes in blood pressure when an interrogated person attempts deception. However, 20 per cent of the records have been too confusing for diagnosis, a fact always attributed to abnormal reactions. But in 1945, it was realized that half of these useless records had been falsified by persons who produced fluctuations in their blood pressure by imperceptible muscular movements. Today, air bladders placed under the forearms and thighs of the examinee record any such movements synchronously with blood-pressure changes.

America's most miserly millionaire was John G. Wendel, who died in 1915 at his home at Fifth Avenue and 39th Street, New York City. To keep in the family the fortune he was accumulating, he remained a bachelor and managed to keep five of his six sisters unmarried and virtual prisoners in this house for 50 years. Furthermore, he instilled such frugality in his sisters that when the last one died in 1931 it was found that, while her estate amounted to more than $100,000,000, she had never had a telephone, electricity or an automobile and that her only dress was one she had made herself and worn for nearly 25 years.

Occupation forces in Germany have found that, on V-E Day, the secret war weapons being developed by the Nazis included some 140 kinds of missiles which were guided to their targets by more than a dozen different methods of remote control.

In this country today, an incalculable sum is lost in federal, state and municipal taxes on commercial enterprises and real-estate holdings that are tax-exempt because they are connected with a fraternal, charitable, educational or religious organization. Doing a total gross business of some $5,000,000,000 a year, these enterprises include, for example, farmers' co-operatives, building and loan associations, and real estate—apartments, factories, office buildings—owned and leased by universities, churches and labor unions.

Few artists have been honored during their lifetime as was Norway's celebrated weaver, Frida Hansen (1853-1927). After her tapestries had won awards at nine international expositions and become museum pieces, the Norwegian government, fearing all her work might be purchased abroad, passed a law forbidding export of any more.

American bull terriers trained for pit fighting develop such savagery during a match that a winner will, if allowed, tear his dead opponent to pieces. Yet these animals are usually so friendly and gentle toward human beings that they are, as a rule, worthless as watchdogs.

No electric sign ever tied up traffic on Broadway as did the one over the Astor Theater which advertised the film Hollywood Revue in the summer of 1929. Accompanied by an orchestra, 24 chorus girls staged a dance on top of the large letters to attract a crowd for the evening show and were so successful that the police had to stop the act after the fourth night.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

The ink dried [illegible]

. . . but the words are as alive and timely as the day in 1921 when they appeared in one of the first Seiberling advertisements. As you read them now, on our 25th Anniversary, we believe you'll see why Seiberling has become A Name You Can Trust In Rubber. For here, in Mr. F. A. Seiberling's own words, is the ideal which has always been the vital ingredient of every Seiberling product.

"To Build as the Romans Built"

"Built by the master builders of the ancient world, the far-flung highways of Imperial Rome stand today as a monument to honest craftsmanship and the unstinted use of the best material.

". . . We of Seiberling Rubber Company believe that this formula is as sound today in Akron as it was two thousand years ago in Rome.

". . . Old fashioned as it may seem, we have set out to build —not down to a price—but up to an ideal. We believe that a product which is honestly built can be honestly sold."

F A Seiberling

Silver
SEIBERLING
RUBBER COMPANY
Anniversary
Year

The Birthday of an [illegible]

This commemorative medal was created by [illegible] Rubber Company in honor of F. A. and C. W. [illegible] the Silver Anniversary of the Company they founded on [illegible] 16, 1921. It honors two pioneers who, in [illegible] growing organization in the rubber industry, [illegible] monument to the ideal of simple honesty in [illegible]

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • Akron, Ohio • Toronto, [illegible]

SEIBERLING

Stop trouble

BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

You can't blame a boy for trying to keep on the good side of the teacher. It's just his idea of the best way to insure himself against trouble. The best way to insure yourself against *car* trouble is to . . .

Make a Friend of the United Motors Man

Your neighborhood United Motors man is a good friend to have. He knows how to spot—and stop—car trouble *before* it gets serious. His up-to-date service methods keep your car quick-starting in cold weather—smooth-running always. He protects your car's performance by using *original-equipment* parts for repairs and replacements. Drive in at the nearby United Motors Service station . . . and get acquainted with automotive service at its best!

Look for this Sign UNITED SERVICE MOTORS It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

Robert J. Hogan

RED-TOPPED, frosty-eyeglassed Mr. Daniel D. Mich (Roundy Rings the Bell, p. 46) is a man with a self-made split personality. He is at once a successful editor, and a struggling writer. Thus he is presumed to beat writers, and in turn he is beaten by other editors. His one hope is that someday he will breed a new type of literary man: a Wriditor, so ending the agelong battle between the two.

Mr. Mich started wielding his big blue pencil back when he was seventeen in Minneapolis Central High, and has since progressed to the executive editorship of Look magazine. Writing came to him but recently, when his wife, Isabella Taves, urged it on him. Miss Taves has already sold us several stories, one of them featuring the Mich Dalmatian dog, Fiorello, named after La Guardia, who married the Miches. "Aren't you ashamed," cried Mrs. Mich, "to let a mere dog break into a national magazine ahead of you?"

Ralph S. Banay, M.D.

Under this stinging pep talk, Mr. Mich began applying himself—when week ends allowed. The result: several fiction items, and a textbook, The Technique of the Picture Story. The saga of Roundy, the Dizzy Dean of sports writers, is his first article to appear in Collier's.

When the publicity-loving Roundy learned his old editor had planted him in Collier's, he wired: "I shoulda hired you as press agent long ago, Red, and I could of got that Wisconsin look off my face."

DR. RALPH S. BANAY, who is taking his life in his hands with the article, The Trouble with Women (p. 21), has a conviction that a better understanding between the sexes is imperative. Men and women, he insists, are primarily human beings and only secondarily are they differentiated sexually. "The more," he says, "we recognize the male in every woman and the female in every man, the nearer we get to the truth and a common denominator."

Born in Hungary, Dr. Banay attended the University of Budapest, came to the U.S. in 1927, became director of the Boston State Hospital, later director of Sing Sing's Psychiatric Clinic, and the first medical director of the Yale University Alcoholic Clinic. Right now he's the director of research on Social Deviations at Columbia and the author of The Criminal Mind, soon to be published.

Daniel D. Mich

THIS being Advice to Young Writers Week, Henry Norton (The Soft Touch, p. 20) suggests breaking the hip. This is what he himself did, in a wet-sidewalk, devil-may-care, go-on-and-break-it mood. He writes: "Before anyone could say, 'Stainless steel pin in the neck of the femur,' I was hammering at a small typewriter trying to keep even with the bills. I sold the first half-dozen pulp detective yarns, despite the sharp pain in the back of my lap, which might have been caused by either the break or the stories. I've been writing fiction ever since my break with the past and posterior, which occurred December 7, 1941. I understand the date is now being celebrated."

"DEAR Mr. Shane," writes Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins, of Chicago University (Let's Split the Education Atom, p. 80), in response to our request to lift the iron curtain that conceals the details of his private life. "Your inquiry makes me shudder. All I am willing to reveal of my life and character is contained in Who's Who." Just a little absent-minded, eh, Professor?

ROBERT J. HOGAN (The Big Shot, p. 17) has solved the writer's problem by buying two homes—one in Florida and one at a northern summer resort. He moves to Florida in summer, renting his northern house; and back to the north in winter, renting his Florida home to the sun-loving tourist. Hogan likes to make friends with the native, rather than the tourist; vows he'd rather write than eat but seems grateful that he has come to a point in his profession where he can do both. He's the son of a Dutch Reformed minister and married to a portrait painter, editor and writer—all one woman.

This week's cover: Martha Sawyers got her idea for Jap bathing Wac while traveling through Japan in 1937, when the Sino-Japanese War was about a month old. "I saw several of these odd-looking bathtubs," she relates. "Then after Pearl Harbor the cocky statements of Jap leaders—how they were going to run things in our White House, how we'd be polishing their boots, waiting on them hand and foot, scrubbing their backs—annoyed me. So I thought it might be fun to do a picture of a Jap scrubbing one of *our* backs. Of course, it had to be a tubful of American blonde." . . . T. S.

Still—Four Billion Miles Ahead!

What's coming in tomorrow's cars?

This happy family isn't guessing. They know even though they had to wait—*they* got it for Christmas.

The Nash "600" has already blazed the way—and the news after four billion miles is grand to hear!

Ever think you'd see the time that big cars traveling at moderate highway speed would cover 500 to 600 miles on a tankful of gas? That day is *here.* This big 6-passenger Nash *does it now*—averaging 25 to 30 miles a gallon!

Ever believe cars would be so comfortable you could do a winter's driving without overcoat or gloves? That experience is yours in a Nash "600" *now*—with a Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System that gives you *fresh* air, *warm* as you need it, thermostatically controlled.

Ever believe you'd see a car body that can't rattle or squeak? It's here *now* in a Nash "600." Body and frame engineered a different way—welded into one super-strong steel unit.

Ever dream of the convenience of having a *bed* in a car, for overnight trips? You'll see it now in a Nash "600"—a big double bed that fits right in the back seat!

Yes, all those "surprises" promised in tomorrow's cars are offered today in a Nash "600." Plus the ride magic of coil springs on all four wheels. Easier handling. Better roadability.

That's why we say YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH NASH—actually *four billion miles ahead* in the research, the planning, and the owner experience that have proved this to be the big step forward in post-war automobiles.

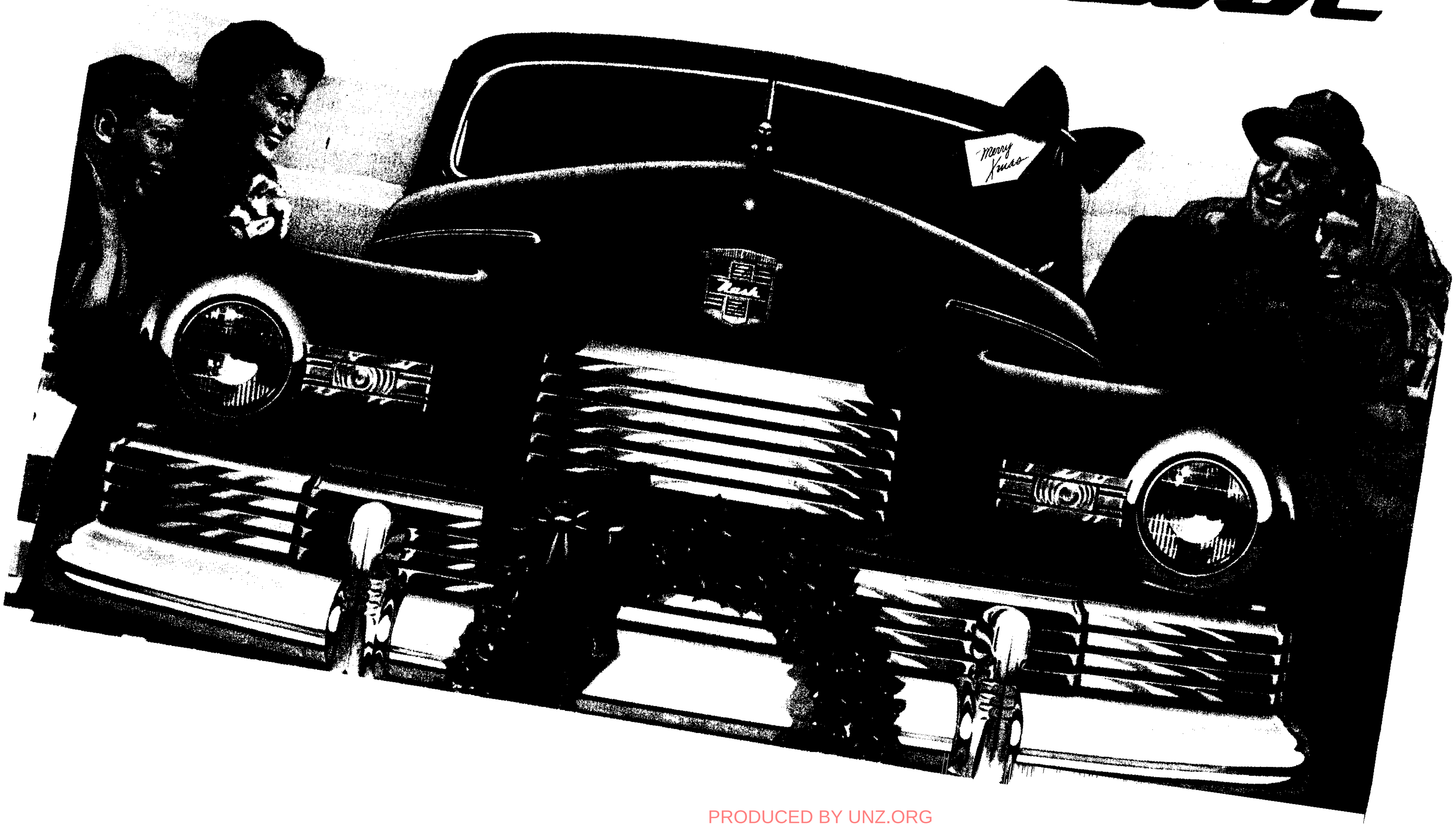
Go see it at your dealer's now. And there's a new Nash Ambassador, too.

If you are awaiting delivery of your Nash, or would like to place an order for one, be assured that your Nash dealer is doing and will do all that can be done to make delivery to you as soon as possible. You'll be glad you waited.

Nash Motors

Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation,
Detroit, Michigan

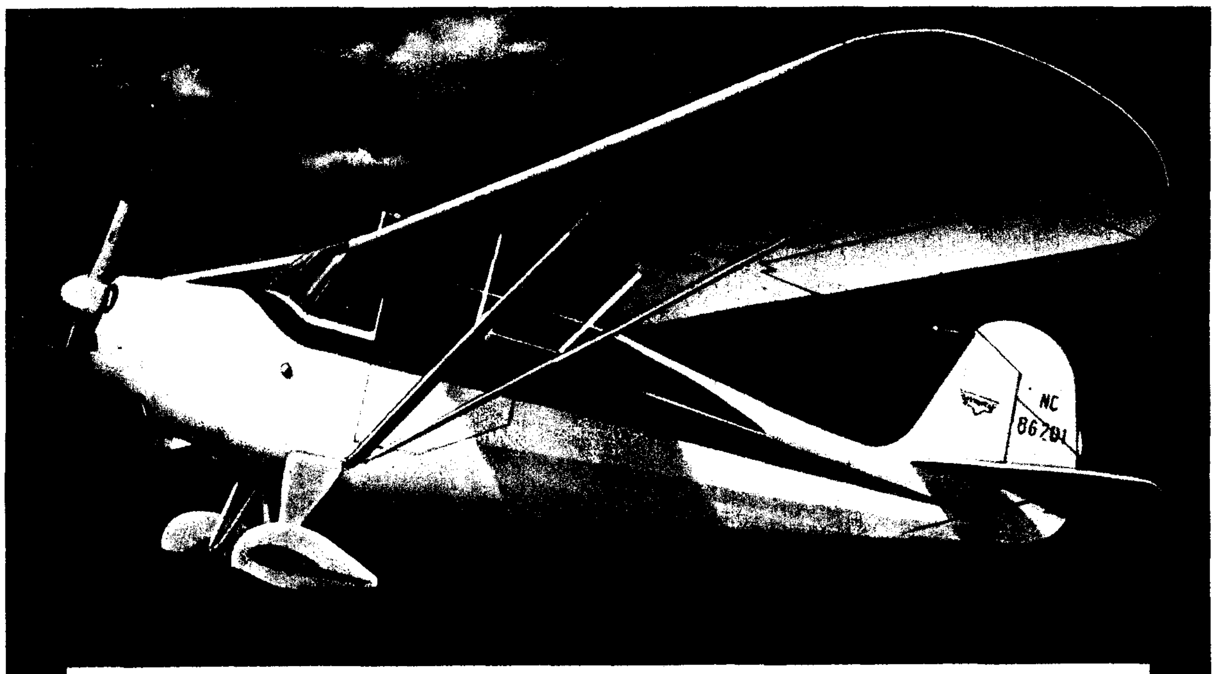
YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash



Deal's done – off for Fun!

HE FLIES AERONCA –

You, too, can FLY AERONCA—Cover more territory faster—Get more done—and still have more time for pleasure at home with family and friends!



HERE IS YOUR NEW DE LUXE AERONCA CHIEF— America's lowest-priced two-seat (side-by-side) plane! With starter, deeply upholstered seats, luxurious appointments, big luggage compartment. Cruises at 90 mph, has a range of 420 miles and lands "almost anywhere"! The Aeronca Chief—one of the world's easiest planes to fly!

WHY put up any longer with tedious trips on the road when you can fly Aeronca in luxurious comfort . . . cover more territory . . . *do more business?*

Why put it off when *today* Aeronca has made flying so safe, so simple . . . *anybody* can fly? Why spend lonely nights in hard-to-get hotel rooms away from the companionship of your family and the pleasures of your home . . . when you can fly Aeronca *there* and *back* the same day?

Think of the fun you can have flying Aeronca! Travel to vacation spots quickly . . . have more time for fishing, hunting or golf. And Aeronca *is* economical . . . uses less gas and oil than a medium-priced car.

Call your Aeronca dealer *now* and arrange for a demonstration flight. And remember—when you *buy* Aeronca, he'll teach you to *fly* Aeronca *FREE!* Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.

OVER 1000 AERONCA QUALIFIED DEALERS TO SERVE YOU at handy airports all over the U. S. A.

So Safe — So Simple — Now Anybody Can Fly

AERONCA

America's No. 1 Low Cost Plane

PACKAGE DEAL

BY ROBERT CARSON

With a Wonder Horse for his client, Henry could just keep himself in hand-painted ties—and then along came Nancy, who balked at being upstaged by a talented nag

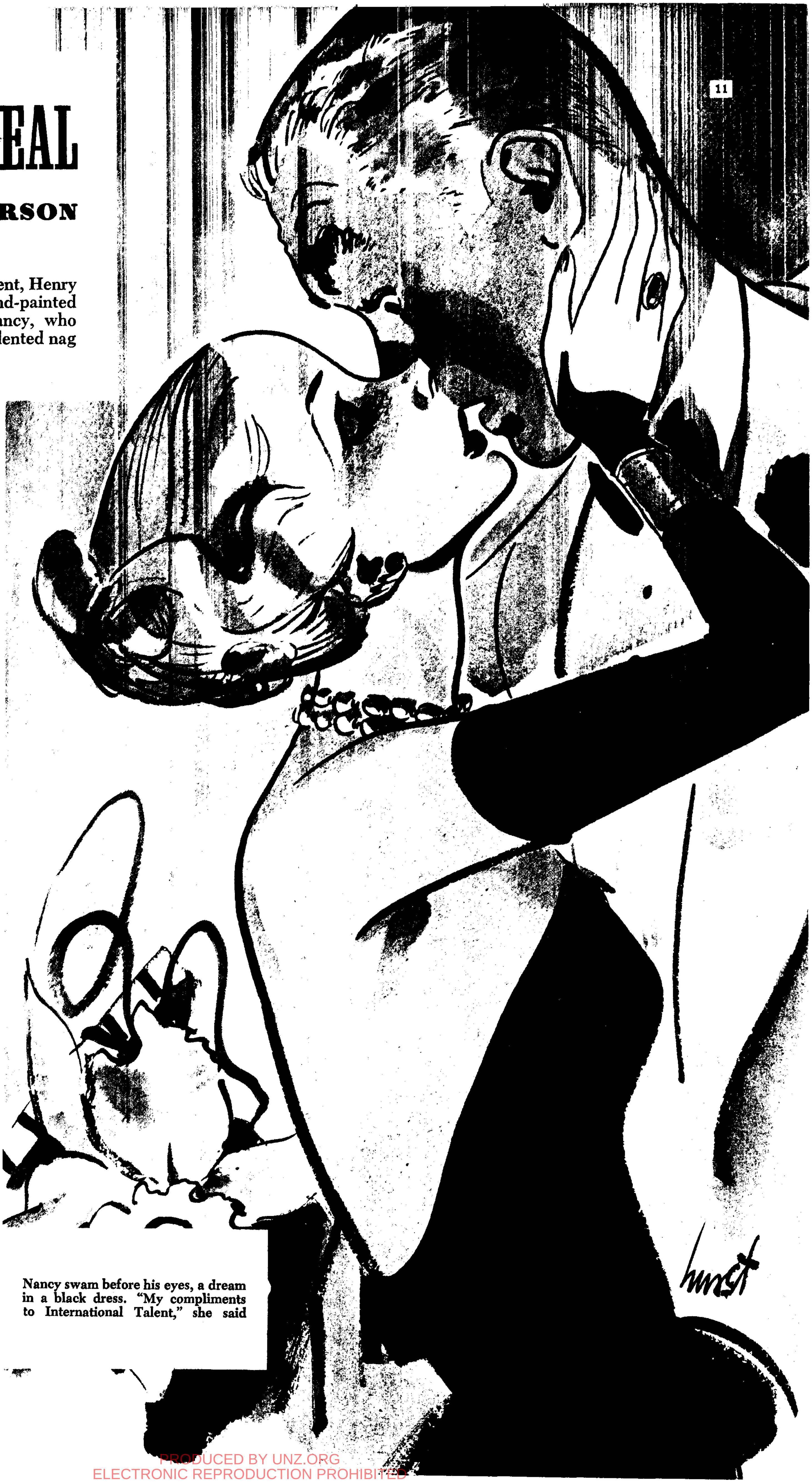
BEFORE the war a huge, quiet young man named Henry Bishop, with close-cropped red hair and a rather light complexion, was employed in the Hollywood offices of International Talent, Inc., which also had offices in New York and London and represented hundreds of fabulous people in the entertainment world. In an atmosphere of big deals and ten per cent of various kings' ransoms nobody paid much attention to Henry. Unlike many talent agents, he had little to say for himself. Mostly he was assigned to dog acts, desperate women who sang in obscure night clubs, and bottle-happy actors who needed a male nurse in addition to a representative. He did his duty as he saw it. There were no complaints. On the other hand, there were no bonuses for him.

In the weekly staff meetings of the agency, Mr. Crashaw, chief of the Hollywood branch, did not rise, tear off his fifty-dollar hand-painted tie, and say, "Listen, you jerks, Bishop is showing the way again. I love that man. Give him a cigar and a check for a quick grand." While the others, in hoarse voices, recited deals pending, getting very hot, cooling, finagled, closing and closed, Henry just sat. At intervals he would announce by interoffice memo that Candy Carmine had been set for three weeks at Joe Blow's Gold Room and he was happy to report he had sprung her alcoholic arranger from a disorderly-conduct rap. Such communications scarcely caused a ripple in the large gray building on Sunset Boulevard where empires daily waxed and waned.

Then one day Henry went in, shook hands with Mr. Crashaw, mumbled something about having fooled with cub planes, and so he thought maybe . . . Mr. Crashaw gathered that he was resigning to enter training with the Air Transport Command. He parted from Henry with sudden affection, wished him luck, gave him a check for a quick grand, and said his job would be waiting for him when he got back.

Henry remained retiring even in a C-54. He rarely opened his mike. It took him two years to sit steadily in the left-hand seat, but he never so much as scratched any government property. And he went everywhere, often in peculiar weather—to Cairo and the Middle East, to Rome and London, over the Hump to China, and westward to Manila and Australia and Hawaii. Finally he went to the building on Sunset Boulevard, in civilian clothes.

Mr. Crashaw looked older after the



Nancy swam before his eyes, a dream in a black dress. "My compliments to International Talent," she said war years. He'd had a purse-string operation and was on his second set of ulcers, and his office was shaded against the beautiful bright sunshine which had always afflicted him. But he was a man of his word, as everybody from Romanoff's to Lindy's knew. A deal was a deal to Mr. Crashaw. He rose and embraced Henry and welcomed him into the International organization.

"You're bigger," Mr. Crashaw said, "and your hair is shorter than ever. You've lost that terrible pink color. While I answer telephones, tell me what you've done."

Mr. Crashaw had four busy phones on his desk, so Henry related his adventures haltingly. He kept to the barest essentials, but Mr. Crashaw was impressed.

"What an experience, Henry!" he said, between phones. "I've always wanted to travel but I never seem to get any farther than Mocambo with a dame in a strapless evening gown. Did you play much gin rummy on those planes?"

"A little," Henry said, "after we'd set the automatic pilot."

"It'll help you here," Mr. Crashaw said. "But what am I saying? You've become a man of the world. You'll probably want to go to our London office, or at least to New York."

"No, sir," Henry said. "I like California and I never want to leave it again. I hate travel by air. If I could have an office, an animal act, a few singers, and an alcoholic, I'd be perfectly happy, Mr. Crashaw."

"Nonsense," Mr. Crashaw said. "You've done your part, and now International must do its part. I'm giving you Imperial Productions as your exclusive property, and I'm going to load you with people. You get Asa, the Wonder Horse—the hottest property in town. When you have ulcers, I'll pay for the operation."

"Gee, that's wonderful!" Henry said. "Only I don't know, Mr. Crashaw. I haven't had much experience and I've been away a long time and—"

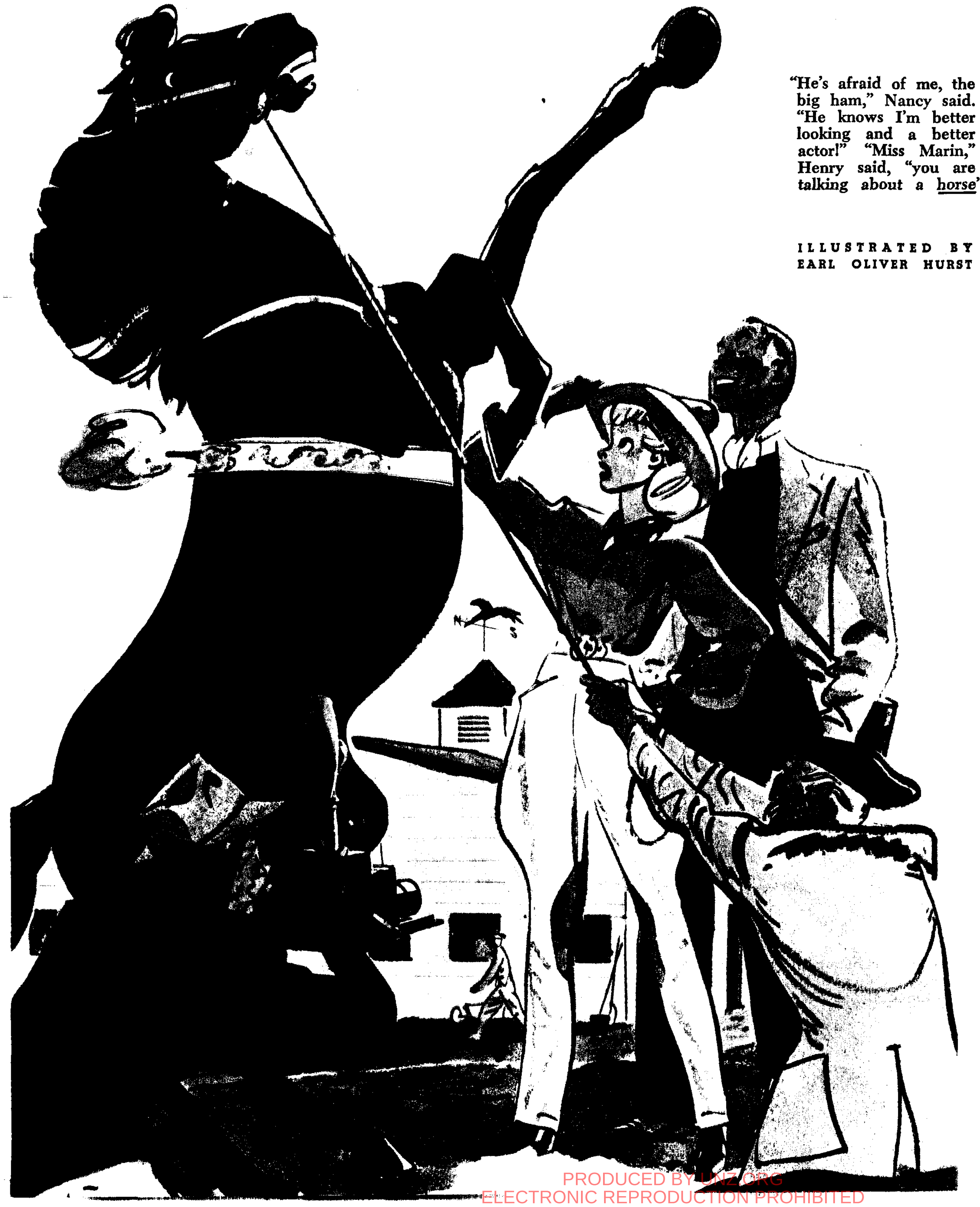
"Forget it," Mr. Crashaw interrupted. "Simply talk more in a louder voice and think in terms of package deals."

"Package deals?" Henry asked.

"That's the new thing in this racket," Mr. Crashaw said. "Agencies like ours with a wide range of clients can now put together all the talent necessary for a complete picture—actors and actresses, director, writer and even horses or producers. It gives us power and prestige, and ten per cent of everything."

"Package deal," Henry said thoughtfully.

"I have confidence in you, Henry," Mr. Crashaw said, as he dismissed him. "Show us the way, boy. Bear out my hopes for you. Get in there and close at high figures. You'll lose your health and make a fortune. Goodby."



"He's afraid of me, the big ham," Nancy said. "He knows I'm better looking and a better actor!" "Miss Marin," Henry said, "you are talking about a *horse*"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Still thoughtful, Henry departed and found, by devious means, an apartment, two new suits, several white shirts and a secondhand convertible coupé. He bought a couple of hand-painted ties. Life seemed enchanting and varied to him. All he had to do was make good.

The first three weeks were spent in familiarizing himself with Imperial Productions and the clients Mr. Crashaw had assigned to him. Several were famous, and they scared Henry. But his fear turned out to be an advantage. Being accustomed to agents who wanted to do a great deal more than ten per cent of the talking, Henry's silences and wide-eyed admiration were both restful and flattering to his celebrated charges. They liked him. They could speak of themselves for hours to him and he never got tired. Word got around that he was a fine man for the ear-benders. In fact, Mr. Crashaw mentioned it at the weekly meeting.

"I call your attention to Bishop," he said, "who is showing us the way. He has anesthetized several of our clientele, notorious for their biting and scratching. Maybe it's only the odd way he is barbered, but anyhow he has them fascinated. I love that man."

Filled with fresh confidence, Henry drove to San Fernando Valley to meet Asa, the Wonder Horse, who was a fine, amiable black stallion temporarily out of work because his salary was so high. Harry Tisdale, Asa's trainer and owner, saw eye to eye with Henry. Having two hit pictures under his saddle cinches, Asa could afford to wait until somebody met his price.

"Stay with me," Henry said, upon leaving, "and I'll have that horse playing leads before I'm through."

HIS next stop was Pasadena, where an International client signed in New York and marked for delivery to Imperial Productions was arriving on the Chief. A recent holder of a small part in a Broadway musical, Nancy Marin was reputed to have a wonderful personality and perfect legs. She had been screen-tested in the East to the joy of all beholders. Both the personality and the legs had come through on the celluloid.

On the platform were a number of men with cameras and copy paper, headed by Mr. Pickerell, chief of the Imperial publicity department. He greeted Henry cordially.

"I firmly believe," Henry said, "that we are gathered here to greet Hollywood's greatest future star."

"I believe it myself," Mr. Pickerell replied, "but not too firmly. Maybe you are getting more money than I am."

The first Henry saw of Nancy was her legs, coming down the Pullman steps. They were as advertised. The rest of her consisted of one hundred and fifteen pounds attractively curved, blond hair, nice light brown eyes, and a face that not only her mother but everybody else could love. Henry waited until the initial rush was over. When he did edge up to her, she noticed him immediately and exhibited a set of teeth which would never need porcelain caps to fool the cameras. She appeared to be a genial, talkative girl.

"Hello, Red," she said. "What can I do for you that some guy with clippers hasn't already done?"

"I'm your agent, Miss Marin," Henry said, "from International Talent. My name is Henry Bishop."

(Continued on page 69)

KIDS IN THE BLACK MARKET

THEY BEGAN BY SHINING SHOES

HEY WERE JUST UNHAPPY BOYS

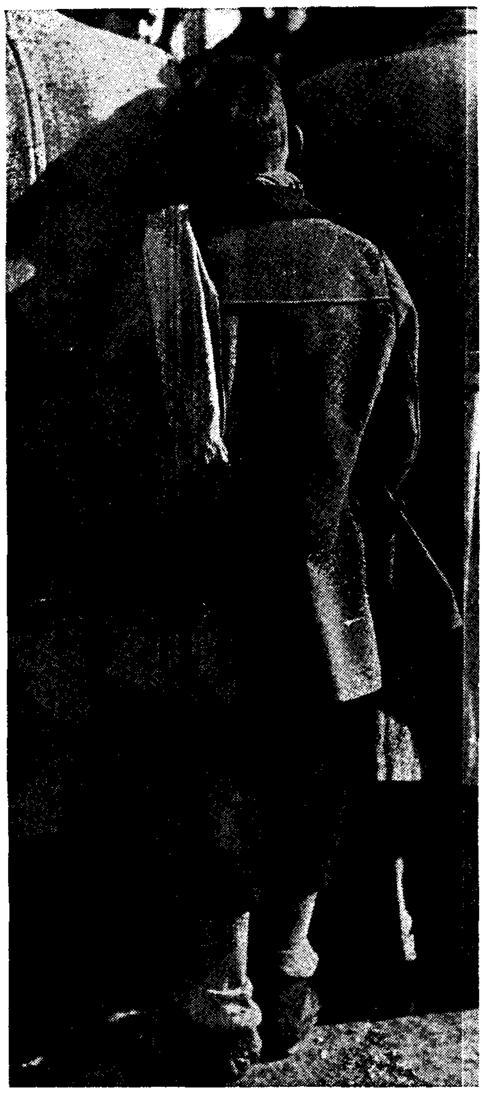
ITALIAN BOYS TOWN

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Cheated of their boyhood by the tragedy of war, these Italian urchins turned into real Dead-End Kids. They were a problem for Army authorities until a wise priest found a way to help

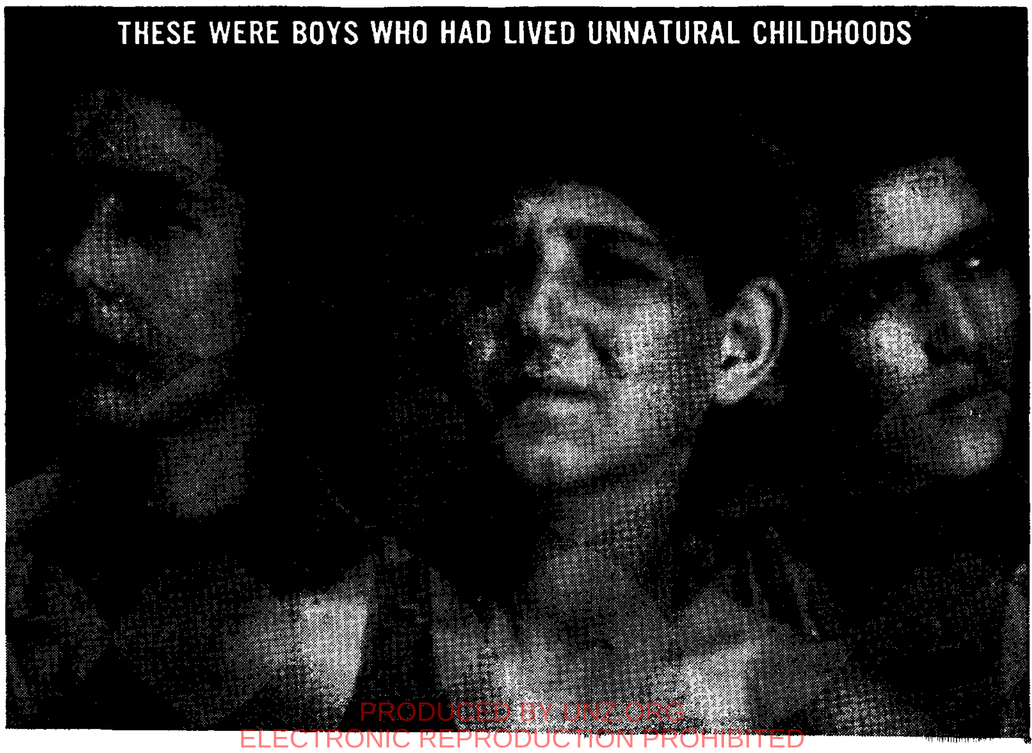
THERE is nothing that an American Army officer dislikes more than the dreary business of polishing his boots and his brass buttons. When the Fifth Army began its long, tortuous advance through Italy, both officers and enlisted men found to their delight that boots and brass presented no problem at all. Hordes of dirty, scrawny youngsters followed the Army wherever it went, pleading for the chance to shine shoes and polish brass. They were war orphans, boys whose parents had either been killed or separated by the war.

Their cry of *"Sciuscia?"* the Italian approximation of "Shoeshine?" became a familiar one to American G.I.s. With typical G.I. generosity, the soldiers tossed handfuls of *lire* to the youngsters who shined their shoes



AN ITALIAN DEAD-END KID

THESE WERE BOYS WHO HAD LIVED UNNATURAL CHILDHOODS



THEY EVEN TURNED PICKPOCKET

BEFORE MONSIGNOR JOHN PATRICK CARROLL-ABBING TOOK AN ACTIVE INTEREST, THESE BOYS SEEMED TO BE DOOMED. TURN THE PAGE FOR A PICTURE OF THEIR STARTLING REFORMATION so well. The kids became Army followers, trailing along wherever the Army went.

The war ended and most Army personnel were sent home, and the kids now settled in the cities. They had no homes; they had nothing but their shoeshine boxes. They lived in the rubble of bombed buildings, they slept under culverts or in the fields outside of the cities. Sometimes they slept in the streets and they became known as the Street Boys. Pickings grew slim as additional troops were sent home and the youngsters, loosely organized into small groups, started to expand their operations. The port of Naples offered excellent opportunities for youngsters who had long since lost any moral scruples. They had to live and there were no jobs for them. They were too young for the arduous physical labor of reconstruction.

It wasn't long before the Army authorities discovered that food, equipment, and even medical supplies were disappearing at an alarming rate. The thefts were traced to gangs of Street Boys. There were plenty of buyers on the Italian black market for any kind of stolen supplies. Extra guards placed on the docks of Naples and other ports soon stopped the thieving. Now the Italian version of our Dead-End Kids turned to robbing freight trains and picking pockets. Italian civil authorities were helpless. So were our military authorities. And the activities of the boys increased.

Monsignor John Patrick Carroll-Abbing, a wise and youthful priest, had been appointed president of the Medical Commission in the National Agency for the Distribution of Relief. He was convinced that these boys were not vicious by nature—they were vicious because circumstances had made them so. They had lived bitter, unnatural childhoods.

In addition to being well intentioned, the priest was, happily, an able administrator who had many friends in high places. He interested Myron C. Taylor, the President's representative to the Vatican. Mr. Taylor interested the Pope. Monsignor Carroll-Abbing found it easy to interest American Army officers, and within a month the *"Opera per il Ragazzo della Strada"* (Committee for the Street Boys) came into being. The first job of the priest's committee was to interest Italian officials and Italian civilians. Such relief organizations as the American Red Cross and American Relief for Italy, Inc., were approached and asked to help. They were more than willing to allocate money and supplies to the committee which was to handle this specialized problem.

The young priest's dream was beginning to take shape. He decided to establish a series of boys' villages patterned after Father Flanagan's famous Boys Town. The first one was located north of Rome on the shore of the Tyrrhenian Sea. What could a sleepy seaside village offer these boys who had lived at such exciting tension for so long? Well, for one thing, regular meals. For another, clean clothes. But more important, the priest could offer them freedom from fear. They no longer had to fear hunger or beatings or police. Here they would be safe. And then Monsignor Carroll-Abbing and his workers gave the boys something they had never known—affection.

In addition the boys were given responsibility. They were never "bossed" or regimented. By secret ballot they were allowed to elect a mayor and a board of aldermen to run the village. They elected a supreme court to hear all cases of violations and to punish the guilty. Some of the punishments were unique but effective.

1) If one citizen hits another he will have his right wrist bound to the left wrist of the one whom he hit for a period of time to be determined by the court.

2) If a citizen steals he must pay the

Everyone worried about the boys, but Msgr. Carroll-Abbing did something about them

Arturo knew only the law of self-preservation. Now as judge, he administers a different kind of law in Boys Town

Elections by secret ballot are new in Italy. War-orphaned Leonardo was elected mayor

Giovanni was leader of a gang. Elected sheriff, with his deputies, he polices town

Pietro is president of the town's Co-op Society. He allocates the profits from the sale of vegetables and fish

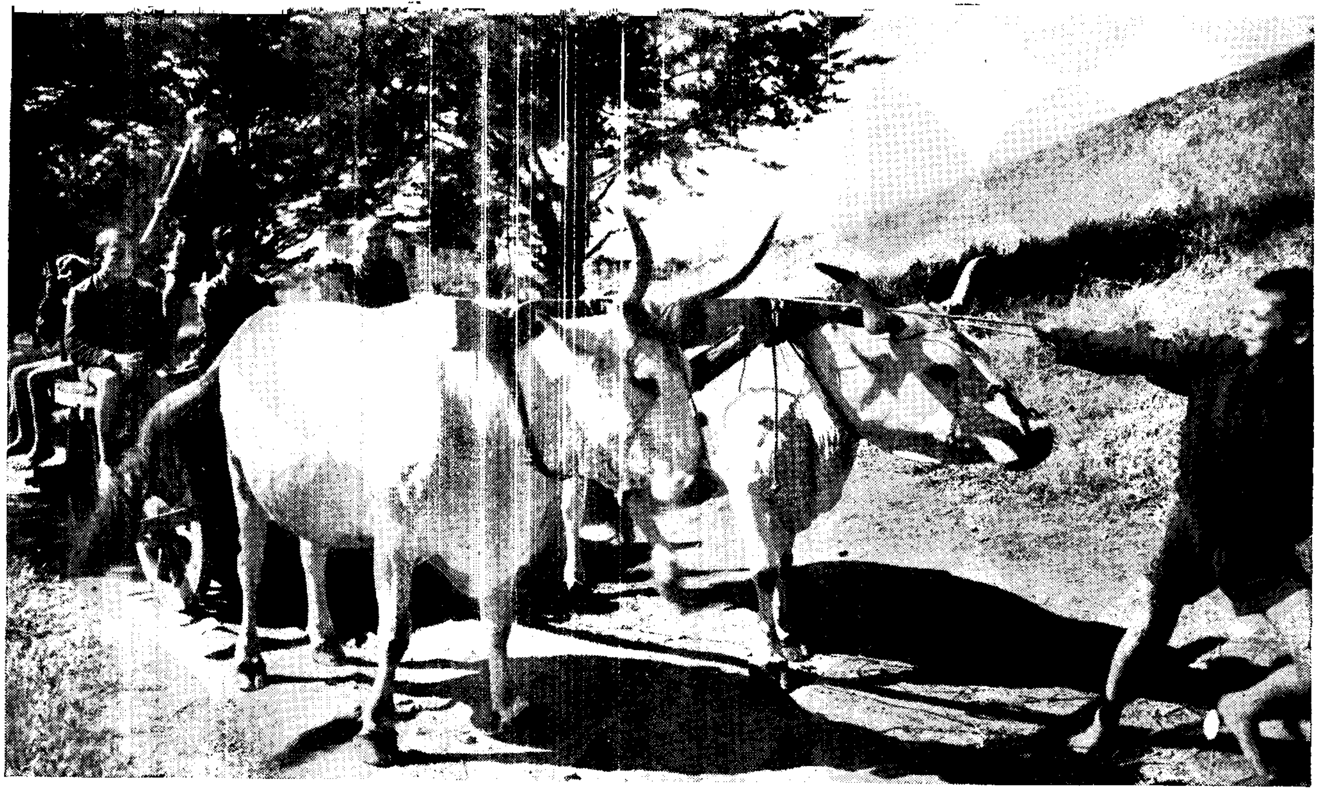
They arrived scrawny and ill-fed. Regular meals, sleep and exercise worked miracles

injured person twice the value of what he has stolen.

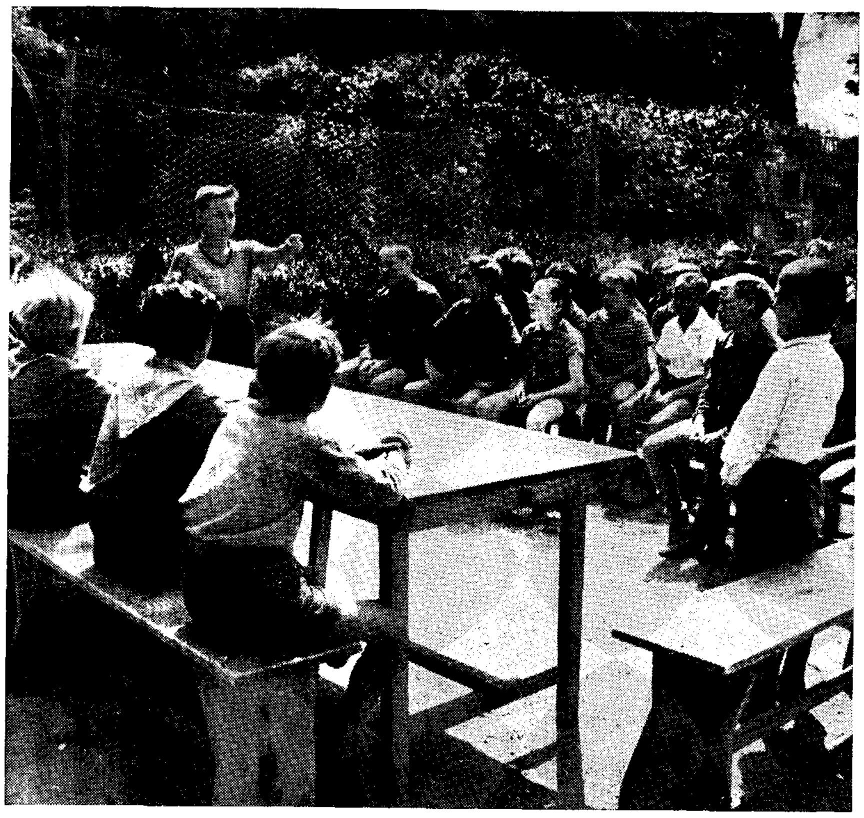
3) He who throws a stone must hold a stone in his mouth for a specified time.

Agriculture was the chief business of the village, and it was organized on a communal basis. Two boats were added, and the boys went fishing, not only for fun but for profit. Classes were held, and for the first time these youngsters learned about the alphabet, and they learned, too, about democracy. Shoemaking, carpentry, plumbing, and other trades were taught. But there was plenty of time to swim, to play soccer and to learn boxing. There was plenty of time to learn to laugh—something these boys had never had time to learn.

Today there are similar villages all over Italy. A generation that was lost is being reclaimed. And the young priest is known all over Italy as the "Monsignor of the Sciuscia." It is a proud title. ★★★


Long-horned oxen were a bit frightening at first to city-bred kids, but they soon learned how to handle them

In the cities, "Shoeshine Hotels" were established to provide food and clean lodgings. Here boys await their turn for their first healthy meal


The word democracy has been long missing from the Italian language. Trial by jury with judge, prosecutor and defense attorney shows boys democracy at work

Once they swam in the dirty waters of Naples harbor. Now they have the lovely Tyrrhenian as their private swimming pool, forgetting war's ravages

Shoeshine boys were veteran truants from school in war-confused Italy. Today they attend happily. Understanding Boys Town teachers make school attractive

HE KNEW HIM WHEN

The meteoric rise of John W. Snyder, with side lights on America's finest friendship

BY BILL DAVIDSON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON - PIX

IN NORTHEAST Arkansas, where Secretary of the Treasury John Wesley Snyder was born and raised, and where the local citizenry have the long-established habit of expressing themselves in song, a new verse of a favorite old folk tune is currently making the rounds. The recent addition to Arkansas folklore goes as follows:

In Washington, away up high,
There's a big old kite hangin' in the
sky.
Now that big old kite is Harry T.
And the tail of the kite is John Wesley.

As this might indicate, there is some astonishment even in Snyder's home territory about the Secretary's jet-assisted rise from bank cashier to the very topmost stratum of government. Nowhere is there any doubt, however, that the dumpy, bespectacled, small-town bank official actually does occupy that exalted position, and is, as one high-ranking White House official put it, "the most influential man in the United States as far as the President is concerned."

Snyder spends so much time at the White House that Washington has been quipping lately about a private cable car being strung between the Wardman Park Hotel, where Snyder lives, and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. A powerful Democratic senator recently announced that he had given up trying to advise the President, since every time he left Truman's office, John Snyder was waiting outside ready to pounce on the senator's suggestions.

As Reconversion Director, Snyder became chief of staff to the President, had his office in the White House, and scarcely left the Presidential presence from 8:30 in the morning until late at night, when the evening conference or poker game was concluded. He was, in effect, an Assistant President—even more powerful behind the scenes than the all-powerful Bureau of the Budget.

Truman never went on a trip or to a conference without the balding, stylish-stout form of Snyder following at his heels and the high-pitched Snyder voice twanging around his ears. A few months ago, when Truman took his vacation cruise down around Bermuda, the 300 newspapermen helping the President get away from it all were astounded to see a Coast Guard plane roar up no less than twice during the few days of the cruise and disgorge a smallish figure wearing a gray hat, a double-breasted blue suit and carrying a brief case: John Wesley Snyder.

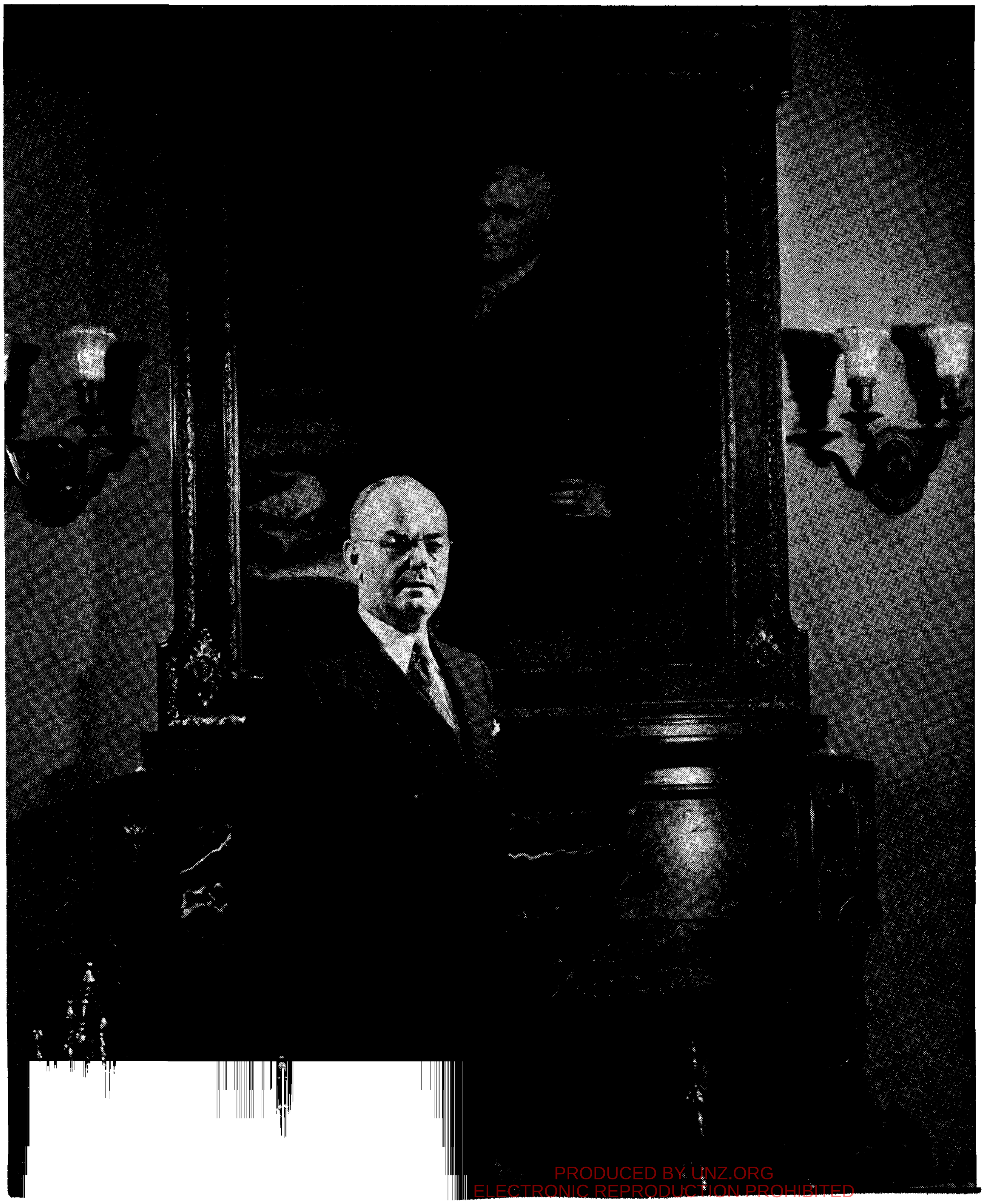
Because of his remarkable friendship with the President, Snyder (normally a cautious man) has had to make some drastic decisions in recent months, and as a result he is identifiable today as one of the symbols of the basic split in the Democratic Party. This was quite effectively dramatized recently. On September 24, 1946, Snyder spoke before the American Bankers Association in Chicago and was applauded so wildly by that solidly Republican body that the sound waves jolted Democratic National Chairman Bob Hannegan out of his chair in Washington, more than a thousand miles away.

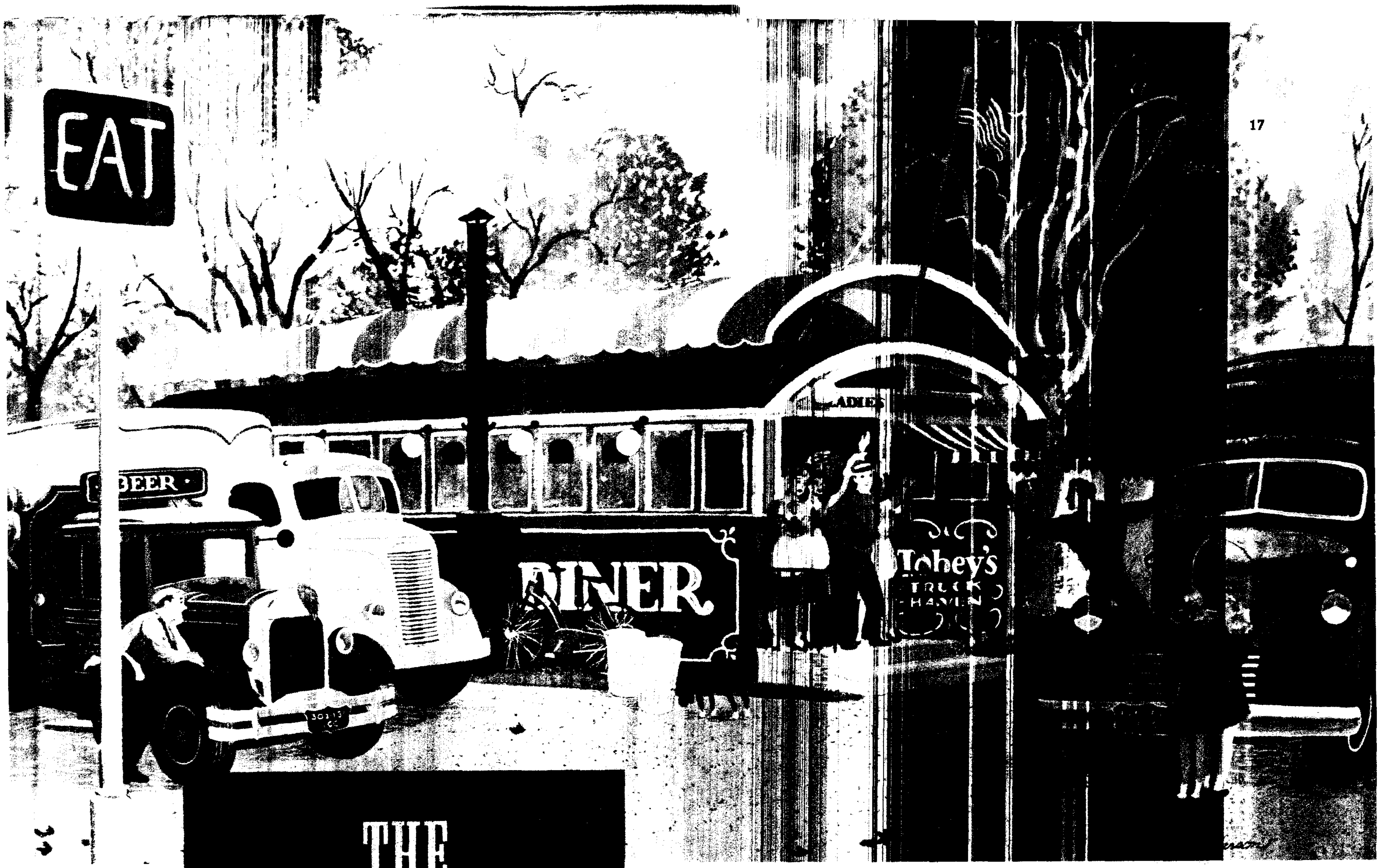
On the very same day, a reporter asked a well-known Democratic congressman what had happened to a certain bill that had been before Congress. "Oh," the congressman replied, "that one seems to have been Snyderized." Since then, the word "Snyderized" has become standard usage among certain Democrats in the government, whether or not Snyder is involved.

Snyder, much more than Mr. Truman, is currently beloved of the auto manufacturers, the steel companies, the railroads and American business in general, for his militant methods of settling the big reconversion strikes, breaking the goverment's price-wage stabilization formula in the steel strike and removing the wartime priorities system as soon as the war was over. Conversely, he is vehemently hated by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, by labor in

(Continued on page 58)

Alexander Hamilton and John W. Snyder. The new Secretary of the Treasury poses with his most illustrious predecessor





Carlo ran to his truck before the gang could see his eyes fill with tears because of his happiness. They followed him and he yelled, "So long, you guys!"

THE BIG SHOT

BY ROBERT J. HOGAN

He stood on the threshold of shining success. So he turned his back and drove away—at the wheel of a truck

THERE were tears in Mary's eyes as she kissed him goodby. It was an impulsive kiss, with her arms thrown around his neck as he paused at the door, before going out to his truck. It was a kiss with sudden passionate feeling, as if she were kissing him goodby forever, and just now realized how much she loved him.

"Good luck—Carlo." She said his name as tenderly as if she were saying "darling" instead.

He had his arms about her, too, like a brother. He patted her smooth, slim back gently, then they broke, and Helen and Frieda, Tobey's other two waitresses, came to kiss him goodby. They gave him quick, but firm, kisses on the mouth—so when he grew to be like Sinatra or Como or maybe even Crosby, they could say that they had kissed the great Carlo Gagliano. Carlo knew that was why they kissed him. It was very flattering. He felt a little embarrassed. He also felt wonderful.

Carlo was laughing. He waved his hand and said, "Take it easy, you guys," to the other drivers. "Be seeing you." He meant it, but of course he wouldn't likely see them again, really. Not at Tobey's. The gang congregated at Tobey's Truck Haven west of Albany on the Cherry Valley Turnpike mostly during the all-night truck runs. They stopped going west to Syracuse and Buffalo or they stopped heading east and south for Albany and New York.

As Carlo spoke to them, the juke box started playing. It was his favorite: Symphony.

Merchiani, a big, quiet driver for Dennison Trucking, and noisy, wiry little Mickey Ryan grabbed Carlo by the arms and kept him from getting away. Ryan said, "Sing once more, Carlo."

Everybody shouted, "Sing Symphony, Carlo! Once more! Sing Symphony again, Carlo!"

"Listen, you guys," Carlo said. "I got to get going. I got to dump part of my load at Albany and be in Brooklyn with the rest of the load by seven-thirty in the morning."

"Lots of time," Ryan said.

"You going high-hat on us already?" Polack said. He could be nasty sometimes, that Polack. He had two names as long as your arm so they called him Polack for short.

Carlo said, "Don't worry. I'll always be one of you guys, no matter what."

"Don't give me that stuff," Polack said. "You'll get to be a big shot and you'll forget you ever drove a truck."

"Look," Carlo said in a hurt tone. "I won't ever change."

"Don't make me laugh," Polack said. "They'll even change your name, Gagliano."

"The hell they will!" Carlo said and color darkened his face.

"Sing Symphony before the record stops," Hornecker said.

"Yeah. Give out."

Carlo sang what was left of Symphony on the record. And when he had finished the ceiling of Tobey's Truck Haven Restaurant shivered a little with the applause.

He ducked out of the door then and ran to his truck before they could see his eyes fill with tears because of his great happiness. The gang followed him out and he yelled "So long, you guys!"

They were great guys. They were his pals. Even Polack would understand, in time. Carlo would come back, when he'd become famous, just to show Polack that he didn't forget any of them.

He drove along and soon it began to rain. Night fell quickly. It was soon dark and the roads were slick. He couldn't make very good time so he'd have to keep pushing.

He drove toward Albany and thought how good it was that this was his last trip as a truck driver. Of course, he'd have to bring a load back to Syracuse, but that wouldn't take him through Albany and Tobey's. He'd come back by Route 17 through Binghamton.

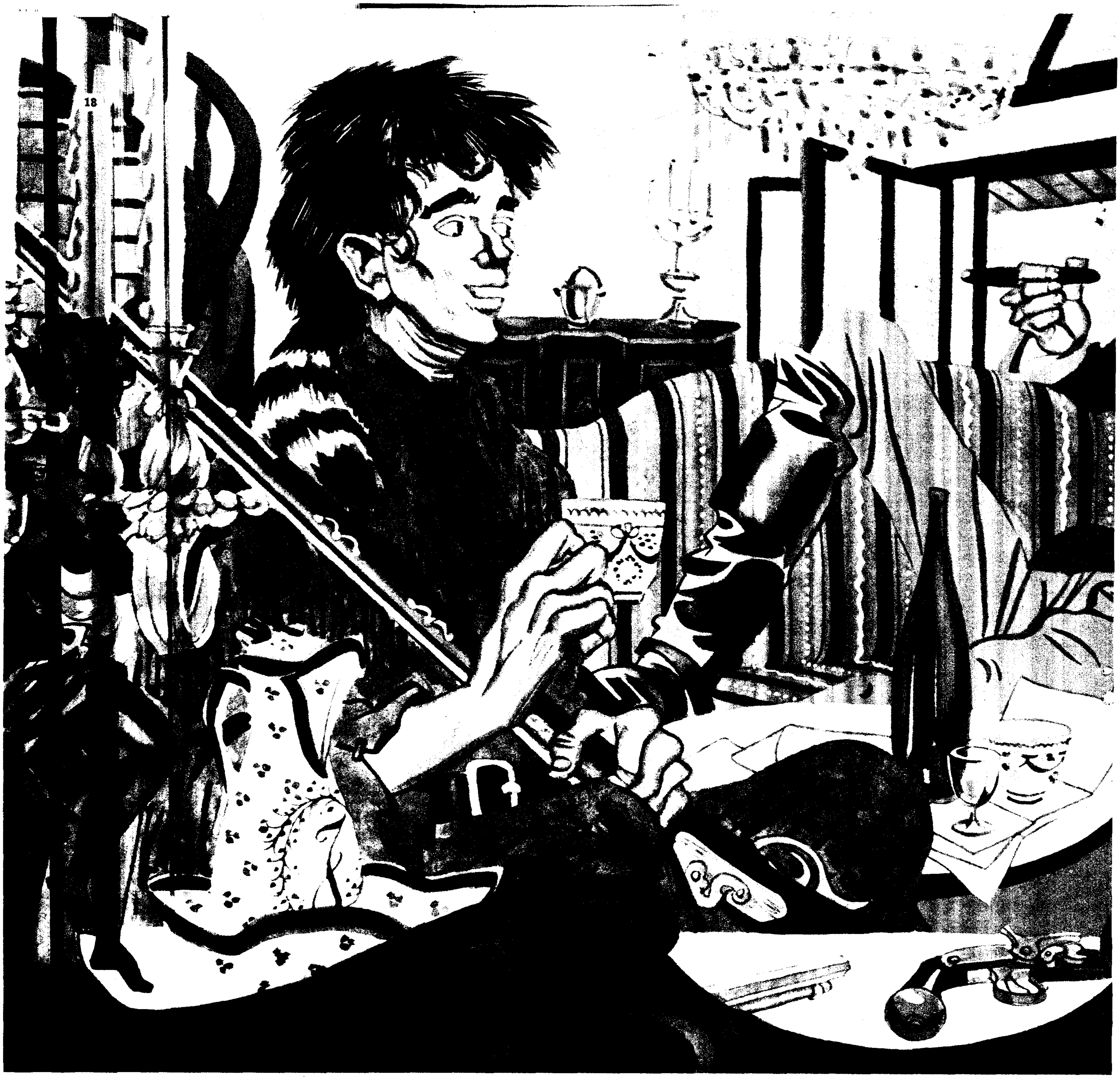
He pulled into Albany and dropped off the half-dozen heavy machine crates that were to go there. The foreman at the dock said, "Carlo, we'll be listening for you on the radio."

The handlers and drivers at the dock gathered around. One asked, "What time you going on, Carlo?"

"I don't know," Carlo said. "They're just working me in now. I don't know what program I'll be on."

(Continued on page 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



"Tennessee men say you shot Pakenham . . . some Kentuckians claim you didn't. What's the straight of it?" said the general. "Be derned if I know," said Prom

THE TENNESSEE RIFLE

BY DICK PEARCE

Prometheus Yates was a straight-shootin' man. The rules of war were easy to follow. The rules of love were more confusing

PROMETHEUS YATES was nineteen the day the preacher stopped for supper and let on that the British had run Madison out of Washington and burned the White House. Prom's pa knew it was a danged lie and would have turned the man out but for his being a preacher.

Prom wasn't mad about it like his pa. Prom didn't care about Madison. His eye was on Alabama and Florida, where Andy Jackson was making the British skitter. The preacher said Andy was getting ready to set up in New Orleans and was writing some scorchers to the governor of Tennessee, hollering for more rifles and men who knew how to use 'em.

The next morning bright and early Prom went down to a stand where the hickory grew straight and clean and whacked off a shoot as thick as his thumb. He was sitting in the door, whittling and smoothing, when his pa came up.

"What you doin', Prom?"

"I'm making me a ramrod," said Prom. "And when I get it finished I'm goin' up to Pennsylvany and get me a rifle made around it."

His pa looked at the hickory shoot, which was whittled down now to the thickness of Prom's forefinger. Then he squinted at Prom, who still looked his six feet four even when he was sitting there with his head bent.

"They ain't a man in Tennessee could handle a rifle that big," said his pa, " 'cepting maybe you, Prom."

Prom went on whittling, not saying anything. His pa was just stating facts.

"I 'spect you got New Orleans in mind," said his pa.

Prom nodded. " 'Spect so," he said.

Prom's pa squatted and picked up one of the slivers from Prom's whittlings. It was long and thin and evenly curled. The kind it takes a sure eye and powerful whittling stroke to make.

"Twenty-thutty year ago," Prom's pa said, "me and Andy Jackson and some other fellers whupped this King George out'n east Tennessee. Most folks figured he was whupped for keeps, but me and Andy knowed different."

Prom was a good son. He knew not to interrupt his pa, so he went on whittling and listening. His pa took a sliver and drew some lines on the ground.

"This here is Tennessee," he said. "Way up here is New York. That's where King George got in the first time. Down here is New Orleans, where Andy figures he's coming in this time. You can see plain as day what he's after both times."

"Tennessee," said Prom.

"Maybe he wants Kentucky, too," conceded Prom's pa. "That lyin' preacher claims so. I suspicioned he was a Kentucky man when he said the British was in Washington. But it don't matter. What's over here?" Prom's pa pointed his sliver at the ground way out west of his map of Tennessee.

"Arkansas Territory," said Prom.

"And west of that?"

"Pawnees."

"And west of them?"

"Why," said Prom, "I reckon nobody knows."

"You mean *we* don't know," corrected his pa. "But maybe *he* knows."

"King George?"

Prom's pa nodded. "He tried from the east and we whupped him back. Now he's trying from the south, but I reckon you and Andy'll manage him. Could be, the next time . . ."

"I'll look into it," said Prom.

Prom's pa was content. He stood up.

"When you goin'?"

"Today," said Prom.

Then Prom's ma came out and said, "I reckon it's time to tell you, Prom, there's girls in this world don't court fair and square like Tennessee girls. It's a caution what they could do to you if they set a cap for you. Which they will."

That was all she said. But Prom knew what her heart was set on, so he said, "When I marry me a girl, she'll be a Tennessee girl, else I'll make her one."

That afternoon Prom put on his new brown homespun and his coonskin cap and his money belt with the cockfighting money and the horse-racing money in it, kissed his ma goodby, picked up his ramrod and caught a ride down the Cumberland. Then he caught another ride up the Ohio and went to Pennsylvany, like he said he was going to do, and found an old Rhinelander who made him a rifle around that ramrod.

The rifle was seventy-four inches long and weighed twenty-one pounds, and the old Rhinelander said the flint in it was one he had been saving until he found a man big enough to strike fire on a rock straight off the floor of hell. Prometheus said he guessed he was the man, all right.

Then Prom worked his way back down the Ohio and into the Mississippi. At Natchez he met up with a lot of other Tennessee men wearing brown homespun who said they were hurrying to New Orleans to help Andy Jackson whup somebody. Prom said he guessed this was the company he was looking for.

Quick as he got to New Orleans he looked up General Jackson to pay his respects as one Tennessee man to another. The general asked after his ma and pa, and then they had a nice long talk about rifles and running horses and cockfighting, though the general said he had given up cockfighting and now disapproved of it.

When the maneuvering was over and the Battle of New Orleans finally shaped up, Prom was with the Tennessee Rifles over there on the left flank where the swamp water was a stench in a mountain man's nostrils but the hunting was good. General Coffee came down the line putting two of his men behind each bale of cotton, one to shoot while the other was loading. Prom raised a holler.

"Dang it, General," he said. "Give a man shootin' room."

General Coffee smiled at him indulgently but firmly. "Shut up, son," he said. "And keep that burning bush of a head of yours down or Pakenham will bounce a ball off it."

Prom didn't know who Pakenham was, and didn't give a hoot. He yelled after the general, "If he gets close enough for me to see him, I'll have Pakenham for breakfast."

YOU will recall that Pakenham sent his regulars against Jackson's left flank in the first day of battle, promising them they'd sleep in New Orleans that night. When they were five hundred yards off, and coming in a steady line, and Coffee was yelling to his men to hold their fire yet a while, Prom eased his rifle up on the white crossbelt of a Britisher and let fly. Down went the Britisher.

Prom was standing there, killing Britishers all by himself, with his red hair waving like a flag at the whole British army. But they had nothing smaller than a cannon ball that could reach him. Not knowing then what Prom was going to do to them, they would not waste a cannon on him. Prom was killing Britishers at four hundred and fifty yards. Then four hundred. Some of the other Tennessee boys with especially fine rifles chimed in at three fifty. Then at three hundred they all went to work, and Pakenham's regulars skedaddled.

After this first British attack failed, General Coffee came around to Prom's bale of cotton. He didn't say anything to Prom but he sent the other man down to another bale and let Prom have his bale all to himself.

Of course, the whole Jackson line was talking the next day about the Tennessee man who could kill Britishers at five hundred yards and liked Pakenham for breakfast. The talk went all the way up to Beale's City Rifles on the far right flank and finally reached Jackson's ears.

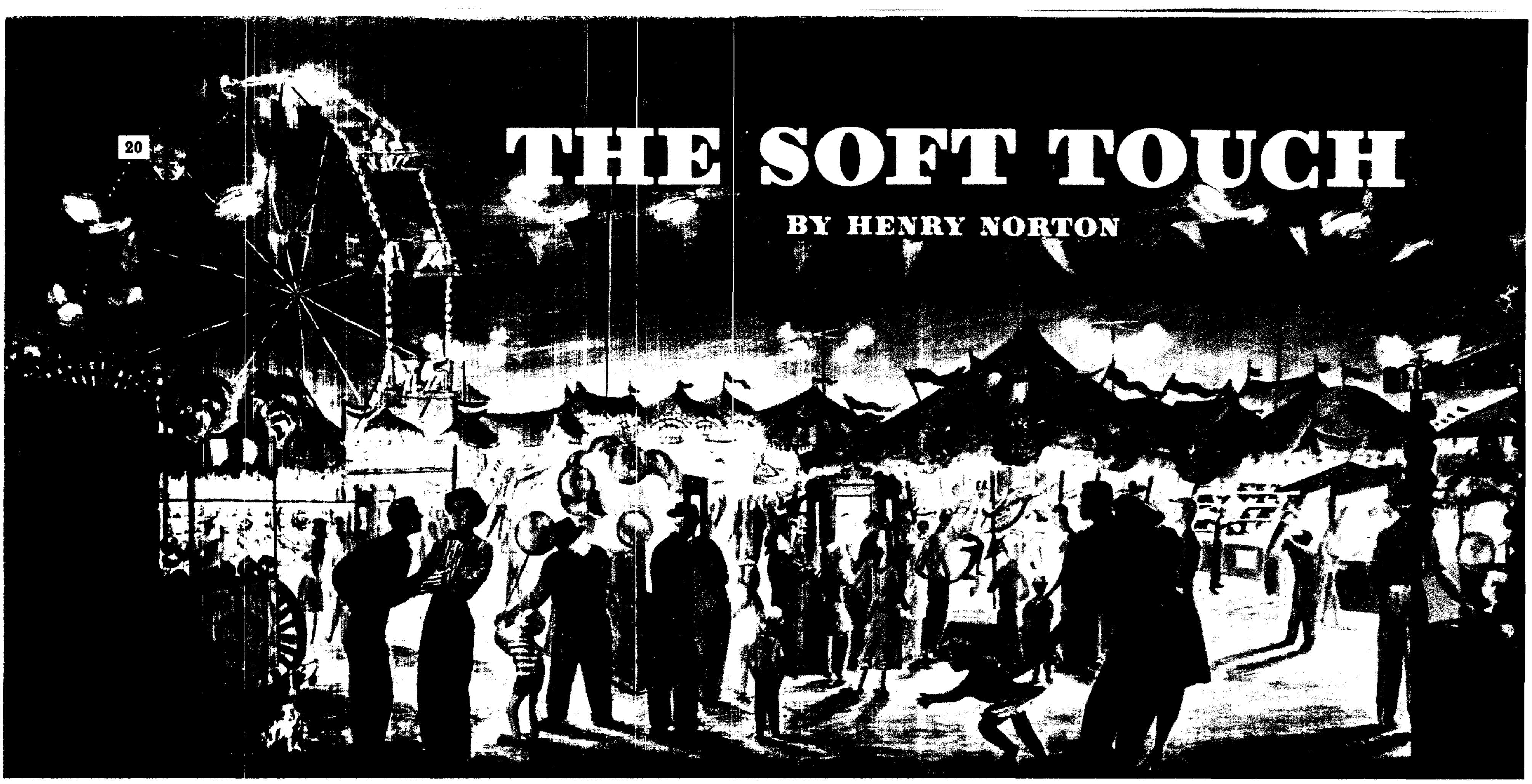
So when the main battle came off a few days later and somebody's rifle ball found Pakenham and the British quit, everybody said it must have been Prometheus Yates because nobody else's rifle would reach to where the

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

THE SOFT TOUCH

BY HENRY NORTON



The mingled smells of the carnival came up into Bob Carey's face and were familiar breath to his nostrils. But they were sucker bait

BOB CAREY stepped through the carnival gates, and the mingled smells came up into his face. Then he wanted nothing so much as to go in, and on, and never see the town of Springfield again. The spice of sawdust laid over dust, the full fluttery sweetness of popped corn and the rich savor of sizzling frankfurters—they were familiar breath to his nostrils. But they were sucker bait.

Schlemiel No. 5, he thought sourly.

A pitchman down the line began chanting in a hoarse voice: "Three balls in the bucket gets you three dollars; five balls gets you—no, not five, but *ten* dollars! It's a simple test of skill!"

Bob let the voice sink behind his thoughts unheeded. He knew, from personal recollection, that there was a strong spring on the bottom of the bucket, and if the operator wanted to apply it, you had no chance of keeping a ball in the bucket.

But Bob knew he was the type for a pitchman's play. Faded levis, and a striped hickory shirt open at the throat. He was a rube now and fair game. There'd been a time—but that was seven years ago, before he'd fallen for a country girl and bought Sheriff Gannon's farm. He tried to shrug the burden of bitterness from his shoulders as he walked on down the midway.

Lucy would be okay without him, he thought. She'd miss him for a while, but she'd be all right. Her folks would take care of her once he was gone. They'd be happy, too. They'd wanted him gone ever since he came.

Well, he could go! He could swing out with the carnival when it left tonight. There was always a spot for an old hand. Let the sheriff have his farm back, if that was what he wanted. Let the banker have his daughter back.

He stopped to watch the shell-game operator, noting with an approving eye the carefully simulated awkwardness of the man's hands, the evasive flight of the pea from shell to shell. The man looked up and saw him.

"Try your luck?" he said.

Bob said, "I'm with it."

"What show?"

"The Great Gilliard, seven years ago."

"Then you knew Diller Miller who ran the wheel."

"I did," Bob said, "if his name was Finnerty."

The man leaned over and stuck out his hand. He studied Bob Carey.

"Can't play the game till you know the name," he said. "Since they put that show on in New York, half the touches you run across try to talk like old carnies. It's confusin', but not amusin'."

"Always room for another boom," Bob said.

He leaned across the table and talked, his lips slitted crookedly, not at all in the manner in which he had talked that morning at the Springfield bank. . . .

He'd been making his contract payments at the bank for the past six years, buying the little farm for Lucy and himself. In the bank Lucy's father owned, he still was treated more coldly than a stranger. That's what came of marrying Lucy against her old man's wishes. The only one in the place who gave him a kind word was Uncle Fred, at the mortgage window, where Bob made the payments. That was, Bob thought, because Uncle Fred got the same kind of treatment from Lucy's dad that he did. Poor-relation stuff.

THIS morning there'd been trouble. Bob counted out $400 in worn bills, saved painfully from the slim cash take of the farm, and pushed his passbook under the wicket to Uncle Fred. There was a year of grinding denial in those green bits of paper. One of the tens, worn in two at the crease, had been carefully mended with transparent tape. Uncle Fred counted the money. And then looked up wryly.

"Sheriff wants his interest," he said.

"Interest?" Bob said slowly. "He's kept telling me to skip the interest till it was easier."

The older man's eyes were troubled. "Bob," he said, "I kept tellin' you to keep that interest up. It comes to near two hundred dollars now. He wants it—by tomorrow noon."

"But I haven't got it!"

"Then he can take back the farm. Look—what would have happened any year up to now if he'd pressed you for the interest money?"

"I could have got it somewhere. But this year I paid off all my machinery. Next year it'll be a cinch—"

"There'll be no next year," Uncle Fred said.

Bob Carey got it then. He understood the slow cunning of Sheriff Gannon, who could let the interest pile up for six years, choosing a time to crack down when Bob could not pay.

He saw that Lucy's father and the sheriff had been smart and that he, Bob Carey, the smooth grifter, had been a sucker. A soft touch, a rube.

He left the bank then with hatred in his heart. He went down to the carnival and then he went back into town.

He stopped at two taverns without buying, and found what he wanted, finally, in the Commercial. He bought a beer and leaned across the bar.

"Some carnival down there," he said to the bartender.

"I'm goin' down at four when I'm off," the man said.

"I used to be with carnivals," Bob said.

The barman said dryly, "Yeah, I heard so."

"One thing you can sure beat is that shell game," Bob said positively. "They play it straight up, see, till some sucker puts up a big bet. Then the shellman takes the pea and hides it between his fingers. No matter which shell you turn up, you lose."

"So how do you beat it?" the man asked.

Down the bar, a man moved a stool closer. He was one of Sheriff Gannon's deputies, and Bob was careful not to look at him.

"So you get a crowd around and then you make your bet," he said. "Then you reach out and hold down two of the shells and you say, 'It ain't under either of these, so it must be under the other one!' You turn 'em over, and what can the guy do? Pay, or admit he's crooked?"

"Hey, I might try that," the barman said, and then added, "if somebody don't beat me to it."

For the deputy had stood up quickly and gone out the door. Bob Carey walked to the window and watched the man go a half block and turn up the steps to the sheriff's office. He turned around and grinned at the bartender.

"Don't try it," he said.

THAT evening Sheriff Gannon leaned his bulk across the shellman's table. He'd gone to the bank to pick up some money due him there, and the entire sum was now bet on the game. The sheriff put a meaty hand on each of two shells.

"It ain't under either of these," he said, "so it must be under the other one. Right?"

"If you're right, it's right," the shellman said.

Gannon lifted the shells and a small pea rolled from under the right-hand one.

The shellman scooped up the bet and said, "Anybody else now? The sheriff says the game is honest!"

BOB CAREY came into the bank the next morning and laid $200 on the ledge in front of Uncle Fred. "The interest," Bob said.

Carefully, the older man took the passbook and wrote the amount into it. With the interest paid to date and the machinery taken care of, he thought, Bob and Lucy ought to make the farm go nicely.

"Understand the sheriff talked himself into a mite of trouble down at the carnival," he said. "You don't reckon they cheated him, do you?"

"Why should they?" Bob said. "The shellman's got two chances to your one; why should he cheat to win? Sheriff Gannon just outsmarted himself!"

"Looks like it," said Uncle Fred.

He lifted the sheaf of currency from the ledge and riffled through it until his thumb felt the slickness of transparent tape holding together a torn ten-dollar bill. He winked at Bob Carey.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. K. MOSS

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

BY RALPH S. BANAY, M. D.

Meet the female of the species, in all her ancient and terrifying glory

Dr. Ralph S. Banay is a noted figure in the field of criminal psychopathology. He is chairman of the American Psychiatric Association's Committee on Prisons, former Chief Psychiatrist at Sing Sing Prison, and is currently Director of Research in Social Deviations at Columbia University. In this frank and provocative appraisal of modern women he explains why:

Women's celebrated progress toward emancipation is essentially dangerous.

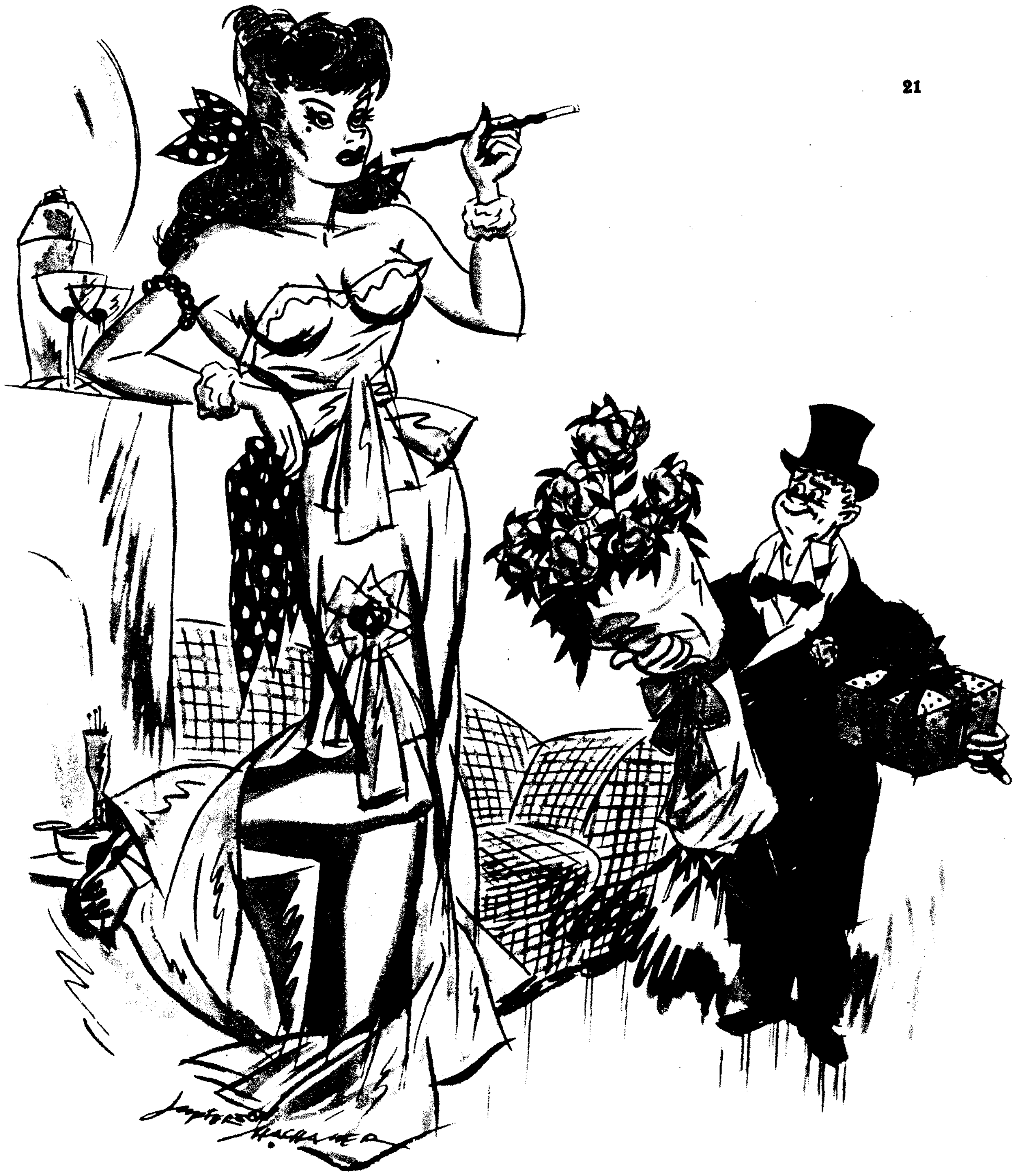
Women are more inclined to criminality than men.

Women's emotional development lags far behind their social-economic progress.

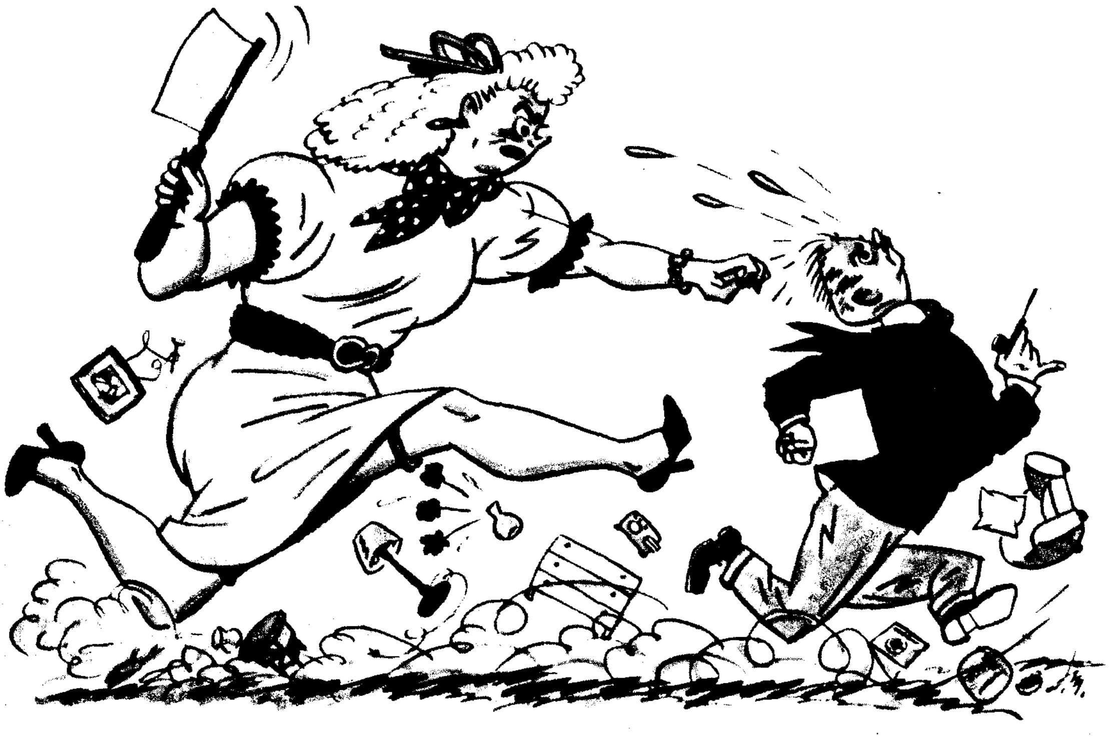
Women's total nature is essentially that of the preadolescent child.

Women do not really want full equality under the law.

Women seldom understand themselves.



Women deliberately project upon potential or actual suitors an impression that is not an accurate picture of their total nature



Their greater instability equips women for violence that is furiously vengeful and spectacular

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER

COLLIER'S has asked me these questions: What is happening to the modern woman? Is she on the threshold of full equality with man? Is she sincere in wanting to abolish all distinctions between the sexes? What has her rapid social evolution, in recent years, done to her essential, personal self? What will she be like if and when her projected "emancipation" has been carried to its logical conclusion?

There is good reason for examining these fascinating questions, for it would seem that the swift rise of American women in business, professional and intellectual life, when it is analyzed, threatens not only the harmonious development of the relations of the sexes, but also the further advancement of women themselves.

From the clothes-swaddled, elaborately protected and rigidly repressed homebody of Victorian times, woman has bounded forward to claim a position of absolute partnership with man. The more vocal advocates of the "emancipated" woman propose that this progress be carried on to completion: equal opportunity for jobs, equal pay for equal work and nation-wide equal status under the law.

Is this genuine evolution or a sudden, semiviolent release of natural forces too long confined?

The facts, plus sober judgment, point in the latter direction. Women have gone too far too fast. They cannot maintain the burden of what we might call an uneven ascent without disaster. One is tempted to call out: "Better beware, sister; you are going too fast without understanding what is happening to you. Unless your social advancement is complete—which is not the case—you are asking for trouble."

The trouble, in fact, is already showing in the aggressive and uncontrolled behavior of many women. This disquieting (Continued on page 74)

YANKEE FISH FAMINE

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

THE ship's husbands in Gloucester, the oldest and best of our fishing ports, are a little worried these days.

All of the vessels in that great fishing fleet have husbands. The ship's husband does what any good husband is expected to do. He provides money and food and keeps things in repair. He patiently listens to any complaints at the end of a voyage and sees that it doesn't happen again. He gives the nod for any little paint job that may be needed. He buys the needles and the pins.

This husband may be a part owner of the vessel. Or he may be just a capable friend chosen by the owners. But he is the vessel's legal manager and must send her to the fishing grounds at the right time to get a trip of fish.

That's why the husbands are on the anxious seat today. It's getting harder and harder to find cod and haddock in sufficient numbers. The reason is that the New England fishing grounds are practically fished out.

Once upon a time, the fleets took 350,000,000 pounds of marketable fish in a season on Georges Bank, the best of the old Yankee grounds. Now they have to go all the way to Sable Island, off Nova Scotia, to fill their pens. They fished on Banquereau, beyond Sable Island. By the end of this season, they will be going even farther.

Banquereau is a big bank and there have always been plenty of fish there. But it can't stand the strain now being put upon it. The Yankees are there. So are the Nova Scotians, Newfoundlanders, Frenchmen, Portuguese and Spaniards. For nearly five centuries, all the cod-eating nations of the world have fished in those waters. But there never was such hunger in the world as there is today. And never such fishing. Millions of pounds of fish are being killed every day.

"Banquereau won't last much longer. And I don't know where we can go after that."

This was the opinion given last spring by Captain Bert Hemeon, skipper of Ben Pine's Columbia, the most modern of Gloucester draggers. We were pulling out with 170,000 pounds of mixed fish in our pens. We still had room below for 70,000 more pounds, but the long trip home requires an early start if the fish are to be in good condition when they are put ashore. From the deck of the Columbia, I saw four Nova Scotian draggers, eight Americans, and several Frenchmen, and there were scores at work out of sight.

"They're all draggers," said the captain. "Not a dory trawler amongst them. And I guess that's the story."

Skipper Hemeon didn't have to guess. He knew.

In those words "dragger" and "dory trawler" you have the shocking story of the depletion of the Yankee fisheries. It was the change from the dory trawler to the dragger that did the trick. Now there's got to be another change. Or the ship's husbands

Until recently, thousands of huge codfish, like the steaker being forked overboard in the picture below, had to be thrown back after the limit was reached. This limit, set by the union under pressure from dealers, kept prices high, but it added to the tremendous waste in one of our most important food industries

Gloucester's fishermen are wasting tons of cod and haddock every day. Yet prices remain high, people are starving and soon there will be no place left for the fleets to go fishing

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JULIUS FANTA

will be taken into the divorce court on charges of mental cruelty. To themselves. And to the millions of Americans who depend on Gloucester for an abundant supply of good, cheap food.

The dory trawler had been the most efficient tool of fish production afloat. What was it? Just a hundred-ton schooner that sailed to the Banks with ten or twelve dories on its deck. The schooner carried long trawl lines which were taken away from the vessel in those dories and stretched along the bottom of the sea. To the long lines were tied a large number of shorter lines which bore hooks baited with chunks of herring. Carried to the bottom by small anchors, the mile of trawl, with a hook at every fathom, presented an agreeable change of diet to the cod and haddock. The fish gobbled the bait and were hooked. Their luncheon period was usually about two hours.

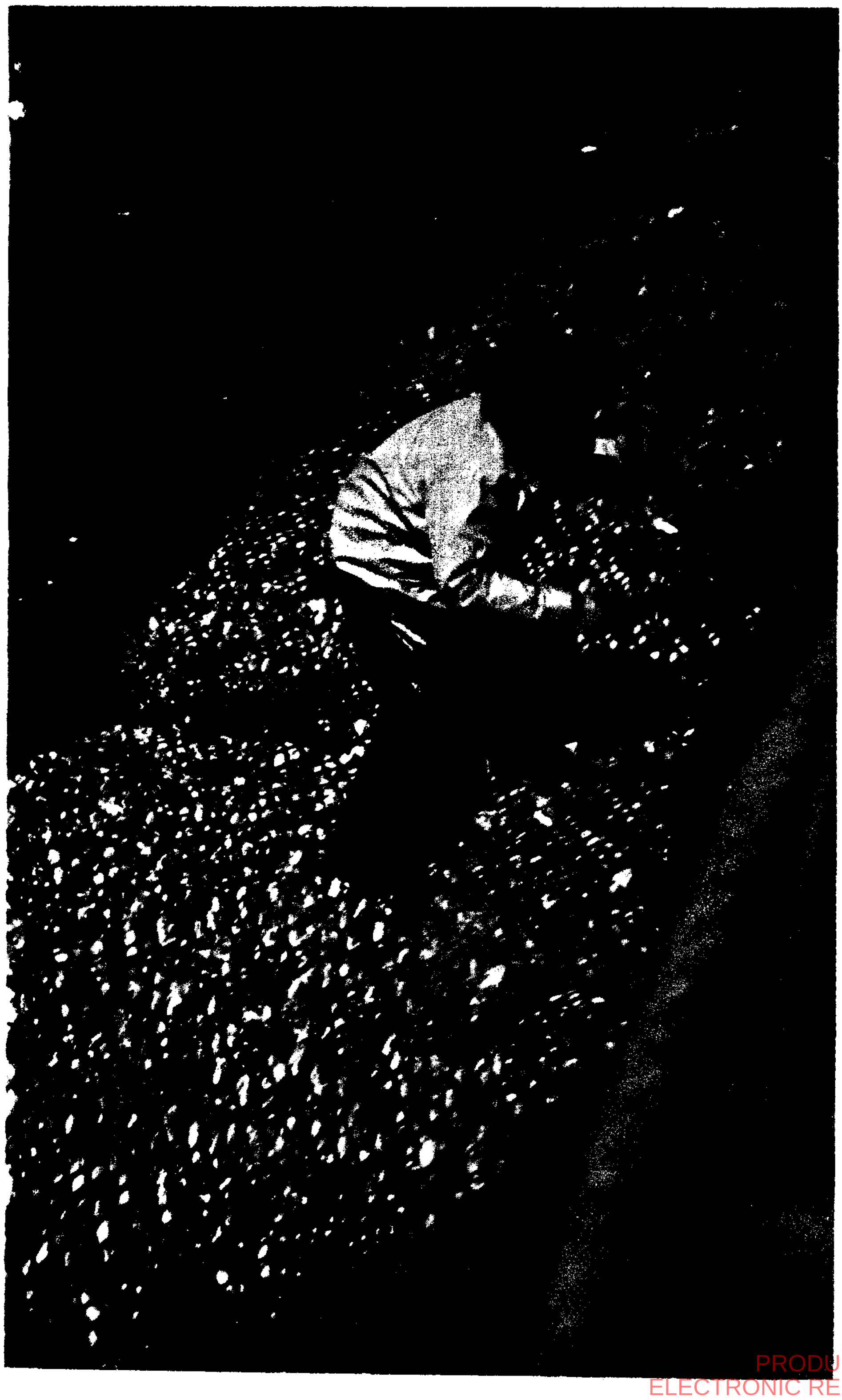
After luncheon, the dorymen went out and hauled the trawls. They slatted the fish off into the dories, coiled the trawl into tubs, and sailed or rowed back to the schooner. Repeated fifteen or twenty times in the course of a week or so, this simple process resulted in a load of fat, mature fish. These fish were dressed and put on ice in the hold.

Of course, there was a little more to the job than that. There were gales and icebergs, fog in summer and vapor in winter; and there were dories

(Continued on page 105)

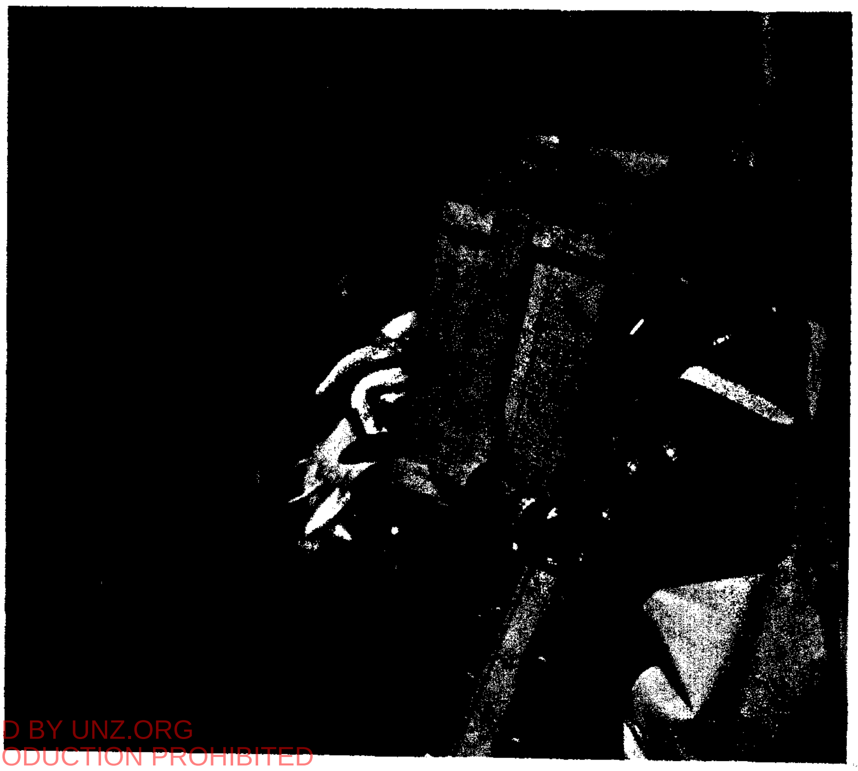
Many of the fish in the catch shown above are too small for commercial use, but the net cannot select. Immature fish will be thrown to the gulls

When the net is really packed, as it is with redfish in the photo below, fishermen split the haul in two parts to get it safely aboard the dragger



This is the small-mesh net which hauls aboard hundreds of thousands of baby fish every season. A larger mesh would let them escape and mature

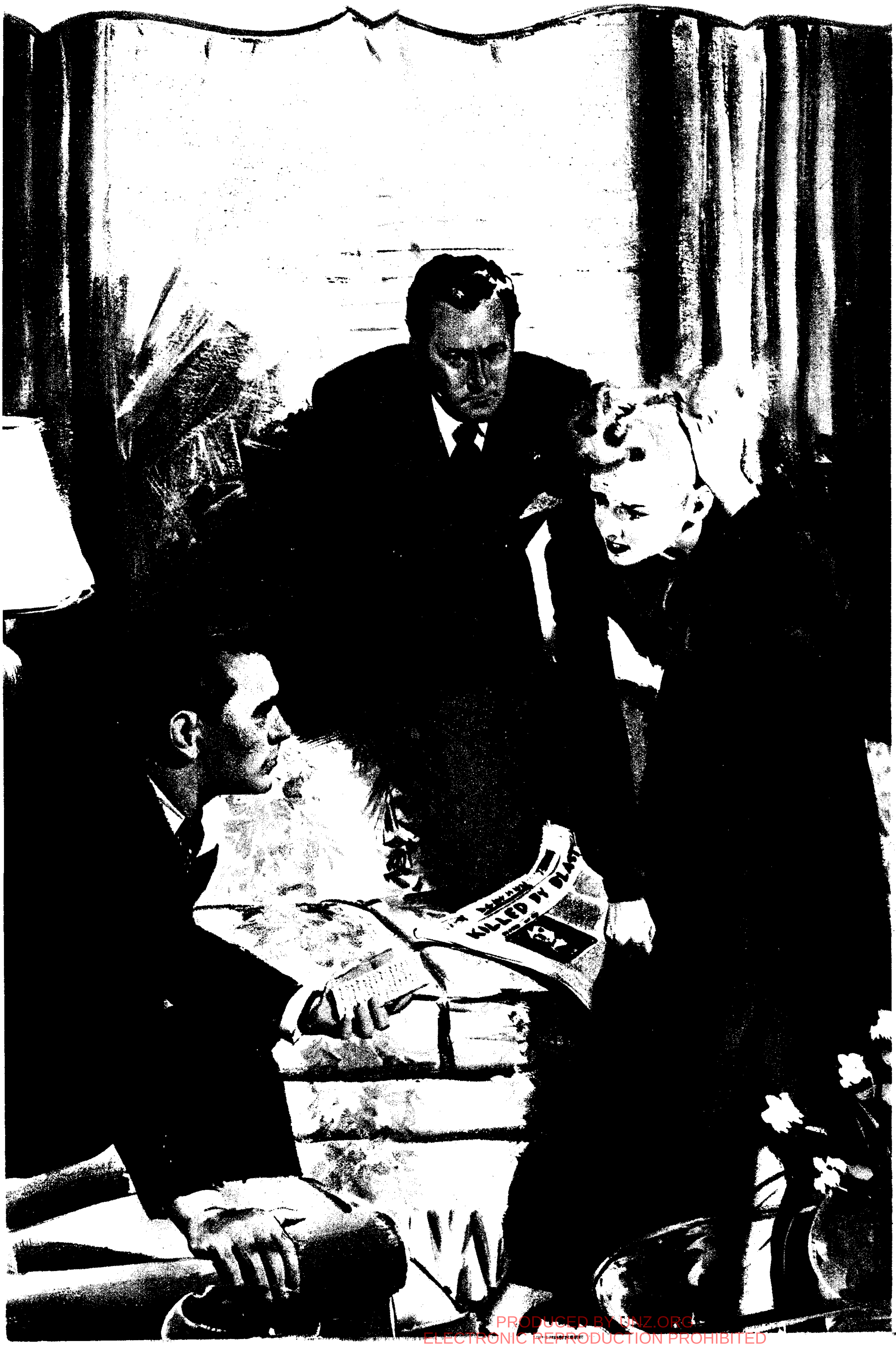
Below: Few small fish can survive the pressure of the net or the shock of being dumped on the deck. They die and must be thrown overboard



DON'T EVER LOVE ME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



When Lynn spoke, her voice was low and tense. She looked at Max Gold. "When do we begin?" she said

The Story:

Apparently without motive, a mysterious person has been threatening LYNN SHERIDAN. One evening when Lynn walks home with STEWART TRENT, someone shoots at her. The bullet just misses Lynn, and kills Trent. Because Trent is an old family friend, and also president of Trent Advertising, Inc., the firm for which Lynn works, Lynn is deeply shocked. She is comforted by her fiancé, ALAN GORDON. LT. MAX GOLD, the detective assigned to the case, finds that the only possible suspects are GLORIA and FLOYD CLAYTON. Floyd loves Lynn, fanatically, and his wife, Gloria, is insanely jealous. Floyd tells Gold and Alan that he often visits the deserted brewery across from Lynn's apartment so he can spy upon her. The shot that killed Trent was fired from a rifle from the window of the brewery.

CAROL, Trent's only daughter, wants her husband, LARRY ANDERSON, to take over the presidency of Trent, Inc., but he refuses. Partially in honor of the new president, partially in honor of an important client, a party is planned in an apartment near the Trent offices. Larry and other guests find Lynn stabbed, unconscious on the floor when they return from the theater. She was not invited to the party, but was summoned by a mysterious telephone call. The wounds are superficial. After this, LEW MURRAY, a weasel of a man, also employed at Trent, comes to Alan and accuses him of making the attempt on Lynn's life. Alan does not trust Lew, asks Gold to find out about him, then asks his sister-in-law, NITA, to find out what she can from Gloria Clayton, who is her hairdresser. In turn, Nita gives Alan a sealed package, asks him to keep it for her in case "anything happens to her." When Nita gives a cockail party one evening, the guests arrive, but find no hostess. Then Alan sees a trickle of blood coming from under a closet door. He and Larry open the door, find Nita inside, dead.

III

ALAN GORDON stood by one of the casement windows, holding tight to Lynn Sheridan's hand, trying to steady her. The cocktail party guests huddled nervously in one corner.

The room was full of policemen and technicians. There was a man with a camera. Fingerprint men, busy but bored.

Pictures, prints, measurements; a miniature Babel in the little apartment. And finally the technicians announced that they had completed their tasks and Max waved them off. A medical examiner officially pronounced Nita dead, but—at Max Gold's request—did not move the body. Then Max closed the hall door, stationed a big plain-clothes man there and brought Andy Sullivan back into the living room with him.

It was a grotesque scene. Much too gay for death to have intruded. The table was just as Nita had left it: the thin slices of bread on the sandwiches beginning to curl upward from having been too long neglected.

Max Gold stood near the kitchen door, regarding the guests gravely. He sent Andy Sullivan around with a pencil and paper, taking down the names of the guests, their addresses, the moment of their arrival, whether they had come alone or in couples or groups, where they worked, how they could be reached by telephone.

Max had gotten snatches of the story, but he hadn't concentrated on any one person. He said, "Just stay

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where you are, folks. I want to do a little looking around."

They were all too frightened to argue. Alan moved across the room. He said, "Are you going in there, Lieutenant?" *There* was the closet where Nita was lying.

Max nodded.

"I'd like to go along."

"Any special reason?"

"Yes." The eyes of the two men met. Gold's were inscrutable. "I'd like to see things for myself. Mrs. Gordon was my sister-in-law."

"Oh!" The way Max said it, you could take it any way you wanted. "Where's her husband?"

"Dead. He was a flier. Shot down over Germany in August, 1943."

Max said, "No matter which way I turn, you're right there, Gordon. Yeah . . . you can come along."

They went inside the closet. They had to step over Nita's ankles. Max closed the door.

NITA was lying face down. Gold pointed at the ugly reddish-brown stain near her left shoulder blade. "The doc said she got it from the back. Take a look at the dress. Burned. Contact shot—practically, anyway. And a honey. Right through the heart."

Alan controlled himself. He needed every bit of calmness he could muster. Gold said, "Give it to me brief. Tell me what happened from the time you got here."

Alan told him. Gold listened patiently. Then he asked, "Was this door closed all the time you were in the room?"

"Yes. It wouldn't have meant a thing except that when I went to mop up the floor where Mrs. Morley had spilled her cocktail . . . I saw red stains."

"Mrs. Morley?" Gold toyed with the name. "Ain't she the wife of the new president of Trent Advertising?"

"Yes."

"Your sister-in-law—Mrs. Gordon—how did she rate big shots at her party?"

"People liked her. She never had much trouble finding friends."

Gold asked flatly, "How much did she make on her job?"

"Seventy-five a week."

"She have any other income? Your brother leave her anything?"

"Only his Army insurance. I think that was spent long ago."

"You give her any money?"

"No. I was willing, but she never asked for any." Alan did some fast thinking. He said abruptly, "I'm playing this straight, Lieutenant. Nita was a fine girl—in her own way. But she was careless and extravagant. I figure she was spending at least $200 a week, and that's not taking into consideration things I don't know about."

Gold looked down at the body. He edged around it, not touching it. He said, "Probably got blasted around four-thirty. That's what the doc said. You know if anybody was around here earlier in the afternoon? Did she hire a caterer to help her?"

"She told me she was going to fix things alone . . ." A thought hit Alan. "Nita told me she had an engagement with Gloria Clayton this afternoon. A beauty treatment."

"What's the connection there?"

"My idea." Alan explained how he had sent Nita to Floyd Clayton's wife.

Gold was impressed—not too pleasantly. "You and your cute ideas," he said. "You get too many of 'em." He hesitated, then asked, "Was she here?"

"I don't know."

Gold cracked the door open. "Take somebody and pick up Gloria Clayton and her husband," he said to Andy. "Don't tell 'em anything. Let me know when you got 'em. Leave Farris on duty here. Send out a call for the little guy . . . that ex-con, Lew Murray." The door closed behind him.

[redacted]

Gold was thinking aloud. "Could of been Gloria, at that." Gold's voice was flat, expressionless. "My guess is a .32. Anyway, there ain't any sign of a struggle. Mrs. Gordon came in here with somebody she wasn't afraid of. She was maybe getting some dishes or something. This party shoved the gun up against her and let fly. Easy as that.

"Take this closet, for instance. Only door leads into the living room. The noise of the gun would have to travel out that door, through the sitting room and foyer, and then into the public hall through another door."

"The hall door was open," stated Alan.

"Says who? It was open when the first of the guests got here. But maybe not before that. What's to say the killer didn't leave the hall door open so the guests would think just what they did think . . . that Mrs. Gordon had run down to the corner for something?"

"What would be the purpose of that?" Alan asked.

"So they'd drift in and start their party. They'd use up a lot of time. A guy commits murder, he wants all the time he can get. Anyway, a shot like that from an enclosed place like this—it either wouldn't be heard anywhere else, or if it was heard, it probably wouldn't be identified . . . either as a shot or as to where it came from. Whoever did the killing probably figured those things. What I'm reaching for is this, Gordon: Where does this fit in with all the other things that have been happening? How do Mrs. Gordon and Lynn Sheridan tie up?"

Alan said carefully, "They knew each other. They worked in the same office, though not in the same department. I'm engaged to Lynn, and Nita was my sister-in-law."

"Cozy . . . but not cozy enough. It still doesn't explain why somebody who wanted to kill Miss Sheridan would also want to kill Mrs. Gordon."

Alan said, "Unless Nita had gotten too close to the truth."

"Through Gloria Clayton maybe?"

"I haven't any ideas, Lieutenant."

Gold shrugged. "There's sure an angle lying around we haven't found."

"What do I do? What does Lynn do?"

"Sonny, you got me. But I think these murders et cetera are all tied up in one big package with the same piece of pink ribbon."

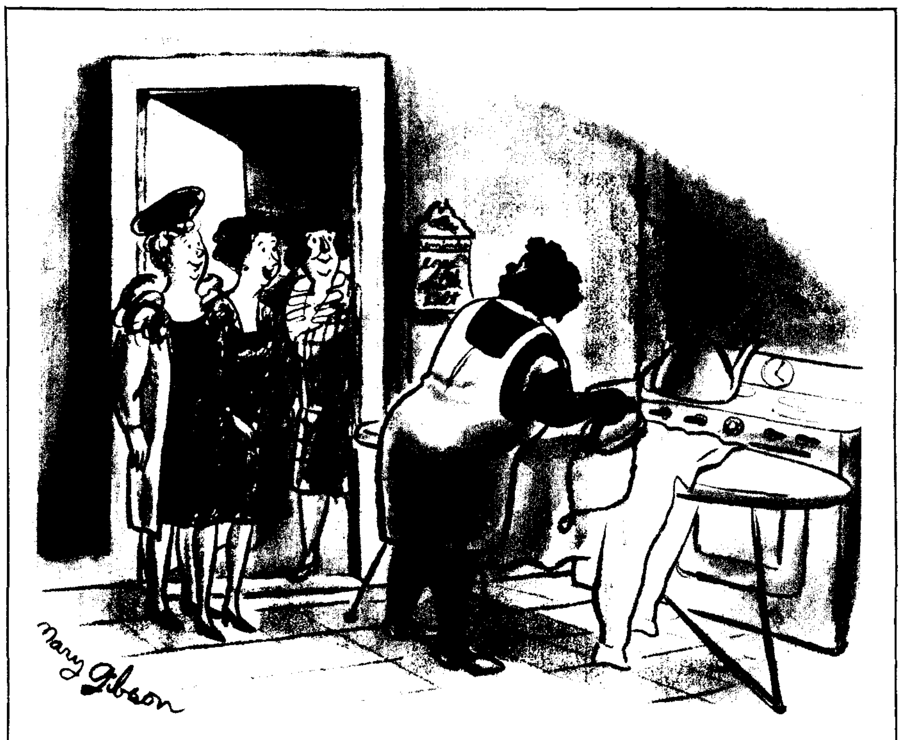
"The Claytons? Or Lew Murray?"

"You guess, sonny. It's your turn. If I had to go out on a limb, I'd say they were all a little too easy. Us cops, we love motive. Here we got almost too much. Except with Lew. With him it ain't enough."

GOLD drew a deep breath and bent over the body. He put his hands under Nita's right shoulder, and exerted his strength evenly, so that her body rolled slowly onto its back. Alan caught a glimpse of her face. It was difficult to believe that she was dead. Even now her clothing wasn't disarranged.

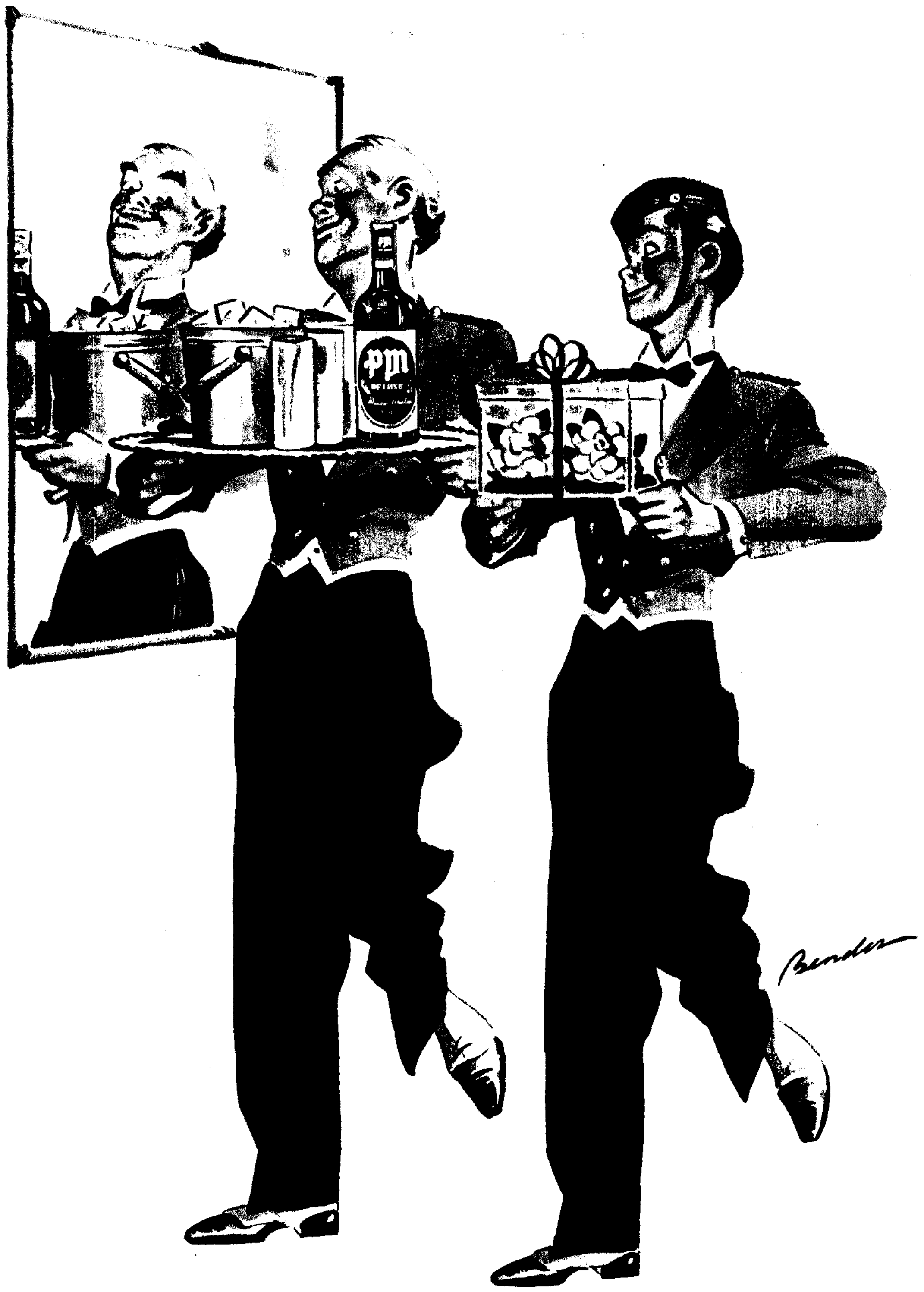
Gold uttered an exclamation. He whipped a clean handkerchief out of his pocket and with it reached for a round, gleaming object which had been under Nita's body and therefore had not been visible until this moment.

He held it in the handkerchief and silently extended it for Alan's inspection. It was a cheap, gold-colored, round compact. Handling it gingerly, Gold snapped the catch so that it flew open, to reveal a mirror. Then he snapped a second catch which opened the other side of the compact. On that side there was nothing but a gleaming metal sur-



"Maureen, I promised my friends a peek at my little jewel"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON



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face. Max looked disappointed. "Just my luck," he complained bitterly. "No powder."

"What difference would that make?"

"Powder we could analyze. We could maybe even trace it. But this compact is new. Looks like it never even had powder in it."

The two men stood gazing at it. Gold said softly, "You say Mrs. Gordon was a spender?"

"Yes."

"I'd peg the price of this at about $1.98. Millions just like it all over New York. We'll check her other compacts. But meanwhile . . . well, it seems you might figure this compact to be just the sort of thing a babe like Gloria Clayton would carry. And we're pretty sure Gloria was here."

"Yes . . ." said Alan carefully. "She probably was."

Gold nodded. "So maybe," he said . . . "maybe we finally have begun to get somewhere."

ALAN was glad when the detective opened the closet door and led the way back into the living room. He felt as though he'd been squeezed through a wringer.

For the past several minutes he'd been wondering why Max had conferred this special privilege on him. Could it be that Max had invited Alan along to study his reactions? The setup became more puzzling when Gold whispered, "I gotta look around the rest of the place. Wanna make it a twosome?"

Alan nodded. For no reason, he was commencing to feel uncomfortable. Suddenly he distrusted Gold's friendliness. But there was nothing he could do about it. To refuse to accompany him on the tour of inspection might assume a false significance.

In the bedroom everything was in order. Max opened the door of the hanging closet. It was three doors, really. They were so arranged that they could be opened into a triple mirror. Inside were innumerable dresses: street dresses, evening gowns, dinner dresses, sport clothes, cloth coats, fur coats. He glanced at Alan and commented, "She sure done herself up proud on seventy-five bucks a week."

Alan said, "I told you . . ."

"Yeah. I remember. None of that stuff fits in with a $1.98 compact." A grin appeared briefly on his lips and then vanished. "Let's see if we find any more compacts."

On the little glass center shelf of a dressing table were two delicate, cut-glass perfume bottles, a little box containing rouge, a lipstick, an eyebrow pencil, a bottle of skin lotion, four little cotton pads . . . everything arranged as though Nita had planned to give her face a final going-over before the arrival of her guests.

Max started opening the six drawers of the dressing table. The first yielded two round, flat boxes containing make-up, and other feminine accessories; the second held a box of cleansing tissues, the bottom drawer on the right contained nylons. The crop yielded by the three on the left was approximately the same, except that there were three more make-up boxes.

Max said, "No compacts."

"No," said Alan. "She obviously didn't use them."

"You mean a dame uses this make-up stuff, she doesn't have compacts?"

"I believe that's how it is. You can check on it."

"You said it, sonny. Now let's take a look at the bathroom."

Max opened the medicine closet. Inside was the usual bewildering array to be found in any medicine cabinet: bottles and boxes bearing prescription numbers and unenlightening directions such as "Three times a day as directed" or, more simply, "Take as directed." There was a bottle half filled with aspirin, another containing a half-dozen little ampules marked D. H. E., a partly used tube of toothpaste, a toothbrush in a glass holder, an extra cake of perfumed soap, a box of absorbent medicated cotton, a small container partly filled with red capsules which Alan guessed were for inducing sleep. Max Gold closed the door and shook his head. "Can't get excited about that stuff."

They rejoined the others in the living room. Gold said quietly, "We don't want to make this any tougher than we got to, folks. I got to do a little checking—and then I hope I can let you go. Now—who got here first?"

A nervous young man said, "I did. That is, I walked in here just ahead of the Colemans."

"What's your name?"

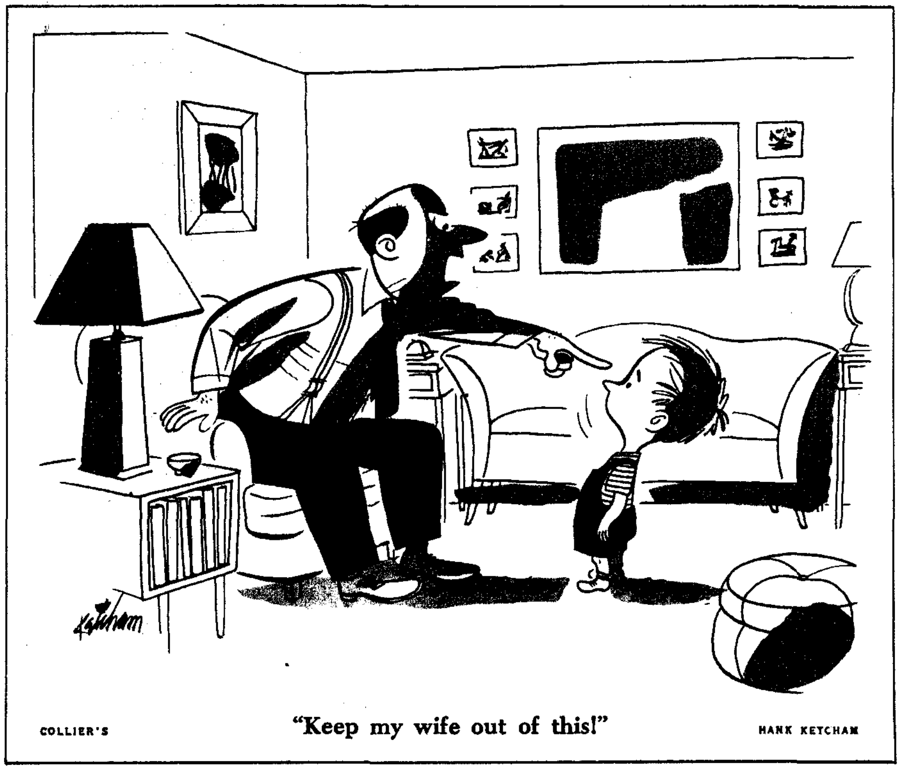
"Lee Mason." He moistened his lips.

"You found the hall door open?"

"Yes. I figured Nita had stepped downstairs and had left the door ajar as an invitation for us to walk in."

"You didn't see anything wrong when you came in?"

"Nothing. It looked just about like it does now. Then the Morleys got here, and after that the Andersons and Mr. Gordon and Miss Sheridan came in together."



COLLIER'S "Keep my wife out of this!" HANK KETCHAM

"Who was the last person to talk to Mrs. Gordon?"

There was an interval of comparing notes. Then Mrs. Coleman said, "I suppose I was. I telephoned to ask if there was any last-minute stuff I could bring."

"What time was that?"

"About three o'clock."

"What did she say?"

"She said she was getting a massage, and that everything was in order."

"How did she sound?"

"You'd only understand this if you had known Nita. She sounded like Nita."

"I get it . . . And after that?"

"She urged me to be here on time. That was all. She just said goodby . . ." Suddenly the woman began to cry—softly, dreadfully. A hush fell over the room.

Max looked around. "This stuff will hit the papers," he told them. "You're free to say anything you want. I suggest, though, that you stick to facts. Don't do any guessing."

Ellsworth Morley looked miserable. "The publicity will ruin the firm."

"Sorry, Bud. We'd soft-pedal it if we could." Max waved his hand. "You can go now."

They filed out. They walked softly, like ghosts—like people at a funeral. Alan intercepted a glance from Max Gold. He took Lynn's hand and held it.

Gold said something to Detective Orlando, who went into the closet with the medical examiner to remove Nita's body.

The two detectives came back into the room. Max told Orlando to keep the door closed, and to remain in the apartment. He said he'd send a relief man over later. Then he turned to Alan and Lynn. "We picked up the Claytons. They're at their apartment but we'll take them to headquarters. I'm goin' to talk to them now. You two want to listen in?"

Alan said promptly, "I do. But Lynn . . ."

Her eyes met the black ones of Lieutenant Gold. Max said, "If you can take it, Miss Sheridan—I'd rather have you along."

"Why?" asked Alan.

"Because Miss Sheridan might catch something that would go past me."

Lynn said quietly, "I'll go."

"Thanks." Max smiled. "It'll be rough, but not too rough. No third-degree stuff, I mean."

Alan asked, "Any word yet about Lew Murray?"

Lynn looked at him sharply, not approving his query. Max said, "Not yet. We'll find him, though." He spoke softly to Lynn: "That was my idea—about questioning Murray. Gordon didn't have anything to do with it."

They left the apartment and went down in the elevator. A squad car was waiting outside. Alan said, "Would you mind if Lynn and I followed you in a taxi, Lieutenant?"

Gold hesitated, then nodded.

They got into the cab. Alan put his arm about Lynn and held her close against him. He said, "I didn't want to talk, sweetheart. We're both thinking the same thing. I just wanted to be alone with you for a while."

She clung to him. She said, "I want to be brave, Alan. I'm trying to be. But I can't. I'm afraid, darling . . . terribly afraid."

MAX GOLD led the way into a barren little room. The walls were of plaster, the white surface of which was relieved by two windows, high up. There was a sturdy oak table in the middle of the floor, around which eight chairs were grouped. Gold pulled two of the chairs back from the table and shoved them against the wall. He motioned to Lynn and Alan to sit there.

At the table sat a big, beefy patrolman,

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LANDS ON FRONT PAGE!

7 A.M. "I couldn't even report a tea party today," frets news-hound Alice who's feeling dull, headachy, logy—due to the need of a laxative. "Girl Rescues Friend," sings out roommate Sue, handing her a glass of Sal Hepatica.

9 A.M. Alice scoops the other papers on a sensational story. Lucky thing she took that tip about Sal Hepatica!

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TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

looking none too happy. At his right were Floyd and Gloria Clayton.

Floyd Clayton looked sober and angry. He glared at Max and said, "What the hell is the meaning of this?"

Gold dropped into a chair, and said, "I gotta ask some questions. One at a time, see? If I'm talking to Mrs. Clayton an' you butt in . . . out you go. Understand?"

Clayton started to say something violent, but Gloria put a restraining hand on his arm.

The uniformed cop shoved a couple of papers into Gold's hand. Max studied them, then put them on the table—face down. He said, "I want to talk to you first, Mrs. Clayton."

She said, "All right." Lynn could see that the girl was under a strain. She was still voluptuous, still flagrantly beautiful . . . but there were dark circles under her eyes and tight little lines at the corners of her lips.

She had tossed her coat over the back of a chair and put her hat on the table. Her golden hair was perfectly coiffed, each one of a hundred little curls set snugly in place—yet the very perfection of her hair-do seemed to enhance the lines in her face and the fear in her eyes. She opened her bag and took out a partly used packet of cigarettes and a cheap lighter. Nobody made an effort to help her. Max watched as she fitted the cigarette between lips which were too bright with too much lipstick. She spun the wheel of the lighter three times before the wick sprang into flame. Her hand was noticeably unsteady.

Max said, "You got a compact with you, Mrs. Clayton?"

She frowned. "A compact? Yeah. Sure."

"Mind letting me see it?" He held out his hand.

SHE fumbled in her bag and took out a compact. The detective held it so that Alan could see. It was of ornate imitation gold, severely used, and had cost—on a guess—in the neighborhood of $1.98. It was different from the one they had found under Nita Gordon's body—but only in design.

Max turned it over and over, taking his time about it. Then he opened it, and glanced at the mirror which came into view. He opened the other side and examined the pressed cake powder. "You always use this kind of powder, Mrs. Clayton?"

She was puzzled. She said, "Not always. Sometimes I use loose powder."

"Got many compacts?"

"Two."

"Where's the other?"

"Home. In our apartment."

"What color is it?"

"Green and white."

"You buy a new one recently?"

"No." She said warily, "Look, I ain't so dumb as to buck cops. But I think I got a right to know what this is all about."

"You will, Mrs. Clayton. Now tell me, where you been all afternoon? Since maybe three o'clock?"

Lynn fancied she detected a flash of fear in Gloria's eyes. But her voice was steady. She said, "Working."

"Where?"

"At a client's apartment. Mrs. Nita Gordon." Gloria looked across the room, met the glance of Alan Gordon. She said, "Your sister-in-law, ain't she?"

Max Gold answered for Alan. "What time you get there, Mrs. Clayton—and what time did you leave?"

"I was there from three to about four-thirty."

"What was going on?"

"She was getting ready for a cocktail party."

"Anybody else there?"

"No."

"She seem worried about anything?"

"She seemed mighty happy . . . kind of kidded me along . . ."

Gold turned to Floyd Clayton. "Where were you all that time?"

"None of your damned business."

Gloria said again, "Please, dear . . ." He flushed, but otherwise gave no sign that he had heard her. He said, "Fine thing when a dopey cop can drag honest citizens down to a joint like this any time he feels like asking questions."

Gold repeated, "Where were you, Clayton?"

"In Central Park," snapped Floyd. "Rolling my hoop and skipping rope with the other kiddies."

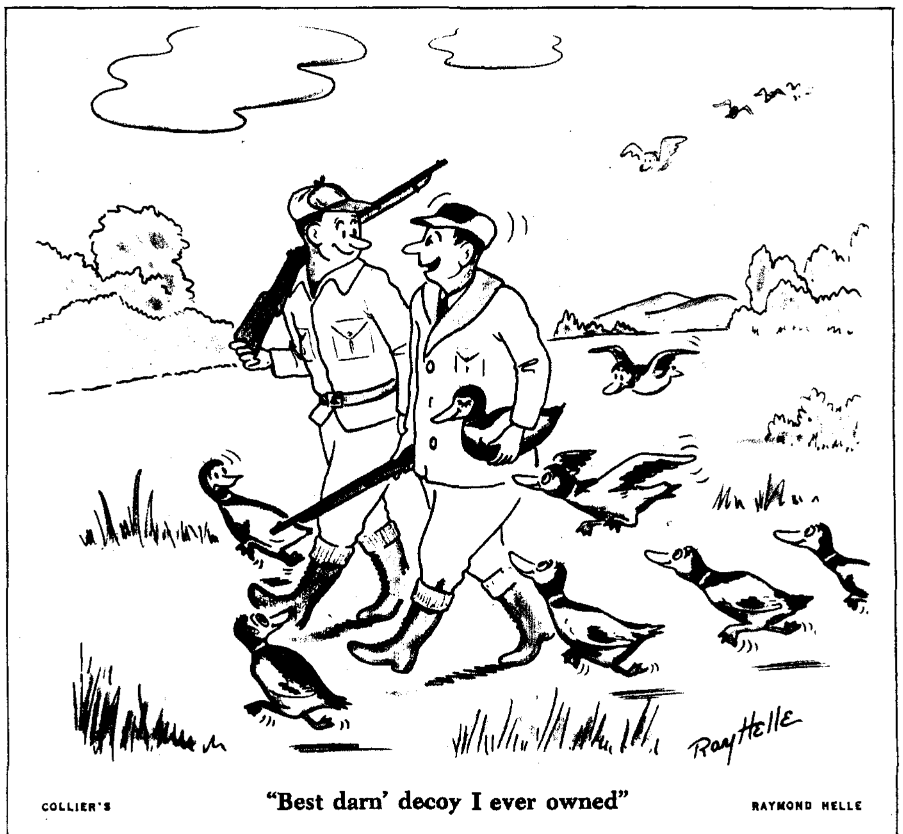
"Wise guy, huh?"

"I'm wise enough."

"No, you're not. You're just plain stupid. But maybe you'd prefer to find that out the hard way."

Clayton got up from his chair. He was a powerfully built man. His eyes were hot and angry. "All right, I'll tell you. I was home taking a nap."

"He was." That was Gloria talking, and Alan fancied that there was a shade



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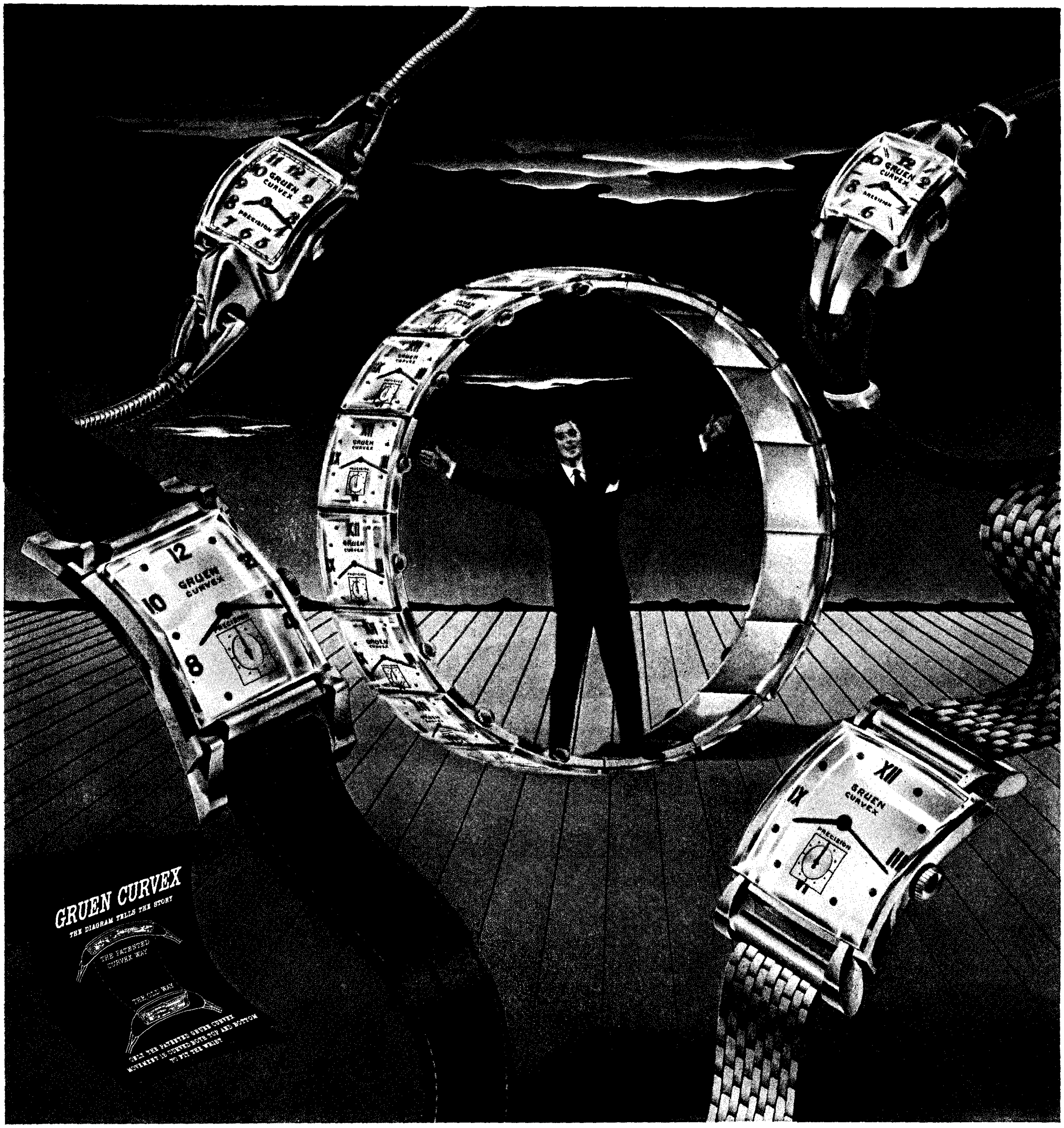
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too much eagerness in her voice. "I got home a little after five. I woke him. He was sound asleep when I got in."

"I'll diagram it for you," said Clayton nastily. "My wife was out working. I was home sleeping. She makes the money we live on. I'm a bum. I live off her. I spend the money she gives me for liquor. That makes me something you don't like. But if she made a lot more money than she does, I could call myself her business manager, and that'd make everything all right."

"You were home sleeping all the time she was out?"

"Yes. And don't ask me to prove it, because I can't."

Gold shifted his attack. He said, "Do you know Mrs. Nita Gordon?"

"No. I move only in the gutter circles."

"You knew your wife was going to Mrs. Gordon's apartment this afternoon?"

"I know that's what she said," Floyd Clayton answered.

"You're a complete louse, aren't you, Clayton?"

Floyd Clayton shrugged. "I'm probably much worse than that. But it still isn't anything that belongs to the cops."

"Maybe . . ." Gold said. "Yeah, it could be, at that."

It was Gloria who stepped in. She said, "Why are you pushing us around?"

"You wouldn't either of you know, would you?"

They didn't say anything. Max took his time, and then let them have both barrels.

"It ain't what you'd call real important," he remarked in a conversational tone. "Except that along about midafternoon somebody murdered Mrs. Nita Gordon."

Alan watched for reaction. He saw it, but couldn't interpret what he saw. Shock? Fear? Surprise? Disbelief? He wasn't sure. The only thing that seemed to mean anything was that as Gold's statement hit home, Floyd and Gloria turned and looked at each other.

"I'm laying my chips right on the line," Max said. "We can't peg you—Clayton. Which doesn't mean we ain't trying. You could have been sore at your wife. You could have followed her. You could have got to Mrs. Gordon's place after Mrs. Clayton left. But the way things stand now, I got no proof of any of that. I'm not holding you. Not till I get more to go on."

Max turned his attention to Gloria. "Nothing against you, either, Mrs. Clayton. Except you're the last person we know about who was with her before she was killed. It could be you had noticed something . . . maybe something you could remember now . . ."

Gloria was pressing a little wad of handkerchief against eyes suddenly damp, and Lynn got up. This was like the second playing of a scene. It had happened before, in Gloria's apartment. A frightened, stricken woman—alone, friendless, desperate. Lynn went to her and put her arms about the shaking figure. Gloria did not look up. She didn't move. But she cried harder. Max Gold cleared his throat and turned away so that they couldn't see his eyes. He said abruptly, "Get out. Both of you. And believe me, Mrs. Clayton . . . I'm sorry."

AS THE door closed behind the Claytons, Gold picked up an intercom. He said something to a mysterious somebody in some other part of the building. "The two people leaving now. Keep tails on 'em." He turned back to the others and mopped his forehead. "Nothing fits."

Alan said miserably, "In a way, it's my fault. If the Claytons are involved—if Nita started asking too many questions—and they got frightened . . ."

"I thought of that. But where does it get us?"

A uniformed orderly came in and whispered to Gold. He listened, nodded, got up and started for the door. "Stick around," he said. "I'll be back in a minute."

The patrolman at the table introduced himself as Cassidy. He informed them that being a cop was a helluva life. He said he didn't know why people always hadda go around killin' other people.

Gold returned, looking discouraged, and said, "There's one nice thing about this case—everybody is innocent. I just been talking to Lew Murray."

Lynn said, "Oh . . ." and waited.

"Same thing," went on Max. "He comes up zero. Says we're persecuting him. No alibi for this afternoon, but then who has? He doesn't have to prove he wasn't there . . . we gotta prove he was. *If* he was. It's a helluva note."

Lynn asked, "Did you arrest him?"

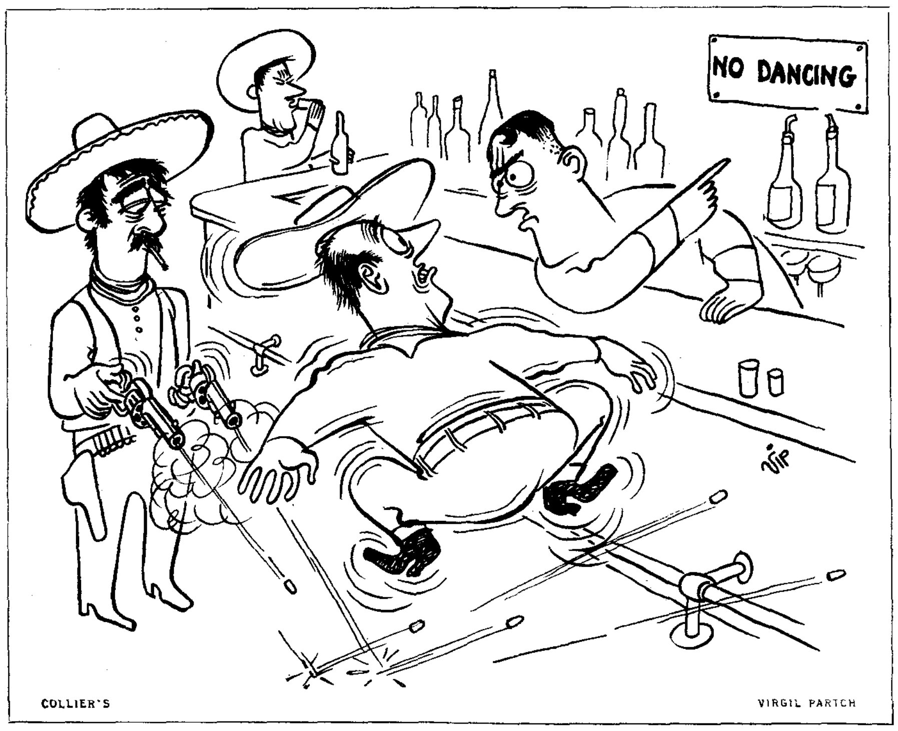
"Naaah! What would we get by doin' that? Maybe it's what he wants. Talk about missing a motive . . . Lew Murray is the lad that applies to."

They chatted until Max suggested that it was time for them to go. As Lynn went ahead, Alan cornered Gold, and said in a whisper, "My apartment—ten o'clock?"

"Important?" asked Max.

"Yes. Very."

He followed Lynn out of the building and climbed into a taxi with her. But his thoughts were not of her. He was think-



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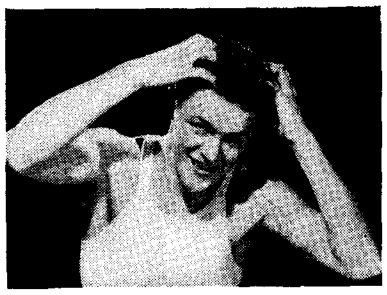

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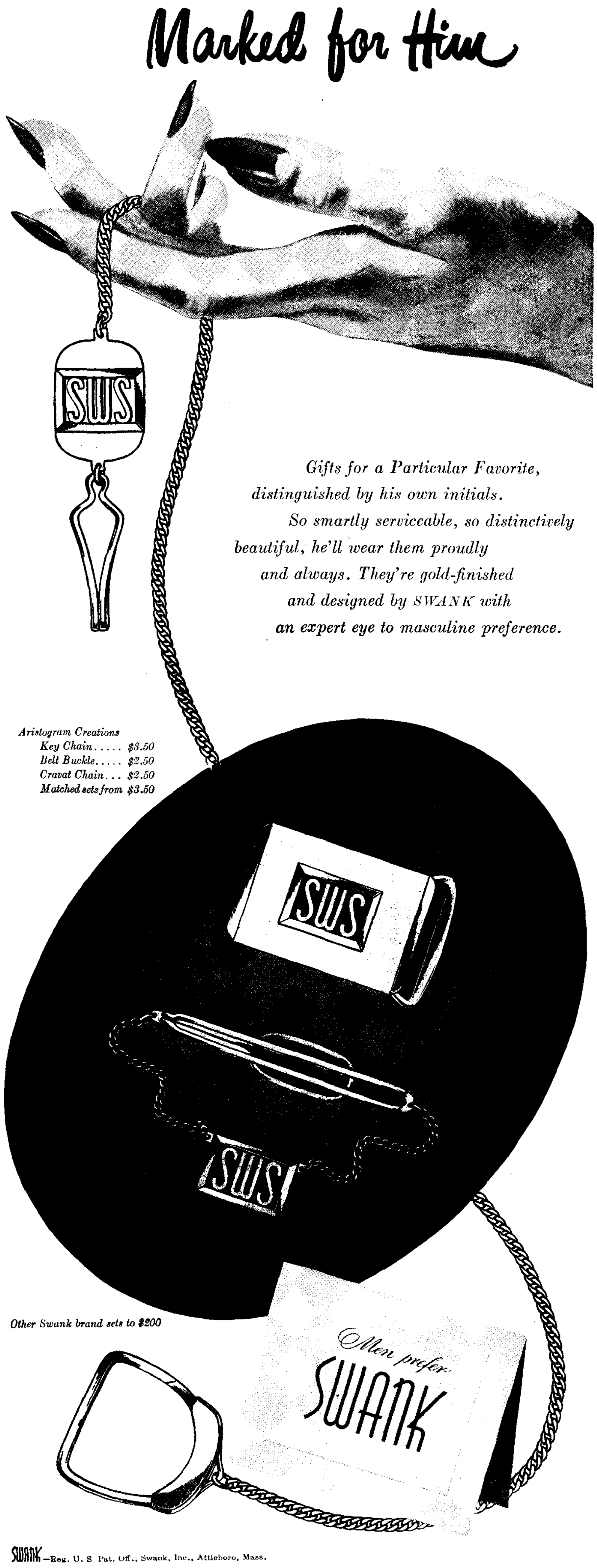

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ing of the forthcoming interview with Max Gold. . .

Max Gold relaxed in a club chair and watched Alan Gordon pace up and down his tiny living room.

Alan was looking considerably older than his thirty years. His eyes were tired, and lines of worry had been etched on his forehead.

The apartment was immaculate. On the wall table was a small package, wrapped in brown paper and sealed with red wax.

After a long silence, Gold spoke. He said, "Might as well tone down, sonny. What's on your mind?"

Alan motioned toward the sealed package on the table. "That."

"Yeah . . . ?"

"There's something I never told you, Gold. Until this afternoon it didn't seem important. Nita was afraid."

"Of what?"

"I don't know. She gave that package to me some time ago. She made a speech about wanting me to keep it for her and say nothing about it. She said if anything ever happened to her, I was to open it. Well, it happened. I thought I'd better get you down here and lay the whole thing in your lap."

Max nodded. "Smart lad." Alan could see keen interest behind the shrewd black eyes. Gold got up abruptly, walked to the table and said, "Shall we?"

He produced a penknife and cut through the wrapping without disturbing the seals. Inside the brown paper, there was a pasteboard box. He lifted the lid.

Inside there was an odd assortment of apparently unrelated objects. Gold frowned. He lifted the items out and spread them on the table. He and Alan stared, and Gold said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Alan felt that he would, too. He didn't know what he had expected to find in the package, but certainly he hadn't looked for anything so vague as this.

There was a little round box, such as druggists use for prescriptions. It bore no label or identification mark. It was partly filled with white pellets. The detective shrugged as he slipped it into his pocket. "No use guessing," he said. "I'll have them analyzed. Let's see what's next."

Next was a plain white envelope containing two theater-ticket stubs numbered D-1 and D-3.

Max said, "Was your sister-in-law a souvenir keeper?"

"I don't think so."

"Then these stubs would have some special meaning, huh?" Max asked.

"That's the way I'd figure it."

"Let's keep going." Max picked up the next item. It was a key. No identification tag on it. Just a key of the type that might fit any one of several million locks. Gold said, "That's a *real* help. We can walk around New York trying doors. Eighty years from now we find one it fits . . . maybe."

MAX picked up a bit of paper, evidently torn from an address book. It was inscribed: "Amb." And then a Manhattan telephone number. Max said, "I think we got something here," and grabbed the telephone directory. He thumbed through the pages and nodded with satisfaction. "Yep. That's the number of the ambulance company that sent for Miss Sheridan the night some dame phoned." He stared thoughtfully. "That Mrs. Gordon's handwriting?"

"I believe so."

"It's easy enough checked. But, nuts! Mrs. Gordon spent the rest of that night with Miss Sheridan. She could of just written it down in case somebody wanted to remember the name of the company later."

Alan nodded. "Right. But why would Nita include it in this package?"

"I never answer sixty-four-dollar questions," stated Gold.

He selected a bulky manila envelope and extracted from it a sheaf of papers.

They were bills dating back almost a year. They were made out to Mrs. Nita Gordon. By quick calculation, they totaled almost $20,000.

Max said, "Get a load of these." "These" were dunning letters calling the attention of Mrs. Gordon to the fact that her accounts were long overdue. They oozed politeness. They said that, regrettably, the accounts would have to be turned over to their attorneys for collection.

Then there were no more dunning letters. Instead there was a neat pile of receipted bills. The receipts were all dated between February 3d and February 6th. Gold said, "Paid in full. Less than two weeks ago." His eyes narrowed speculatively. He said, "You plumb sure, sonny, she didn't borrow no money off you?"

"I'm sure. And I never had that kind of money, anyway."

Gold said, "Maybe *this* ties in with the fact the bills were paid. What do you think?" He handed Alan a picture. It was one of those things that are taken in night clubs.

THERE were four people in the picture. Sitting at a ringside table. One of them was Nita Gordon . . . a gay, vivacious Nita. She was surrounded by three estimable-looking gentlemen who seemed intent on having themselves a time which was slightly less than estimable. The print was mounted on a rectangle of pasteboard which stated that this was a souvenir of the Club Ranchito—Chicago. Max gave forth with a sound which was impolite but encouraging. He said, "These guys musta been plastered. Look . . . they all signed it."

Judging by the inscriptions, it must have been quite a party. "Luvvankisses for Nita from Gus Markham". . . "What she's got—I want it—Dave Walling". . . and the last gentleman obviously had figured to make time by demonstrating poetic genius. He had written:

"In New York or Chicago,
No gal could e'er be sweeter,
Than the sizzling, never-fizzling,
Always dizzling Lady Nita."

It was signed "Noel Banning."

Max shook his head. "Crocked to the ears," he commented. "I could do better than that, sober. What does he mean, anyway—'dizzling.'"

Alan said, "That's the cute part, Max. You evidently don't appreciate night-club poetry."

"Guess not. You recognize any of them lads, or ever heard Mrs. Gordon mention their names?"

"No."

"We'll check 'em. It'll be easy enough." He studied the picture. "They all look like they're in the chips. Any one of 'em could take care of a few fur coats if he was in the mood. And it fits, too."

"What does?"

"The date. Look: January 18th. Mrs. Gordon's bills were paid off right after February 1st."

Alan said, "I'm afraid I'm lost, Max. I keep looking for something that ties in with Lynn Sheridan."

"Take your time. This stuff is bound to mean something."

"Yes. But Lynn . . ."

"I know. Maybe the attempts to kill her and the killing of Mrs. Gordon ain't got a thing to do with each other. It just happens I think they have. Now, lemme see . . ."

He picked up a little pasteboard box and opened it. Inside was a 2-c.c. hypodermic syringe and three small needles. He asked Alan, "You know anything about this?"

"No. I never knew a healthier person than Nita. Do you suppose it might have something to do with the little box of pellets we opened first?"

"Maybe. Gotta wait for that analysis. And now for the last . . . Brother, this *is* screwy!"

He was holding half a dozen bits of pasteboard held together by a prewar elastic band. He slipped off the band and spread the cards out.

The labels were purple and white. They were identical. Each was marked with the name of a Madison Avenue florist. They were obviously labels which had been pasted on boxes of flowers marked for delivery. Each had been addressed to Mrs. Nita Gordon, each had been clipped carefully around the edges. Just the name of the florist and of the addressee. Max said, "We'll go see the guy. Maybe he can give us a description of who was sending Mrs. Gordon flowers."

He restacked the odd packet of pasteboard bits. He stood back and regarded them unhappily. He said, "To me it's the craziest thing of all, Alan. How's it look to you?"

Alan smiled. "Look, Max—you aren't that dumb."

"I think I am . . . but thanks for the compliment just the same. What does it mean?"

Alan motioned toward the table. "There's your answer, Max."

"To what?"

"To who killed Nita—and why. Maybe it's also the answer to who tried to kill Lynn."

Max said, "I don't dig it."

"Nita knew something. She was scared of what she knew. She was afraid to tell anybody—even me. So she put together some important evidence, and turned it over to me . . . in case anything happened to her. Or just for safekeeping. Maybe she thought someone knew she had these things and would try to get them away from her. That may have been what happened this afternoon at her apartment."

Max was thoughtful. "What you're driving at is that you think the answer to everything is sitting right there. Is that it?"

"It's got to be. Nita wasn't the panicky type. She also never took unnecessary trouble. Perhaps she thought the person she was afraid of only wanted this stuff."

Gold sank into a chair. "Sounds like you got something, Alan. It's a new one on me, too. Somebody gets knocked off. But before it happens they fix up all the clues in a neat, sealed package so you can't miss." He shook his head. "This I never saw before. And if I don't break the case, I'll never see anything like it again, either."

His words were light, but the thoughts behind them were not. Finally Gold said, "Miss Sheridan don't necessarily have to tie in with this."

"Sure she does."

"How?"

"That's the thing that's had you puzzled from the beginning, Max. Motive. Who would want to kill Lynn Sheridan? Or why? Who would want to kill Nita Gordon? If Lew Murray is mixed up in it . . . again, why? What's his angle?"

Gold said thoughtfully, "That Murray is a pain in the ear. He means a lot, or he means nothing. But these other things now. If they're connected at all, you gotta figure the Claytons. It's the only way you can hook Mrs. Gordon into it."

"Because I asked her to cultivate Gloria Clayton and find out what was going on?"

"Yeah."

"How would the box tops from the florist shop fit in there? If the flowers had been sent to Lynn, we might figure it was Floyd Clayton. But why Nita? And those are all addressed to her."

Max smiled sourly. He said, "Let's make it even better. Why the picture from that Chicago night club . . . if it's the Claytons? Or either of 'em."

"Nita is handing it to you on a silver platter, Max. There's a significance to every one of those things. Maybe no one of them gives the whole answer. Maybe you've got to figure them all before you get the complete picture."

Max nodded soberly. "Looks that way, sonny," he said. "So we better get goin'." Again a rueful grin touched his lips. "Only for the first time in my life, I wish I didn't have so much to work with."

BETWEEN then and the following Wednesday, Alan heard nothing from Max Gold. Then he got a call at the office, and the lieutenant's crisp voice said, "You tied up for lunch?"

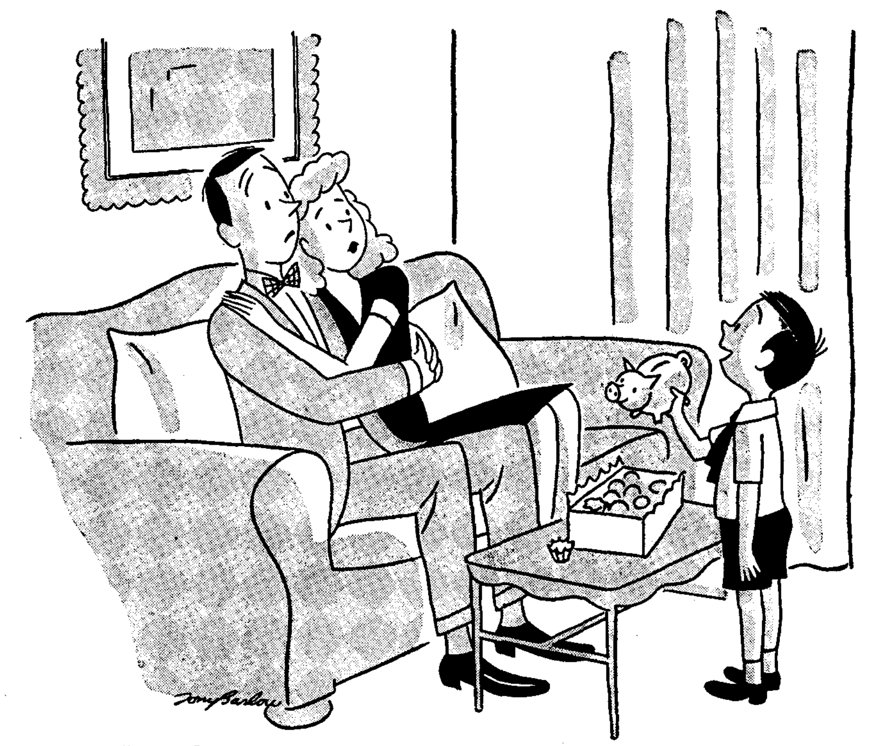
"No."

"How's about 12:30? Meet you in the lobby of your building."

"Have you got something?"

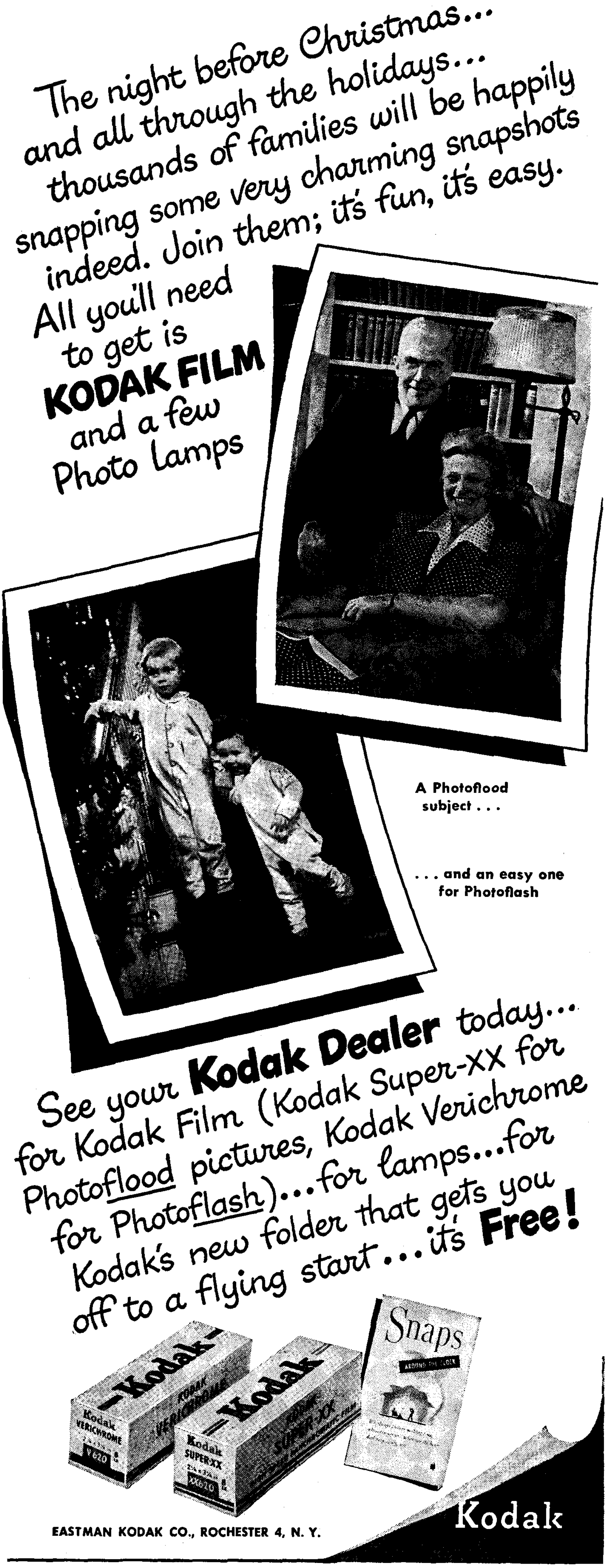
"Yeah. A headache. Be seein' you."

Alan reached the lobby of the Zenith Building five minutes before Lieutenant Gold breezed in. Max looked natty in a neat gray suit, a pin-striped shirt and a gay necktie. His overcoat was unbuttoned, his hat firmly set . . . and he thought he looked like a prosperous busi-


Tony Barlow

"Your five minutes are up. Deposit another nickel, please"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW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BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

nessman. But he didn't. He looked exactly like a cop.

They shook hands and Max said, "One thing before we eat. The florist."

On the way up Madison Avenue, Gold explained what he was after. "The way I figure it, Alan," he said, "Nita Gordon wasn't any dummy. Slipping us a whole packet of those labels off the flower boxes was her way of telling us it was a regular routine. She was trying to put the finger on some special guy. So maybe we can find out from the florist what he looked like, and if we do . . . we got something."

The shop was large, impressive and expensive. A young gentleman minced forward.

Max pulled out his police badge and introduced himself. Then the lieutenant produced the labels. He spread them out and let the young man take his time looking.

"You know who wrote those?" inquired Gold.

"Yes, indeed. I certainly do. They're all in my handwriting."

"Well, now look—and this is so important. We want you to try to remember who was sending flowers regularly to Mrs. Gordon. We want to know what he looked like."

The clerk shook his head. "I haven't the faintest remembrance."

"Look, buddy—try harder. A guy buys a lotta flowers. He sends them always to the same dame—"

"Well, I'm sure I can't remember what one customer looks like." The pink cheeks brightened. He fussed over the pages of an order book which was on a little stand near him. He said, "All I can tell you is that it was a man . . . I remember that much . . . and that each time he'd send a dozen Cypripedium orchids."

"Look," said Gold patiently, "I ain't interested in orchids. I'm interested in the guy. What'd he look like. Concentrate on that one."

"I'm sorry. I know the transactions were always cash."

Max produced the photograph which had been taken at the Club Ranchito in Chicago. He held it up in front of the clerk's eyes.

"Could it have been one of those fellers?" he asked.

"It's utterly impossible for me to say."

"And that's just too bad." Max Gold started disgustedly for the door. In the street he looked at Alan Gordon.

"It comes up nothing," he commented bitterly. "We get what might be a lead on the guy we're after. And what results? Orchids! Leave us eat."

They found a vacant table in a restaurant and ordered. "First," said Gold, "about the picture Nita had taken in that Chicago night club: the one I just showed cutie-pie in the florist shop. We found one of the guys—he lives here in New York. The Chicago police spotted the other two for us. They got this in common: They're three scared rabbits."

"Scared of what?"

"Their wives. They're all married. Also they're all connected one way or the other with the Superba radio outfit. They met Nita in Chi. What started out as a business conference wound up in a cocktail bar. Then came dinner—and more liquor. Then the night club and the picture. I don't think any of 'em remembered the autographing business."

"Do any of 'em tie in?"

"My guess is no."

"Why?"

"Because they were more scared of their wives than they were of murder."

"Are they all wealthy men?"

"Uh-huh. That is, they each have enough moola to of taken care of Nita's bills. But no reason I can see. It looked like none of them knew her before that night, and haven't seen her since. I think it's a dead trail."

"Nita thought the picture was important. There had to be a special reason for putting it in that package."

MAX said unhappily, "Look, Alan . . . you're a nice guy. I like you fine. But don't go reminding me how goofy this thing is. Yeah, I know what you're trying to say. These guys fit somewhere. All I'm arguing is that they don't fit the way you'd naturally think: A trio of rich wolves on the prowl . . . willing to pay up $20,000 in debts for a dame. For the moment we gotta file them away for future reference . . . or go nuts."

Alan asked, "What about the bills?"

"Paid in cash. By Nita. And, brother, that's a lot of cash."

"Didn't the stores think that was peculiar?"

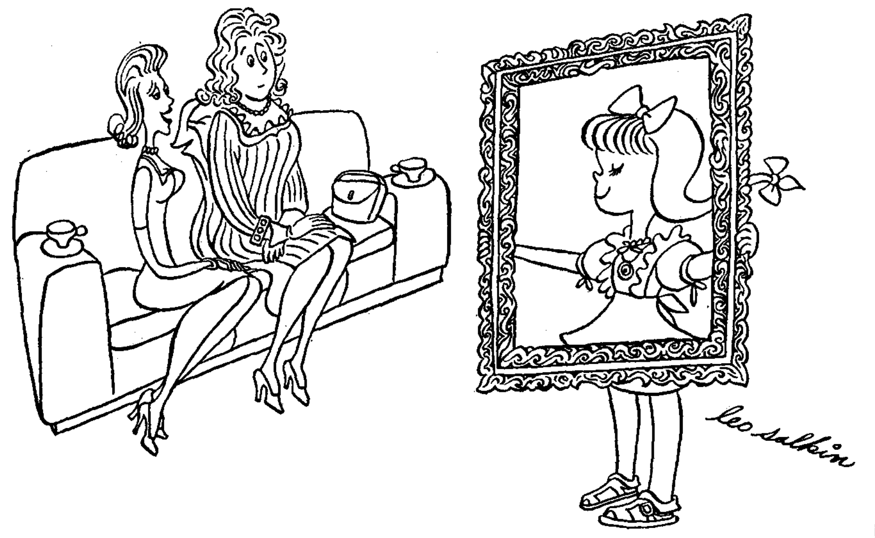
Max grinned. "You ain't too young to know that lots of attractive babes pay bills in cash."

Alan asked, "What about that little box of pellets?"

"This'll knock you right on your ear. The lab informed me that it's . . . wait a minute . . ." He pulled out a slip of paper and consulted it. "It's apomorphine hydrochloride."

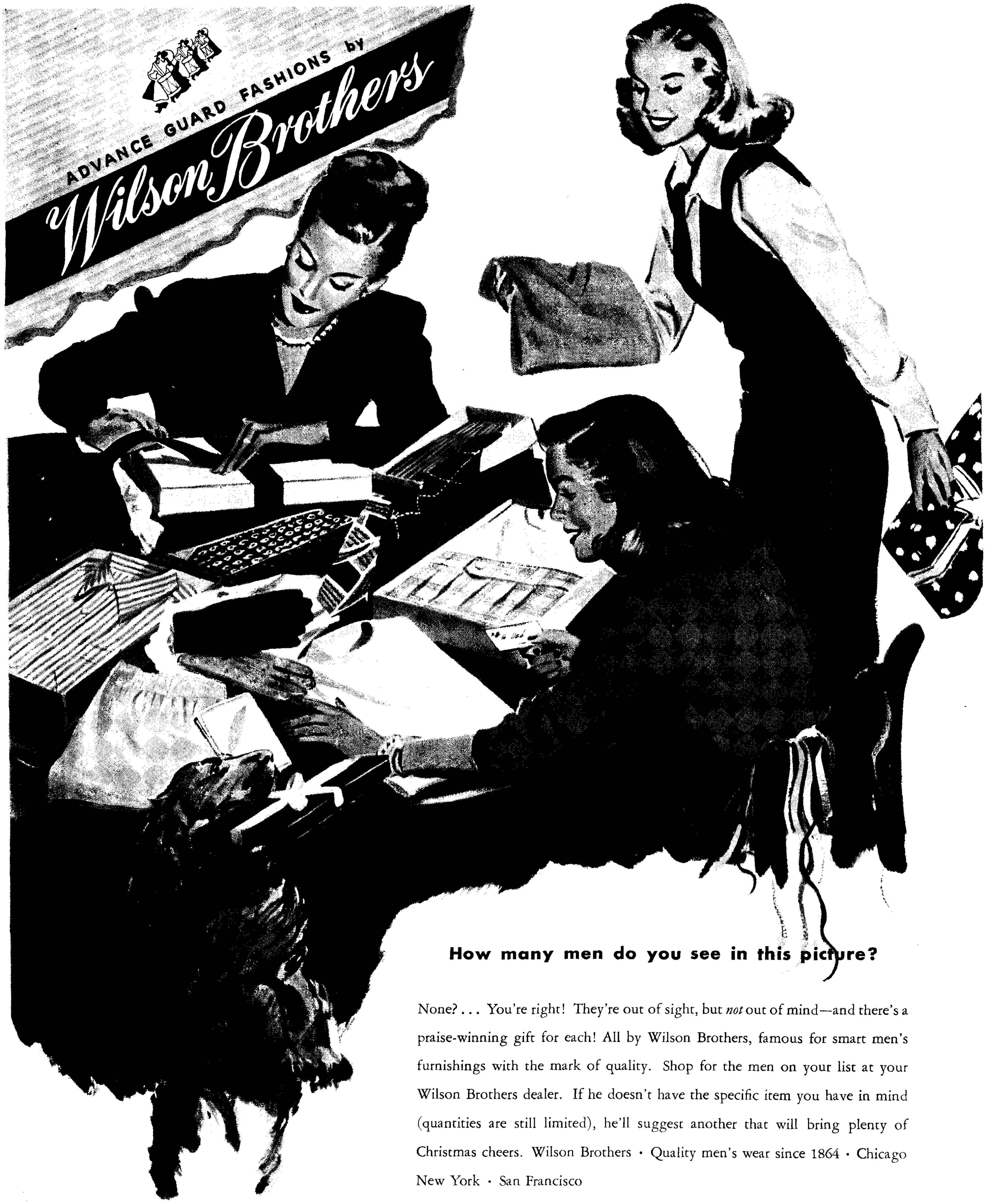
"Morphine?"

"That's what I said when they told me. Just like you, I thought about the hypo in Mrs. Gordon's package. But the doc says this stuff ain't what it sounds like. He says . . ." Once more the paper was consulted. "He says it is injected into the system in cases where a quick and violent emetic is indicated to rid the body of poison. In other words, you dissolve the pellet, give an injection, and right away the person who gets it thinks he's at sea in a small boat in a storm, and not loving it. The doc says the nausea starts almost immediately after the injection and lasts for about one hour. Sort of a



"Yes, she is a beautiful child but we're beginning to suspect she knows it"

COLLIER'S LEO SALKIN



How many men do you see in this picture?

None? . . . You're right! They're out of sight, but *not* out of mind—and there's a praise-winning gift for each! All by Wilson Brothers, famous for smart men's furnishings with the mark of quality. Shop for the men on your list at your Wilson Brothers dealer. If he doesn't have the specific item you have in mind (quantities are still limited), he'll suggest another that will bring plenty of Christmas cheers. Wilson Brothers · Quality men's wear since 1864 · Chicago New York · San Francisco

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Mickey Finn with a college education."

Alan said, "Does that strike you as fantastic as it does me, Max?"

"It does. And it keeps right on striking me. It makes us charter members of the Know-Nothing Club. If somebody had just been trying to louse us up, they couldn't have done a better job than Nita did."

Alan's eyes narrowed speculatively. He said, "Are you sure you haven't hit on something there, Max?"

"You mean that she might have intended to confuse us? G'wan, feller! Be your age." He leaned back and blew smoke at Alan. "I love to see you suffer like I been doing. So I'll mention the key. So far all we've found out for sure is that it's a key. Standard make. Turned out by a keymaker somewhere. Maybe we should advertise for a hole it would fit."

"Does it fit her apartment?"

"No. Nor the Claytons'. Nor Lew Murray's room." Max's eyes twinkled. "It doesn't fit your jernt, either."

"Meanwhile, we don't know what to expect next."

"Right. Maybe nothing. Maybe something."

Alan said, "I wish . . . Oh, damn it! I feel so inadequate."

LOOKING down at the man sprawled out in his favorite chair, Alan realized that Floyd Clayton was a shade too drunk. The man had met him outside in the street, insisted upon coming to the apartment. A slight inebriation suited Alan fine. He wanted to prod the man into talking too much. But he had no desire to see Floyd pass out, and that was a trick which Mr. Clayton performed with alarming frequency. So Alan said, in a voice into which he injected as much cordiality as possible, "Coffee?"

"Hah! You think I'm intoxshicated."

"Yes."

"Correct! Smart feller. But what you don't know is thish . . ." Clayton lowered his voice confidentially. "I want to shtay that way."

"Okay." Alan pulled up another chair and seated himself, facing Floyd. He said, "You wanted to talk to me?"

"Yes." The man grinned fatuously. "You got to unnerstan'."

"Understand what?"

"Firsht, Alan . . . you got to know . . . got to know . . . I'm not mad at you."

"That's good."

"Man fallsh in love with Lynn, it ain't his fault. Wunnerful girl, Lynn. Love her myshelf. Shomething terrible. So is all right for you to be in love with her. But she mushn't marry you. No sir. Never marry you."

"Why?"

"'Cause then she couldn't marry me."

"You're married already."

"Oh, you mean Gloria? She doesn't count. Beautiful body, Gloria . . . no brains."

Alan was disgusted. "You couldn't stop us from getting married if we wanted to, Clayton."

"Oh, yes, I could."

"How?"

"Made up my mind. Got my own ideas. I like you, Alan. Nice boy. But you mushn't marry Lynn."

"Well, you've certainly prevented it so far."

"Me? No. I'm just telling you about in the future. Unnerstan'?"

"Sure, I understand." Alan took his time selecting a cigarette. He lighted it deliberately, striving to create an air of casualness. He said, "By the way, Floyd—when's the last time you saw Lew Murray?"

"Lew Murray?" Clayton's forehead corrugated in thought. "You mean Lew Murray?"

"Yes. A little fellow about forty years old," Alan said. "He works at Trent Advertising."

"That," stated Floyd triumphantly, "is jus' exactly where Lynn works."

"Yes. And Lew Murray works there, too. When was the last time you saw him?"

Floyd appeared to emerge briefly from the fog. He straightened up and said brightly, "Lew Murray?"

"That's the man."

"Never heard of him."

He sank back into the semistupor. Alan tried another angle. He said, "Is your wife all right?"

"Sure. Gloria's fine. Bothers me, though. Alla time."

"Isn't she jealous of Lynn Sheridan?"

"Oh, sure. Jealous as hell. Says she won't shtan' for it."

"For what?"

"The way I'm in love with Lynn. It's very sad."

"It seems to me that if she was very mad she'd do something about it."

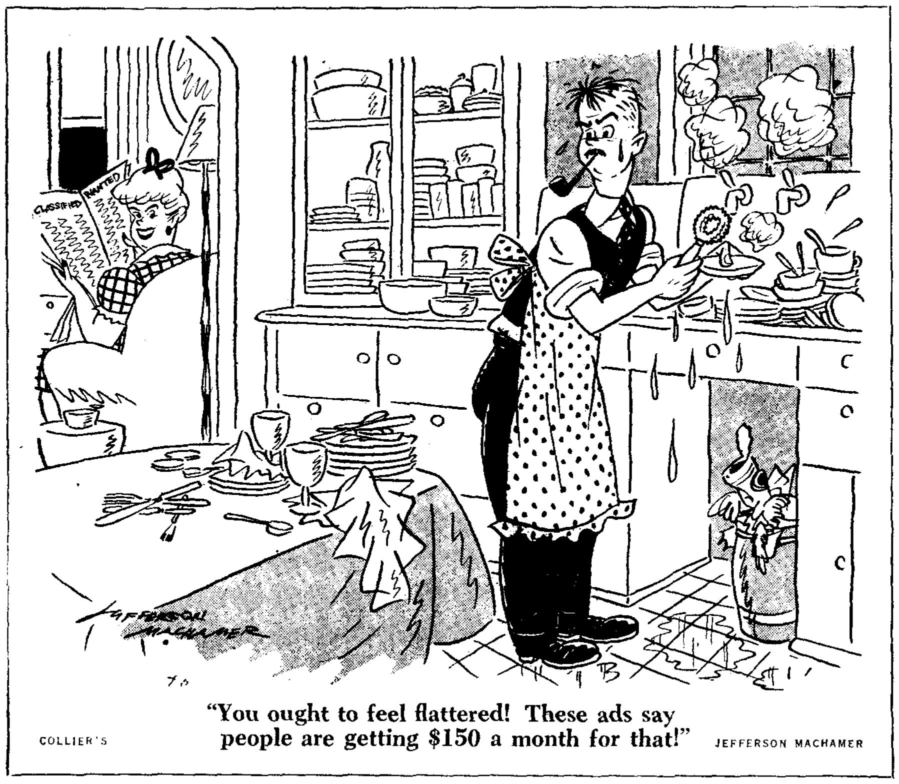
"Seems so to me, too. What you think she ought to do?"

"I don't know. I'm wondering what she already might have done."

"Plenty." Alan leaned forward tensely. "Yes, sir. Gloria already did plenty."

"What did she do?"

Floyd's eyes focused with difficulty on Alan's face. His expression was crafty,



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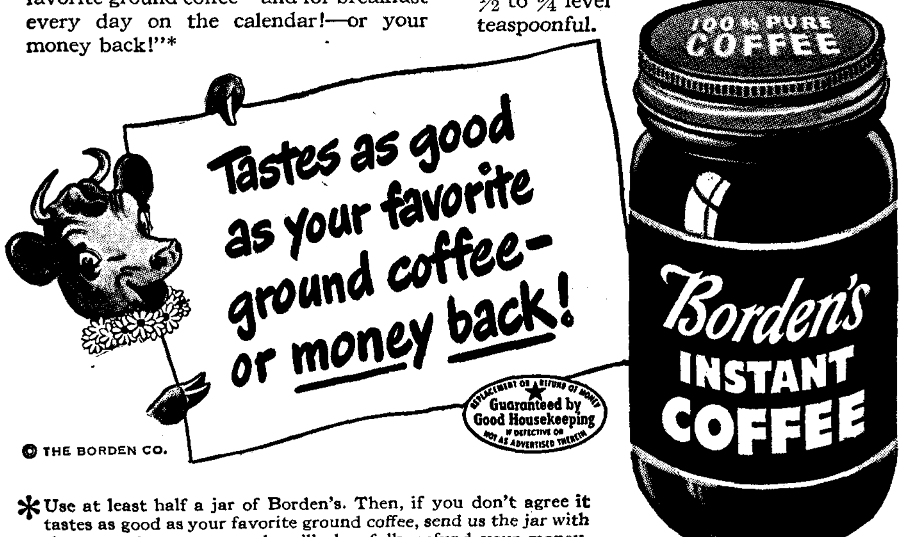
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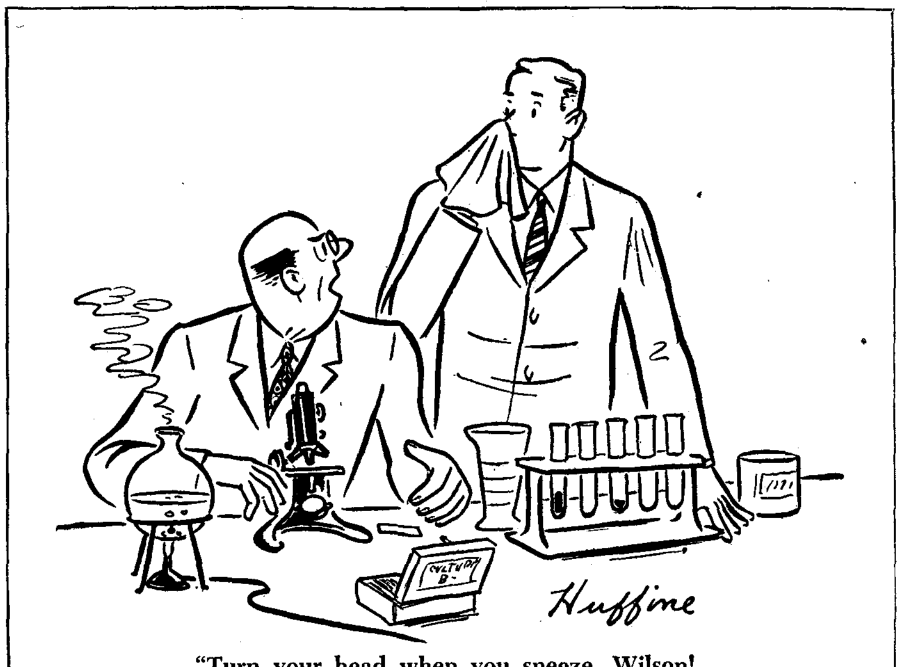


"Turn your head when you sneeze, Wilson! I don't want germs all over these bacteria!"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

as he said, "Now you're talking like a cop, Alan. Thash bad."

"I'm trying to find out . . ."

"Cops tryin' to find out, too. They think Gloria has been killing people. Gloria and me, both."

"Have you?"

"I should be inshulted. Accusing your best friend of homishide. Deadly inshult. You trample my pride in the dust. I wanna *drink*."

Floyd grinned foolishly. Then his right hand flopped limply over the side of the chair, and his eyes closed.

Mr. Floyd Clayton was out cold.

Alan looked in the telephone directory and dialed the number of Clayton's apartment. Almost instantly a woman's voice answered: awake, alert.

Alan said, "Mrs. Clayton?"

The woman's voice changed. She spoke tightly: "Who is this?"

"Alan Gordon."

"What do you want?" There was fear in the voice now.

He told her briefly what had happened, and added gently, "I'll look after *him*, Mrs. Clayton. You try to get some sleep."

"I will. I promise. I'll be able to sleep now."

Alan put down the phone. He put his hands under the armpits of the unconscious Floyd and dragged him unceremoniously into the bedroom, flung him on the bed and undressed him. Then he threw a blanket over him and left him there, snoring. Alan went into the living room, spread a comforter on the couch and started taking off his own clothes.

He felt disgusted, unclean. He was annoyed with himself, too. He knew that he'd either overplayed *his* hand, or that he'd played it wrong.

ALAN worked hard next morning. But his thoughts kept turning to the whole miserable, unfathomable situation. He reviewed his conversation with Floyd. He probed for significance in the man's drunken utterances. All he did was to make himself angry all over again. He didn't know any more about Clayton, or about Gloria. He didn't even know why Floyd had been waiting for him outside his apartment the previous night.

The switchboard operator rang Alan's phone. She said, "Call for you, Mr. Gordon. A Mr. Floyd Clayton. Shall I put him on?"

Alan said yes wearily.

Clayton's voice sounded tragic. "How'd I get here, Gordon?"

"With me You'd been drinking a lot. You said you wanted to talk You passed out I put you to bed. That's all there is to it."

Floyd said, "It was damned decent of you."

"Skip it."

"I hope I haven't been too much trouble. I'm sorry, really."

The man was trying to make amends. Alan disliked him just as intensely, but mentally he said, "Oh, what the hell!" and decided to soften up. He said, "Fix yourself some coffee, Clayton. You probably need it."

"Yeah . . . I wish you understood . . . well, anyway—it's nice, the way you're acting. And I'll straighten things up."

"Don't bother."

"No trouble." There was a moment of silence, and then Clayton said, "Package just came for you, Gordon. That's what woke me."

"Where from?"

"Let me see . . . Says on the corner, 'Superba Radio Corporation.' It's a fairly good-sized package."

That didn't sound right. If it was the exquisite little set he'd ordered for Lynn, the package would be small. It occurred to Alan that they *might* have sent the wrong model.

It suddenly became important for him to find out. If it was the right radio, he'd call Lynn and arrange to make the presentation that night. A kidding thing . . . keeping it light and gay. "Which hand you want?". . . "Guess what I've got for you?". . . something silly. Something that doesn't seem silly to people in love.

He said, "Look, Clayton, do me a favor. Open that package for me, will you? I think I know what it is, but I want to be sure."

"Okay, chum. Hold it."

Alan sat drumming on the desk top. Thank goodness he had a date with Lynn for that night. If this was the right radio, he'd drop by his place and pick it up.

He heard the tearing of paper. He heard Floyd say, "Hold on just a second . . . They sure got this thing wrapped."

More tearing of paper. Sounds that came softly over the telephone.

Then, horribly, the world seemed to rock. The receiver was almost torn from Alan's hand. There was the sound of an explosion . . . the beginnings of a reverberation. Then silence.

Alan sat rigid. He held the receiver tight against his ear, and said, "Floyd!"

There was no answer. He said, more urgently, "Floyd! What's the matter?"

Still no answer. The phone was dead.

A ghastly premonition hit Alan. He raced through the door and across the reception room.

He dropped to the street level in a swift, silent elevator. He grabbed a taxi and gave the number of *his* own apartment building. He shoved a five-dollar bill at the driver and said, "Make it fast."

He didn't know how fast they traveled. He was dazed. He knew that something terrible had happened.

The taxi swung around the corner and turned into his street. A police whistle sounded and the driver clamped down on his brakes.

Alan leaped out of the cab and started down the street. An excited crowd was milling around in front of his building. He saw fire-fighting equipment. Police cars. Ambulances.

A uniformed patrolman grabbed him. The policeman said, "Hey, you—where do you think you're goin'?"

"That house . . . That's where I live."

"Sorry. You just the same gotta wait here."

Alan said, "What happened?"

"Don't know for sure yet. Hell of an explosion. Apartment of some guy named Gordon. Somebody—probably him—was blown to bits."

MAX GOLD sat on the arm of an easy chair. Alan Gordon stood with his back to the window. The eyes of both men followed Lynn Sheridan as she walked up and down—up and down.

They were in her apartment. Newspapers were spread out on the couch. The story of the bomb explosion rated plenty of space. There was—in one of the papers—a picture of Floyd Clayton. There was a picture of Gloria. In another newspaper there was a photograph of the wrecked apartment. And that's all the photograph showed: wreckage.

Waiting for Lynn to start talking, Alan regarded her closely, and wondered whether she knew how lovely she looked. She was wearing a black hostess gown with a startling red panel down the front.

Her face had changed. The softness had gone. Some of the fear seemed to have vanished, and in its stead had come a great anger.

When she spoke, her voice was low and tense, as though she was determined to ward off hysteria. She looked at Max Gold, and said, "Where do we begin?"

Max consulted a paper. He said, "I got a report from the Bomb Squad. They didn't have much to go on, but they can say for sure it was a mousetrap bomb."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, in this case they think the explosive element in the bomb was two sticks of dynamite, with a percussion cap taped to 'em. A bomb like that is packed tightly, and a mousetrap is put inside. The trap is set, like you were after a mouse—only the packing keeps the little copper arm from jumping. Somebody unwraps the package. The instant the pressure on the mousetrap is released, the arm snaps over, strikes the percussion cap, and then . . . zowie!"

Max was in a talking mood. He went on: "We have phoned three times to the Superba outfit. They got Morley's order, and shipped the radio direct to Alan. This morning."

Lynn said, "If that's true, then it's somewhere on the way now. It couldn't possibly have gotten here yet."

"Right. We checked and double-checked."

"Did you check at the Trent office, too?"

"Yep. Ellsworth Morley turned the request over to his secretary. She wrote the letter in his name, signing it as secretary. The carbon copy went into the files, along with Superba's acknowledgment. It was available to anybody in the office."

Lynn said, "In other words, practically all the employees of Trent Advertising could have known that, at Mr. Morley's request, a new, miniature radio was being sent to Alan."

"Yeah. But you only said half. The other half is that they'd know from the carbon copy of the letter that it was intended eventually for you. Morley wrote them that because they like you, and he figured that would induce them to send it."

"What you're trying to say is that the bomb could have been intended for me, is that it?"

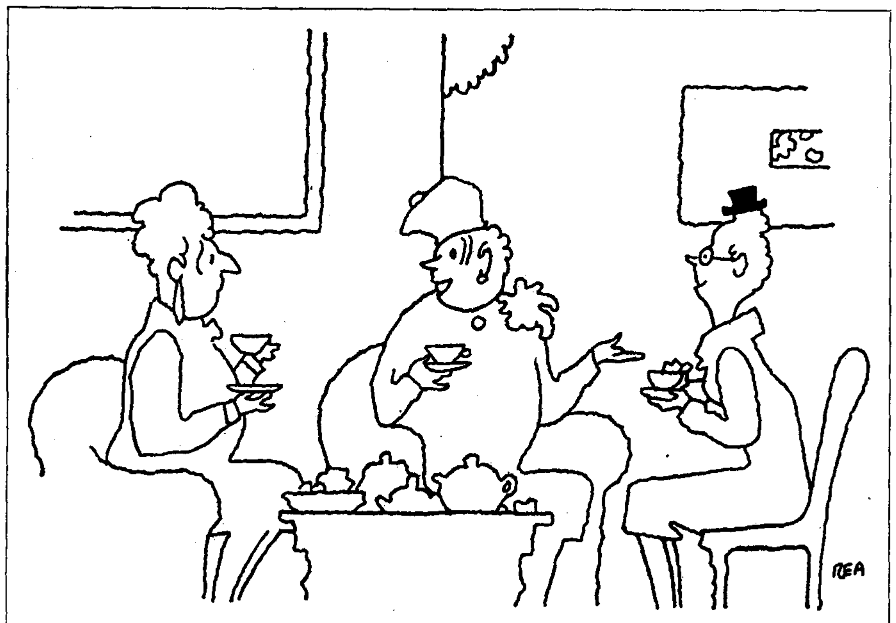
"You said not to pull punches, Miss Sheridan—so I ain't pullin' 'em. Somebody knows that a radio is being gotten for you. Maybe they figure Alan will send it to you . . . maybe he'll deliver it in person. They got nothing against him, but they got plenty against you. Alan says he didn't ask Clayton to look at the postmark. He just asked where it was from, and Clayton said, 'Superba Radio Corporation.' That's the way it would work 99 times out of 100. You want it straight, I'm givin' it to you straight. I figure whoever's been gunnin' for you is still on the job. I can't sell myself the idea that it was Alan they were after."

Alan said, "I've been begging Lynn to leave town . . . or to have the police take charge of her. She won't."

Lynn spoke sharply. She said, "Look, I want you to understand something. I'm not trying to put on a show. I'm bewildered and I'm frightened. I think about it all day, and worry about it all night. I don't want to die. I'd do anything that seemed reasonable.

"But there's another angle that's equally important. Innocent people have been killed because, in some way, they are connected with me. Can't you figure how that makes me feel? If it were possible, I'd isolate myself."

Lynn said, "I'm not criticizing, Lieu-



COLLIER'S "For a while Angela thought of being a Conover model—but Mr. Conover talked her out of it" GARDNER REA

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KEEP HAIR COMBED BETTER—AND KEEP SCALP-HAPPY, TOO
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Now you can keep your hair combed better and be scalp-happy, besides. You see, Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic is a special recipe for keeping hair combed. It's antiseptic, too!

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Both keep you scalp-happy

LUCKY TIGER

FOR HAIR AND SCALP

tenant. But I'm not entirely agreeing, either. I have a feeling—call it a woman's sixth sense if you want—I have a feeling that whoever sent that bomb meant to kill Alan."

"Why?"

"I don't know. The question of motive has stymied me from the beginning."

Alan put his arm around Lynn. Her body was rigid; he knew what a battle she must be waging for self-control. He said, "If we're really facing facts—let's do it. I believe that Lynn was the intended victim. Whether they also got me was unimportant. But, ghastly as it was, we *have* accomplished something. We've eliminated one of our prime suspects. Clayton might have wanted to kill me or Lynn. He was a long way from normal. The thing could easily have grown into a homicidal obsession. But if he had prepared and mailed that bomb, he certainly wouldn't have opened it himself. He'd have left it there for me."

"Oh, sure. And besides, he's one of the few guys mixed up in this who couldn't have known anything about Morley's letter to Superba."

"Unless . . ." started Alan, and then stopped abruptly.

LYNN said, "Go ahead, Alan. You were going to say unless he had a way of getting information from the Trent office. And you were thinking of Lew Murray."

"Perhaps." His voice was gentle. "Look, sweetheart—we're talking facts now, not theories. Just because you *believe* Murray is all right, doesn't mean that he is. How do we know he wasn't being used by Floyd?"

"You just said . . ."

Max interrupted. "I think Alan's got Gloria Clayton in mind. We can fit her into this neat as a pin. The original telephone calls to police and ambulance came from a woman. Gloria knows how to handle a rifle. She could have tried to kill you from the brewery that night. The attack on you at the Rossmore could have been done by a woman who got panicky and figured she'd finished the job when really she'd bungled it. The sending of the bomb . . . that would be a neat method. She couldn't dream that Floyd would get it."

Alan said, "She knew he was at my apartment. Why would she let him stay there? Wouldn't she have come and taken him home?"

"That still doesn't mean anything. Even if the bomb got there before he left, what would be more natural than it would wait until you got home? Then you'd take it over to Miss Sheridan's house and sort of kid around and unpack it there."

"That's what I was planning to do."

"Anyway," finished Gold, "you gotta figure it's reasonable to include Gloria Clayton in this."

Alan asked, "Have you talked to her?"

"Yeah. Tried to break her down. I could of had more luck with a clam. Time we finished, we were all sorry for her."

"Any indication that she knew what you were talking about?"

"No."

"Do you think it's possible that she could have been putting on a clever act?"

Lynn said, "I'll answer that. Gloria couldn't have fooled you for a minute. She wouldn't even have tried."

"Why not?"

"Because if she had planned to kill me or Alan or both of us, and if a bomb she had prepared had caused her husband's death—she'd have broken down. In the first rush of emotion, she wouldn't have cared what happened to her."

Max nodded. "Straight thinking, Miss Sheridan. We had that in mind when we started working on her."

"So you're checking her out?" inquired Alan.

"Definitely not. We're watching her. We're investigating one essential angle. If it was Gloria, she had to have an office contact. That's where Lew Murray steps back into focus."

Lynn said, "Gloria had no money. She couldn't have bought Lew."

A faint flicker of amusement showed in Max's eyes. "She's a dame, ain't she? Murray is a man. That spells something more than money."

"Absurd . . ."

"Sure. So is everything else."

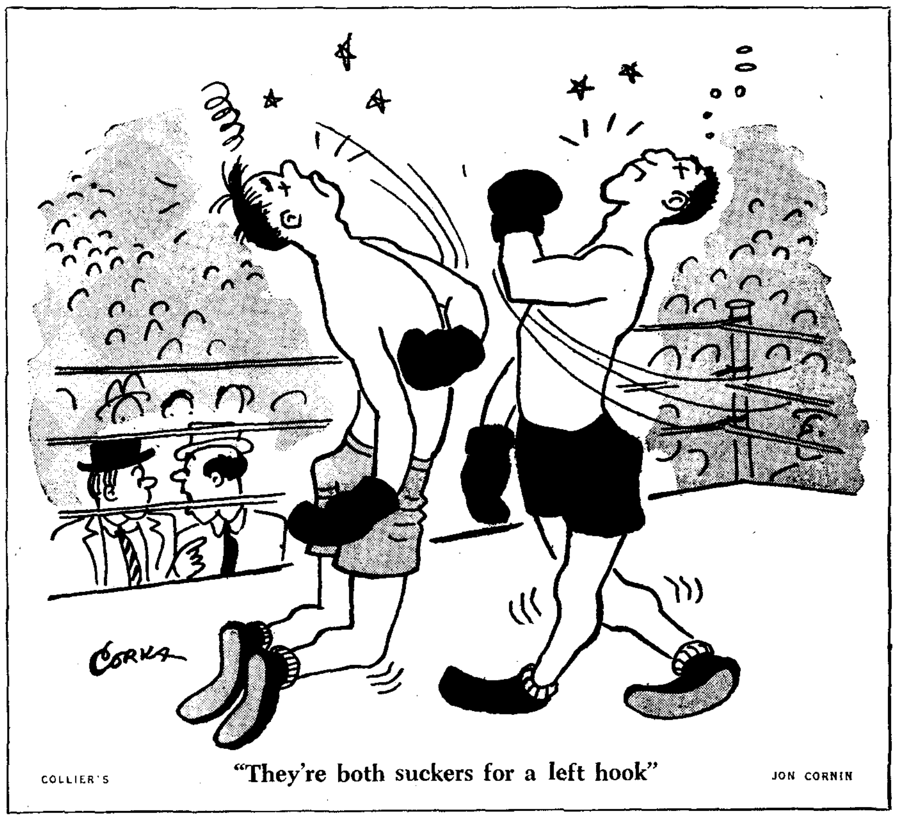
Alan said, "What would happen if you arrested both Lew Murray and Gloria Clayton?"

"It wouldn't get us very far. Not unless we had more to go on."

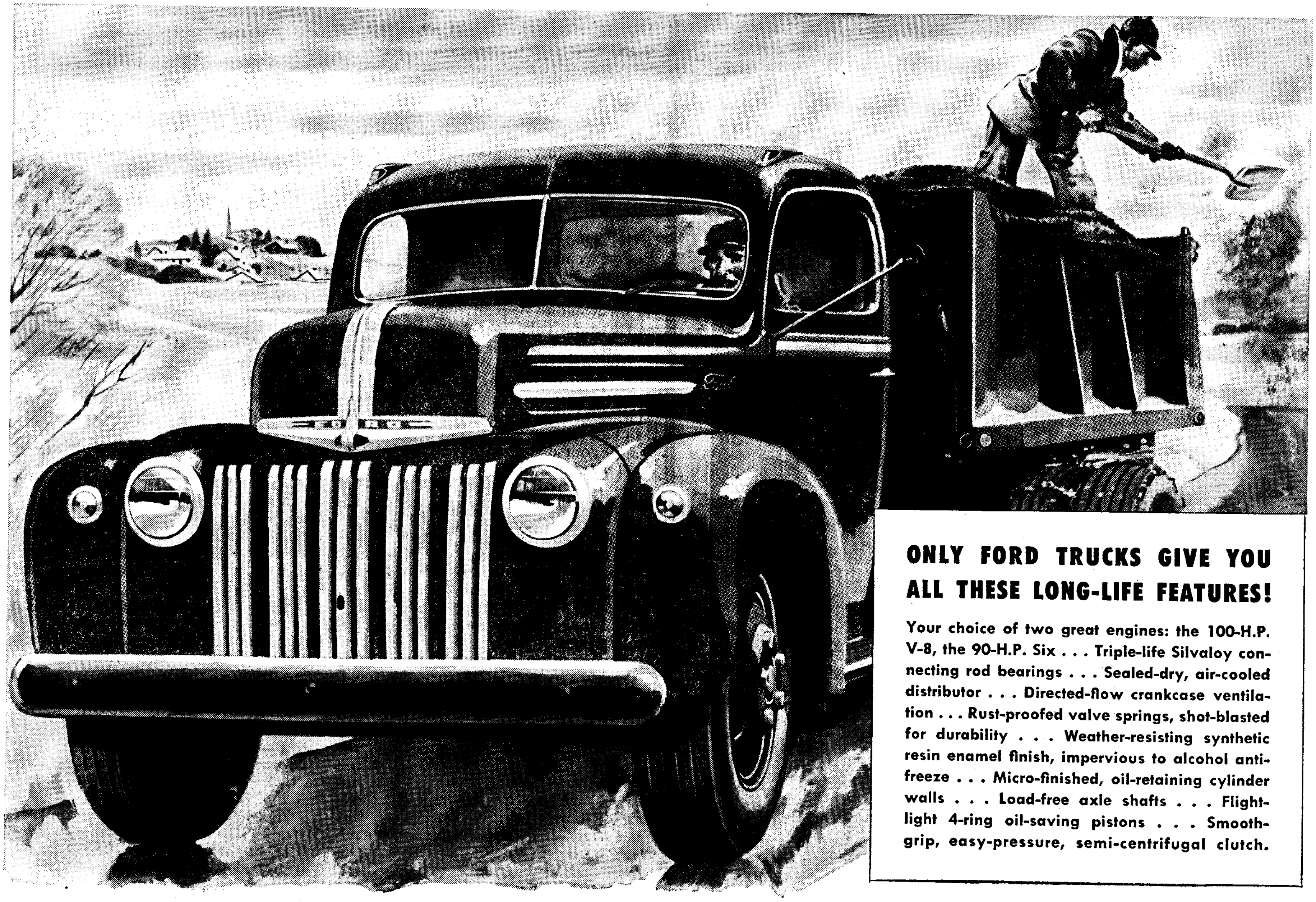
"Why not?"

"The newspapers are plugging this. The story is hot as a firecracker. Sooner or later they'd learn that we were holding them. They'd ask why. Then we'd have some slick shysters stepping in . . . looking for free publicity. We'd either have to charge 'em, or they'd be sprung."

Alan said, "So it's Lynn's cue to sit back and wait for the next thing to happen?"



COLLIER'S "They're both suckers for a left hook" JON CORNIN



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Max got up, looked at the two of them and shrugged. He said, "I never felt so damn' useless in my life. But I'm still in there pitching."

He told them goodby and left. Alan took Lynn's hand and led her to the couch. He swept the newspapers to the floor. He put his arms around her. She said, in a tiny, faraway voice, "Why, Alan—*why?*"

He didn't answer. There wasn't any answer.

"I'm not important," she went on bitterly. "I don't mean anything to anybody except to my family and to you. I haven't any enemies . . . I don't even know a person I'd call unfriendly. My death wouldn't help anyone."

He said, "Take it easy, sweetheart . . . take it easy."

Her arms went around his neck and she clung to him. She stayed that way a long time. Then she drew away and sat staring at the opposite wall. She said, "I'm all torn up inside. I'm sorry . . ."

"Of course you're sorry, Lynn."

"I don't mean that," she said. "The person I can't get out of my mind—the person I'm really sorry for—is Gloria."

ALAN conducted Lynn into a tiny two-room-and-serving-pantry furnished apartment on the seventh floor of the Carlin Residential Hotel. He said, "*Mire, mi vida* . . . which means in Spanish—Give a look. The new home of a bombed-out refugee."

Lynn's eyes brightened, which was precisely the reaction Alan had wanted. She said, "Darling! What sort of wonder-worker are you?"

"Oh!" he said with exaggerated modesty. "I perform assorted miracles. Name your brand. Here in New York, with a housing shortage and such . . . I step into this." He kissed her emphatically. "Actually, it isn't terribly mysterious. Just lucky. It's Joe Fatnsworth's apartment. He's been sent to Colorado on a three-month job. I inherited."

She said, "If the description didn't sound so precious, I'd say it was cute."

"It *is* cute. And what's more . . . cast your eyes on this."

This was the inside of a hanging closet. Three new suits were there, and below them, two new pairs of shoes. He proudly opened dresser drawers and disclosed new underwear, new shirts, new ties, new electric razor, new everything. "It's practically a trousseau, Lynn. Why should we waste it?"

"It's most impressive. Now if I had some new clothes to match . . ." She smiled. "Sooner or later things will get back to normal. Then we'll see what a honeymoon feels like."

"I was suggesting marriage as of immediately. Frankly, I was almost sorry Joe could lend me this jernt. I wanted to come crying to you . . . pitiful, you know . . . and beg you to take me in. Being kindly, you couldn't have refused. Being a lady, you'd have insisted on a wedding ring."

HE TOOK her to dinner at a tiny neighborhood walk-up where the table d'hôte was good. Their meal completed, Lynn refused Alan's invitation to a movie. She said she'd rather return to his new apartment—"To sort of get myself accustomed to it." That suited him splendidly. They walked home, indifferent to the 20-degree temperature. They went upstairs, and Alan said, "I am a dope. Unaccustomed as I am to living in a hotel, I forgot to pick up my key at the desk."

He started for the elevator. Halfway down the hall, he encountered a maid. She was wearing a black costume and a little white apron. A chain hung at her belt and on it a key. Alan said, "I'll bet you can let me in. I'm occupying Mr. Farnsworth's apartment."

The maid said she'd be delighted. Alan followed Lynn into the living room. She snapped on the light, and turned to say something. But she realized that he was concentrating, and so she said, "What is it, Alan?"

"Believe it or not, I've been thinking," he told her.

"What about?"

"The key Nita included in the package she left with me."

Lynn waited.

"Max and I sort of gave up on that. We couldn't test all the keyholes in New York. But there's one which we should have tested—and didn't."

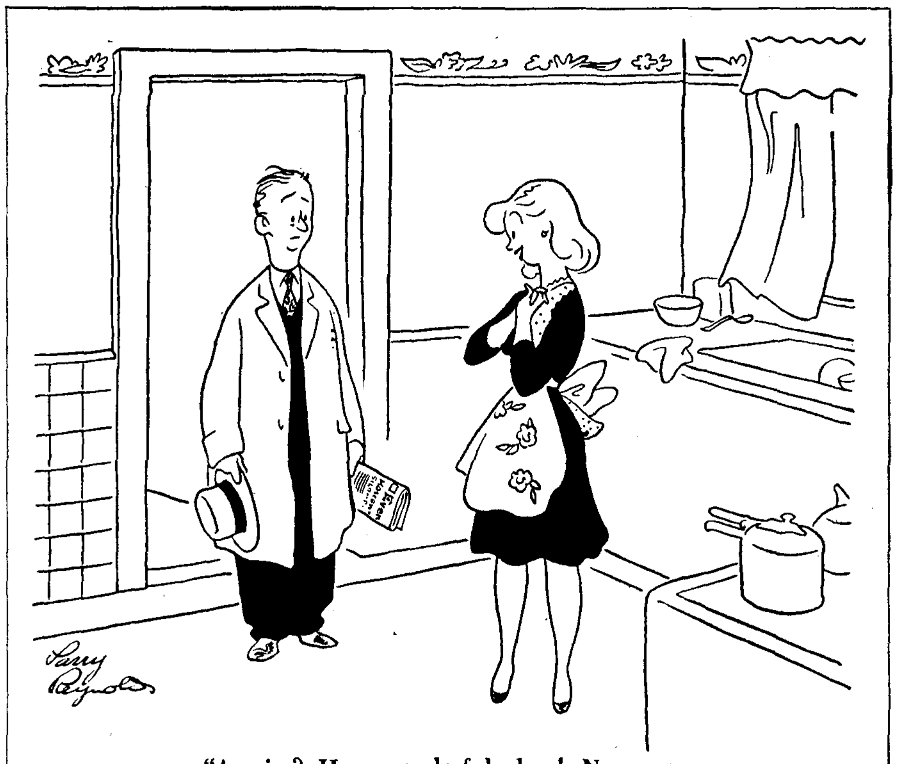
"Which one?"

"The door of that apartment in the Rossmore. The one the Apex people maintain. Where John Conrad was staying the night that . . . that you . . ."

Lynn said, "What would Nita be doing with a key to that apartment?"

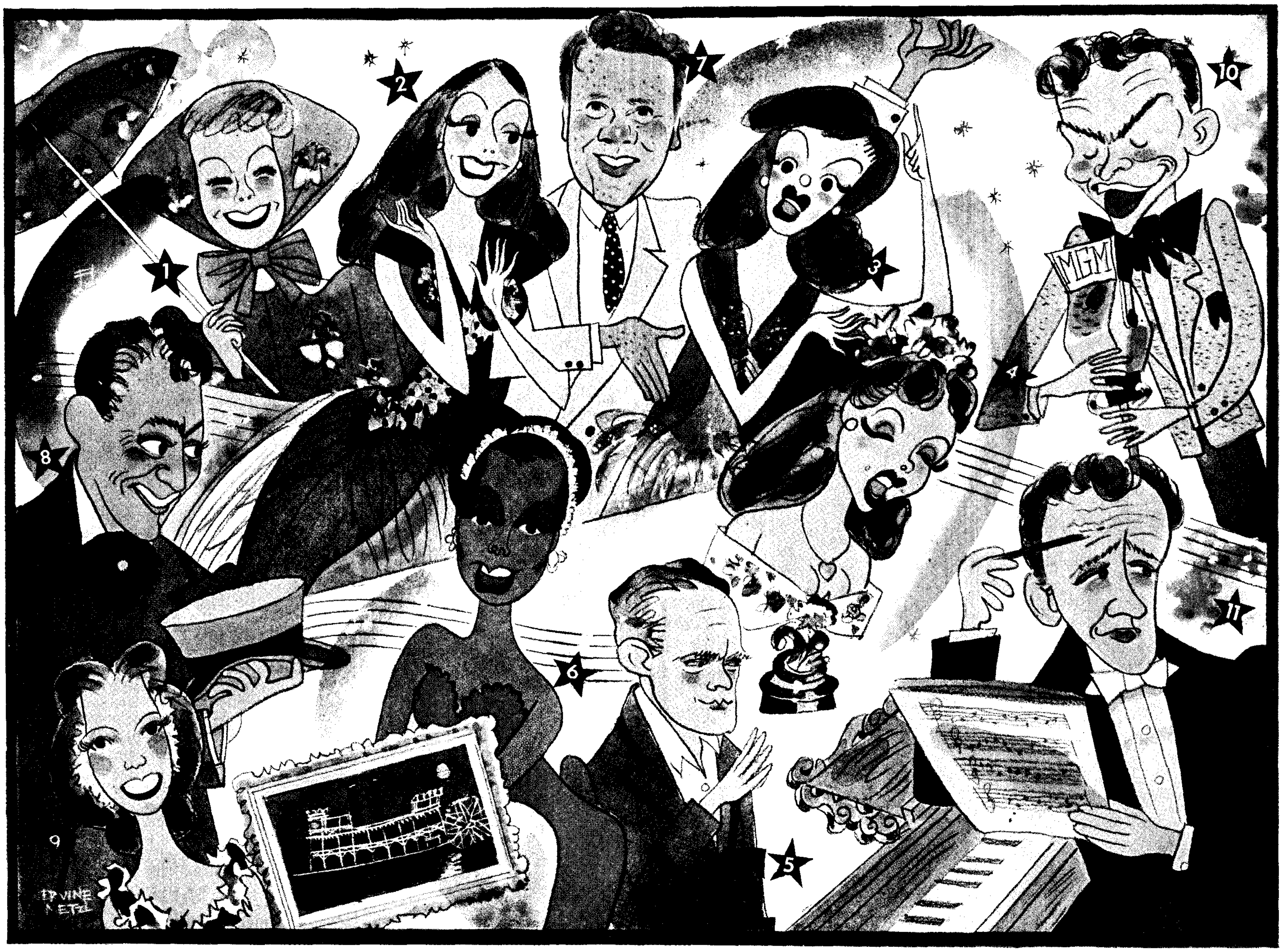
"I haven't the faintest idea, honey. But she certainly wasn't including a key in that package just for the fun of the thing."

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "A raise? How wonderful, dear! Now we can afford the fur coat I bought today" LARRY REYNOLDS

M-G-M presents the stars
who portray the dramatic life story of Jerome Kern



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as Marilyn Miller, the toast of Broadway!

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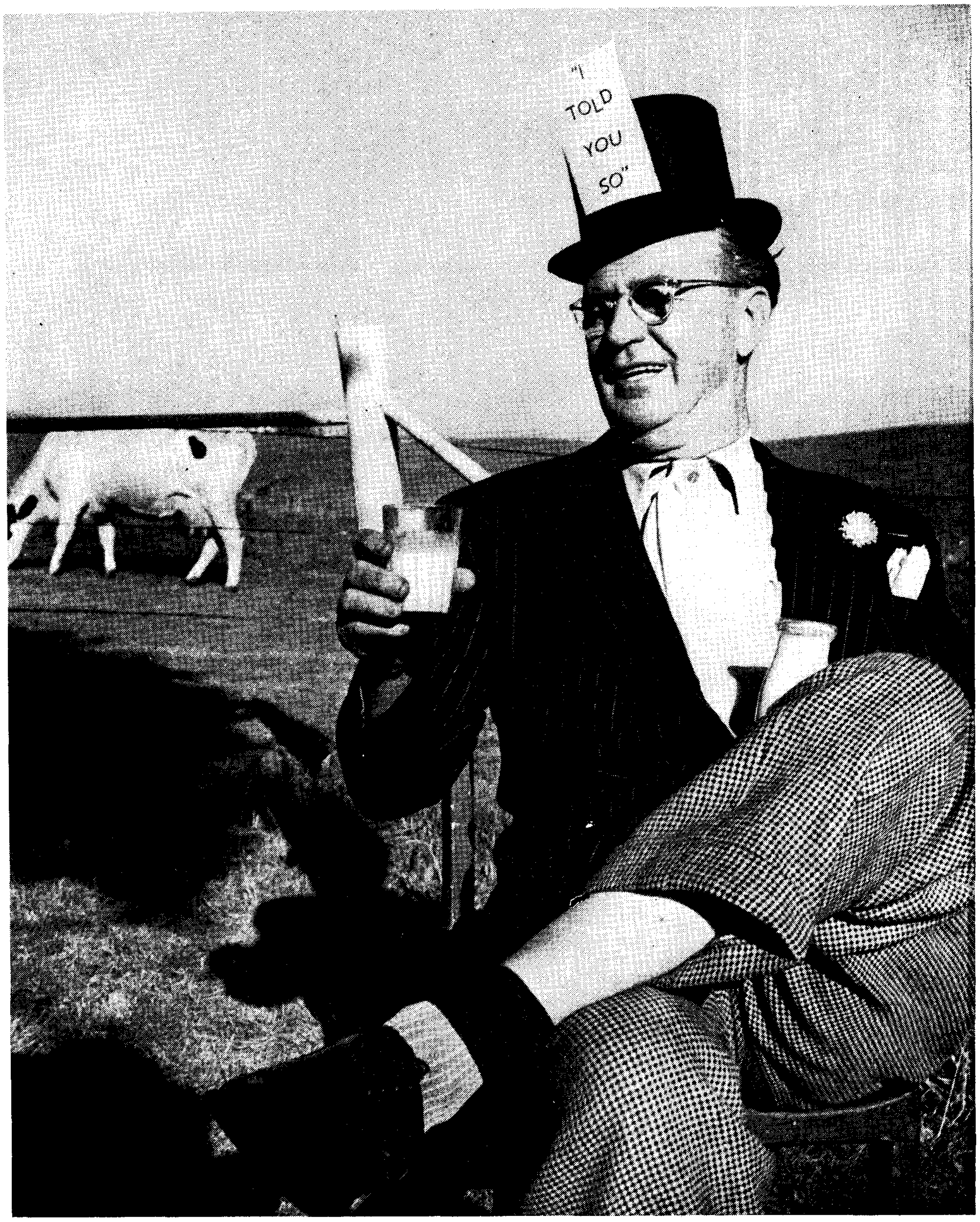
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Although The Great Prognosticator likes to know where his milk comes from, he is no modest rustic

ROUNDY RINGS THE BELL

BY DANIEL D. MICH

He's only a bush-league sports writer, but the ungrammatical utterances of Roundy Coughlin are known all over the country

HE WAS once described by Amy Lowell as the only writer of the "real American language." He has been called a sage, screwball and The Great Prognosticator (by himself).

His name is Joseph Leo Coughlin, but he is known as "Roundy" to people who read sports pages. He is less grammatical than a Ring Lardner character, and often funnier. Among thousands of bush-league sports writers, he is the only famous one.

His column, a weird blend of corn-fed naïveté and bright, natural wit, appears in the Wisconsin State Journal of Madison, Wis., where Roundy has long vied with the weather, the La Follettes and the University of Wisconsin football team for public attention. Even World War II didn't take him out of the spotlight.

To Roundy, the war was just another columnar subject (he has never confined himself to sports). After Pearl Harbor, he philosophized:

"The Japs got the jump on us and have all the stuff to work with. But them babies are fighting America don't forget that and when we start hitting all the devil will be popping. We ain't going to sign no peace terms this time and sit around the table in dress suits and medals it's all the way this time folks and how."

By November 1, 1943, Roundy was even more optimistic, as he wrote: "I'm telling you something Hitler is all buttoned up. By New Years that guy will be yelling police-police."

Undaunted by the failure of that prognostication, a year later he was predicting again: "Well just as I said Hitler will either go batty, commit suicide or run to the ocean to save his life is coming fast. Inside of six or eight weeks that guy will be all done folks."

However, by August 9, 1945, Roundy was really on the beam. On that day, he said: "This new atomic bomb will have Japan on its knees in a hurry. If it's all they say it is and they got them to use over there then the guy with the big teeth who runs Japan you can figure will be in touch with Washington in a hurry. And he ain't going to talk about rice either. He will wire in code we are all buttoned up terms brother name them."

The author of this distinctive prose is about 55 years old but looks younger. He started the career which led to his present eminence about 25 years ago.

Roundy was one of a family of seven Coughlin kids born in Madison's "Irish ward" (the fourth), in which he has lived almost ever since. He went to a Catholic parochial school. "I just got to the sixth grade," he says, "and the Sisters said that's far enough so out I went and onto the butcher wagon."

Three Shady Years Behind a Lawn Mower

Driving the butcher wagon was the first of a long line of jobs which culminated in pushing a lawn mower over one of Madison's grassy parks. He still refers to himself as the old lawn-mower pusher. "I worked there three years," Roundy says, "and never got sunburned, so I musta been pretty good at staying under the trees."

Before that he worked for the telephone company for two months. Roundy, sent out to install a phone, had to drill through a wall in order to string the wire properly. He also drilled a neat hole in the customer's piano, which had been backed against the other side of the wall. That was the end of his telephone career.

Roundy had similar ill fortune as a barber's helper. He was supposed to lather and otherwise prepare customers' faces for shaving. Here's his own account of the end of that job: "I dropped a hot towel on a guy's face he jumped right out of the chair and chased me out of the joint. He wanted to know why I did it I told him I couldn't hold it any longer."

Between jobs, Roundy tried to become a boxer, then a baseball player. He was just fair in the ring, but might have become a top-notch ballplayer. An accident which deafened him halted his baseball career.

This happened in 1916 after Roundy had had a good season as a pitcher and third baseman with the Aurora, Ill., club of the old Wisconsin-Illinois League, and was being considered for a tryout with the Chicago White Sox. The season over, Roundy obtained one of his periodic jobs, this time working on signal towers for a railroad.

In his own words: "One day I fell 40 foot on my head. Broke my neck and ever since I had to figure out how to get along in this world and the guys I signed notes for said I did alright."

In the face of one discouraging setback after another, Roundy never lost his smile, his courage, or his interest in sports. As custodian of the lawn mower, he was a favorite of the high-school athletes who practiced in his park. His witty gibes at their performances kept them amused, and his reputation reached the offices of the Madison Capital Times, a daily newspaper. In 1921, Roundy started laboriously to put down on paper, for publication in the Times, his uniquely ridiculous, unpunctuated and ungrammatical comments on sports.

The column rapidly acquired a following, but the Times never paid Roundy more than $15 a week. In 1925, he was lured to the rival paper, the State Journal, by a 400 per cent raise and an automobile. Roundy resisted the money, but he could not hold out against the free automobile, a glistening coupé. He had "Roundy" painted *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

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50% FASTER—
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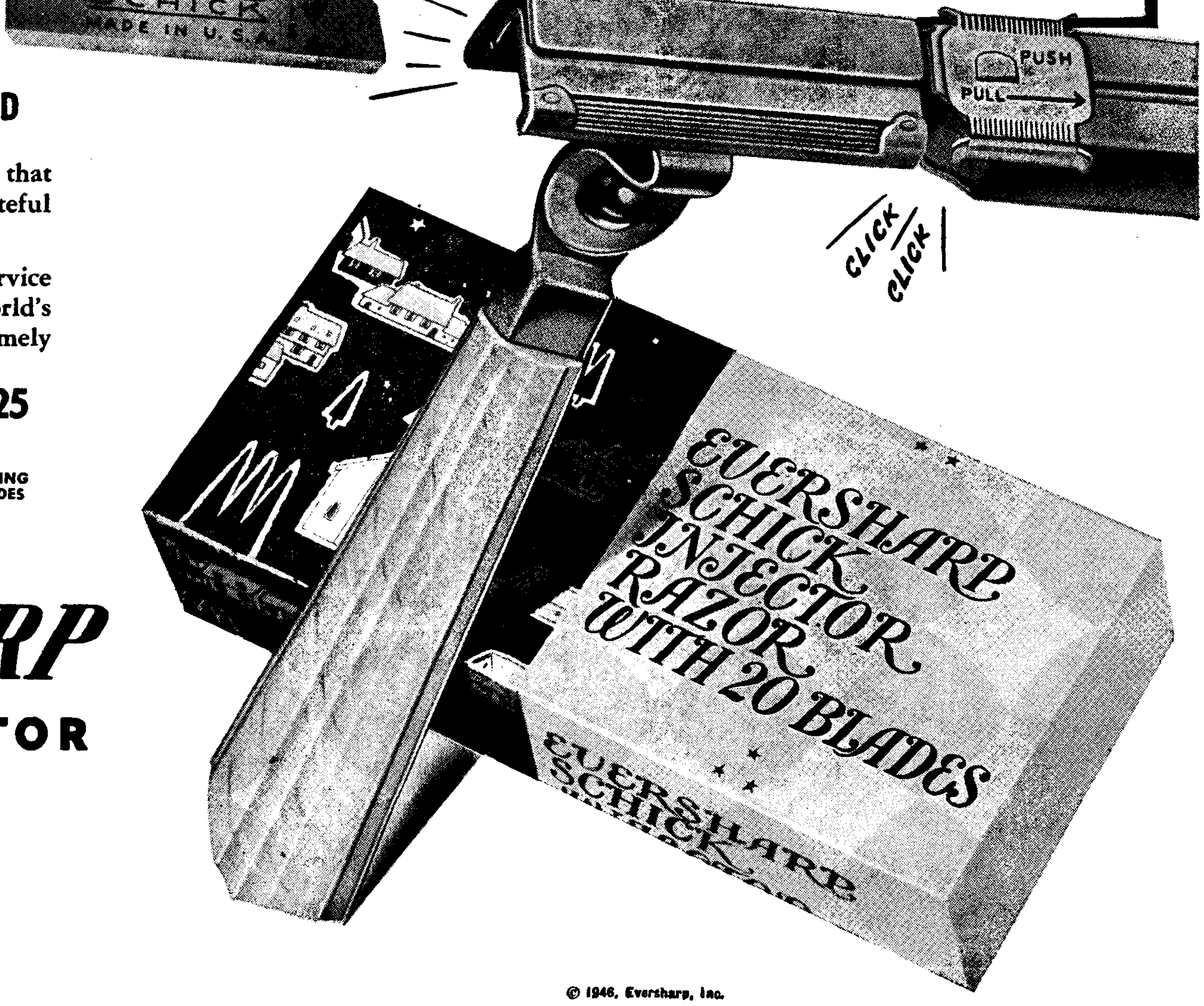
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For just $1.25, here's a Christmas gift that will make any man (or woman) grateful the whole year 'round.

It's the razor 7 out of 10 men in service wanted above all other razors. The world's fastest, safest, smoothest shaver. Handsomely wrapped in a gay Christmas package.

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Better buy one at your dealer's right now . . . because the supply is limited.

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To millions of Americans, ale isn't ale unless it's Ballantine. So, feeling as they do, they *always* look for the 3 rings . . . to make *sure* it's Ballantine Ale they're getting—and no mistake.

Ballantine has been America's largest selling ale for years. Millions prefer this great ale to any other because it's so brisk, bright, lively . . . so unusually rich in the extra flavor that characterizes ale at its finest.

Next time, treat yourself particularly well. Look for Peter Ballantine's century-old trade mark, the 3 rings symbolizing PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR . . . then call for "Ballantine Ale." *America's finest since 1840.*

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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Burglars, Beware!

Darkness will be no cloak to crime when the famous "snooperscope" gets into peacetime form. This compact infra-red "cat's eye" can see so well in the dark that you can clamp it to your eye and drive an auto through pitch-black night with no headlights at all.

An infra-red lamp about the size of a pound of butter shines ahead. Invisible rays reflect back through focusing lenses to a special fluorescent tube something like a television receiving tube, and become visible on a screen. Snoopers were used by the thousands by patrols in the war and could pick up an enemy at 75 yards. At home they will be valuable in photo laboratories and factories where certain operations have to be done in the dark. And they will be a powerful aid to the police in catching night prowlers.

Rip It Quick

"Jack the Ripper" is an ingenious little knife for ripping out old garment seams. It is a simple piece of thin steel with a sharp, curved blade at the end, hardened with chromium plate. Because of a little ball-shaped guide at the tip, the knife can't go astray and cut the cloth.

Warning For Trains In Trouble

Railroad radio will soon have an important new wrinkle: the "Slow-Tone" warning system, that automatically sends out a danger signal as long as a train is stalled. Every main-line locomotive will carry a special send-receive unit, immune to static and local interference. To avoid confusion the range will be held down to only five miles. Passengers on Slow-Tone-equipped fliers can relax at any speed in fog or night; the engineman, hearing the warning, will slow down instantly, thus making a crash impossible.

Flashlights For Tough Guys

Now, flashlights will be made of "armor plate" and won't break, no matter how you bang them around. Not hardened steel but featherweight "Ethocel" plastic is the new material, developed in the war for making aviators' flak suits. An Ethocel flashlight case is so tough a 15-ton truck can run over it without damage. Phil Cavarretta of the Chicago Cubs batted out half a dozen of them in a test with home-run blows and did not even dent them. The plastic is made with millions of air cells that give it great structural strength.

Cotton Houses

A new process turns ordinary cotton into a hard, permanent building material said to be cheaper than wood or metal. The fibers are first combed and matted, then hot-pressed into dense laminated sheets by treatment with phenolic resin. The sheets are finally bent into channel sections so designed that they interlock and can be cemented together to form smooth walls both inside and out. No joists are needed; no shingles or siding. The material can be dyed any color, which eliminates painting.

The inventors think they can turn out a two-bedroom house complete with plumbing and heating for $3,000.

This Plastic Glows In The Dark

Well-known Lucite will soon be mixed with phosphor pigments to make it shine under ultraviolet light, or store up sunlight to glow for hours in the dark. The self-lighting plastic will be better than luminous-painted surfaces since the light-making chemical is distributed throughout the plastic and can't wear off. It is so durable that the Coast Guard is trying it for channel buoys.

Some likely uses: highway markers, advertising signs, dials for instruments, theater exit signs. And in your home, decorative wall panels, easy-to-find wall switches, stairway markers, doorknobs, radio dials.

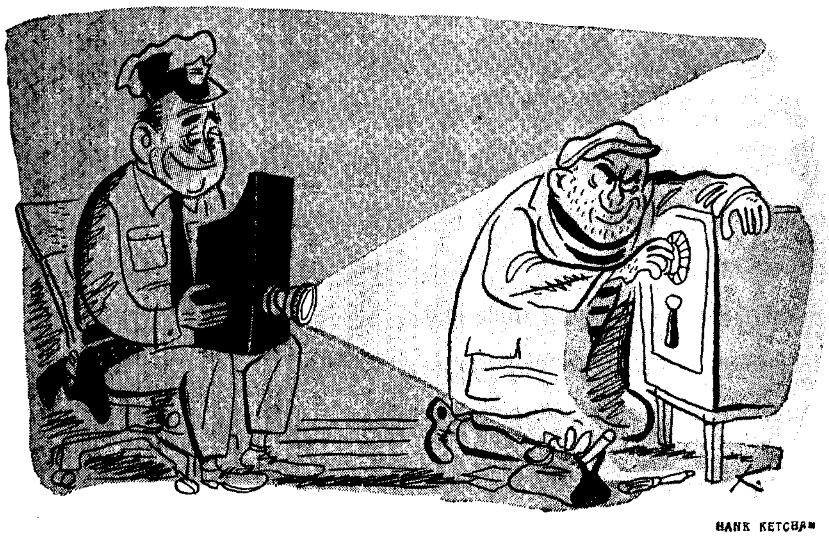
The Lame Will Walk Again

Hardening of the arteries often hits a victim's legs, sometimes ends in gangrene and amputation. Now, doctors think they have a cure: cutting the nerves that are responsible for choking off the leg arteries. This restores circulation, stops the pain and makes the limb useful again. Many successful operations have been done already; among the patients is a postman who could not walk 300 feet but now covers his regular route; a veteran who had lost one leg and was saved from losing the other. But the operation is still experimental and must be done by specially trained surgeons.

Here It Is . . .

An electric wall switch with a tiny neon lamp built in, that glows whenever the switch is on. Fine for cellar lights. Costs about a cent a year to run. . . .

A tiny ultraviolet lamp for the inside of your refrigerator. Kills germs and odors, preserves food longer. ★★★



Featuring the 1947
RADIO STYLE PARADE

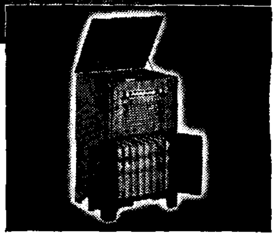
Today, just in time for Christmas, your CLARION RADIO dealer is proudly showing the most beautiful receivers ever to bear the CLARION name. And the CLARIONETTE, world's most compact radio-phonograph console, forecasts the 1947 radio Style Parade.*

As your eyes drink in the exquisite charm and impeccable good taste of CLARION styling, your ears will discover new tonal perfection in broadcast and recorded music, never before achieved at such modest prices.

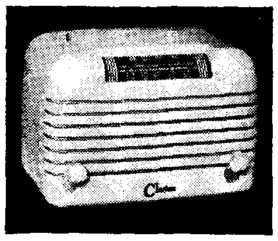
You can make no wiser choice in a gift to *your* family than a new CLARION. Before you buy, see and hear the only radio whose performance has been pre-proved for your protection by Audibel Rating. Get all the facts about this amazing new scientific method of measuring radio value in terms of electronic efficiency.

At your Clarion dealer's now!

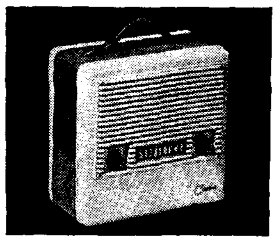
** All Clarion electric sets are Underwriters' Approved at no extra cost.*



The CLARIONETTE—A full size radio with automatic record reproducer, occupying less than 3 square feet of floor space.



CLARION MODEL C-102-V —Graceful design in gleaming white plastic. Nothing finer in its price class.



The CLARION HOLIDAY—You'll travel in style with this smart two-tone luggage style AC-DC-Battery portable radio.

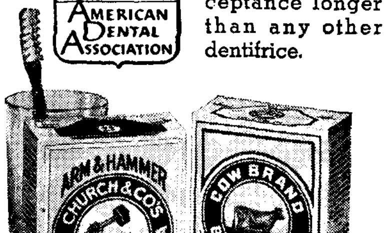
Clarion
America's First Audibel Rated RADIO
WARWICK MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
4640 W. HARRISON ST. CHICAGO

He's an economist

by profession and in practice. "Extravagance," he says, "is usually the sum total of waste in little things." On advice of their dentist, his family (there are four) now brush their teeth with Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (pure Bicarbonate of Soda). Not only are they all delighted with the way Soda cleans their teeth, but he has figured out to a penny the dollars they are saving each year at "Arm & Hammer's" few-pennies-a-package cost. He's a working economist.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and Cow Brand Baking Soda are among the dentifrices that meet the exacting requirements of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association. Both brands are classified as acceptable dentifrices and have enjoyed the Council's seal of acceptance longer than any other dentifrice.

Accepted
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS
AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION



ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA
OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Baking Soda; also a set of Colored Bird Cards.
This offer good only in the United States J-71
Please print
Name____________________________
Street Address_______________________
City or Town________________State_______

THE BIG SHOT

Continued from page 17

"Send us a post card when you find out," Charlie said.

"Sure." Carlo got in his tractor cab and slammed the door, and they stood around in the floodlights that illuminated the big loading dock and waved to him as he headed for Brooklyn.

It would certainly be swell being a singer on the radio. Of course, he liked driving a truck, too, when the night and the highway were clear. Driving a truck made a good living. Four hundred a month wasn't hay. He wouldn't make that much to start, singing on WKN. But then he was just beginning and there was no limit to where he might go. He'd work hard and go up fast.

Most of all, there was a lot of satisfaction in being a professional man—an artist.

At seven, he rolled into the dock of the assembly plant in Brooklyn, and the boys started unloading the gears he'd brought down from Syracuse. They all knew about him, too. It was very gratifying. They wished him luck. All the gang talked about him being another Sinatra or Como.

He went over to his cousin's apartment in the Bronx to get some sleep. He always went to Joe's place to sleep when he came to New York. They had a nice apartment with two bedrooms. The two kids slept in one bedroom and Joe and Anna slept in the other. It worked out fine, when he slept in the daytime, because he slept in little Joe's bed in the kids' room while little Joe was in kindergarten. Anna was very quiet about her housework.

Anna and Joe were both older than Carlo. Anna was getting a little plump now, and already there was a third baby coming. Anna and Joe loved kids. They were going to have at least four.

He didn't go to bed right away. He said, "Anna, I been wondering about my radio job. I could sleep on a cot in the living room if I could stay here."

He saw Anna's dark eyes waver as she said, "Why, I guess that would be all right, Carlo. Only, of course, with the next baby coming—later, I mean—"

"Sure," Carlo said. "I know. I wouldn't want to crowd you."

"Oh, we'd want you, Carlo," Anna said. "And of course by the time the baby comes, you'll have a ritzy place of your own."

"You bet," Carlo said. And he knew that, after today, he would no longer stay at Joe's apartment, for he'd be crowding them.

MIKE RAFFERTY, who ran the Rafferty Transportation Company in Syracuse, was a rugged guy with a florid face and heavy brows and a big heart. He had a little party for Carlo when he got back to the truck terminal in Syracuse.

All the drivers, except Marty Stevens, who was out on a run to Buffalo, were there. Mike made a little speech in his booming voice. He said, "You're a louse, Carlo, leaving me like this. Where in hell can I get another driver to take your place?" And everybody laughed. Then, Mike had Jim Bronson bring out a very swell traveling case that must have cost at least fifty bucks and Mike gave it to him.

After that, Carlo went to the railroad station and managed to get a Pullman section on the train that left Syracuse for New York the next morning. He might as well start being a gentleman and, besides, he'd have to be rested when he went to work.

When he turned in at home to get some sleep, his mother came in and sat on the side of his bed. They talked about his new job. She said, "Carlo, always remember that no matter how great a singer you get to be you must be nice to everybody."

"Sure, Mom," Carlo said. "Don't worry about me, Mom."

That evening, young Father Kubiac and a lot of friends and neighbors came in, and Carlo's father got on his best suit and opened many bottles of his best red wine and they talked and laughed and made Carlo sing over and over again, accompanied by Johnny Forona's accordion, until Mrs. Gagliano said he must not sing any more because he must save his voice for his work on the radio. So Carlo sang only an hour or so more and they all wished him much success and Father Kubiac said, "We will all miss you at the Cathedral, Carlo. We will miss having you sing at Mass."

HE FELT very important in his Pullman seat. He was a little lonely, but the Mohawk Valley rolled past and then the Hudson. It was a beautiful trip in daylight. It was much prettier in daylight than from a truck cab in the blackness of the night. It was swell.

He thought how he was going to miss singing for Mass at the Cathedral. He was going to miss everything, of course. But there would be other things to take the place of the little life he had known.

That cute little blonde at the switchboard in the outer office of WKN was very nice. He would get to know her.

Of course, living in New York, he'd miss his family very much. But then, when he became great, with all the money that he wanted, he'd build a fine home, somewhere along the lower Hudson. He'd build a fine home, and then the whole family would move in with him, and his father and mother could just take it easy and have all the money they wanted to spend.

Sometime, when things were going well and he was famous, he'd have the whole gang, all the truck drivers that met at Tobey's and Mike Rafferty and his wife, too. Maybe he'd have a place big enough so they could all spend a week end. He'd show Polack that he hadn't gone high-hat.

Of course, all that was in the future and he might not make it, but he didn't think Sinatra and Como could sing, at the start, any better than he could. A lot of the guys said he could sing even better right now.

He found a parlor suite at the third hotel. It might just be possible that some newspaperman might want to interview him. Both newspapers in Syracuse had run big stories, with pictures, about how he was going to sing on the radio in New York. His mother had the clippings cut out and pasted in a big scrapbook already.

He sat down after dinner and wrote picture post cards of the hotel. He sent them to all the gang and one to each of the girls at Tobey's. He wrote all the post card would hold to Mary. He wrote cards to Mike Rafferty and the gang in the office. He wrote a letter to his family and then he turned in.

He'd been used to sleeping days and driving nights. It was nearly morning when he fell asleep and he woke up just in time to shave and dress and hurry to the studio at nine.

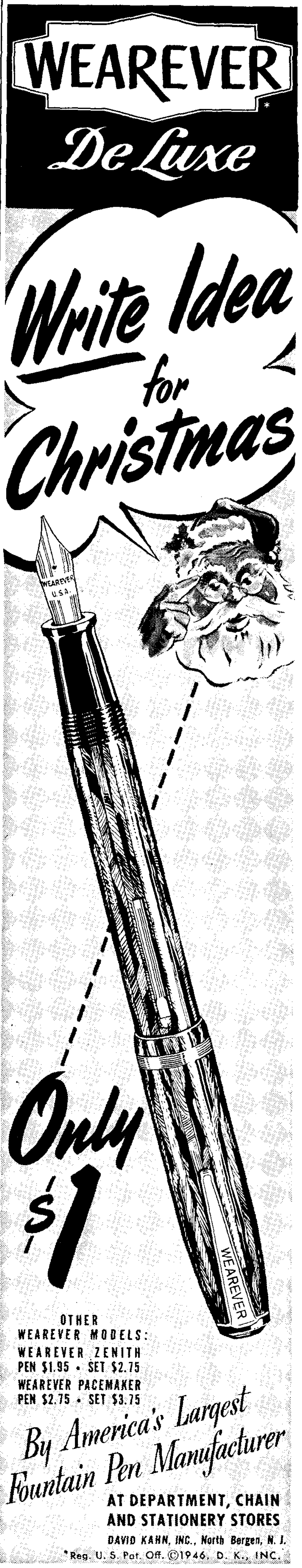
The little blond receptionist was there. He gave her his best smile and said, "Well, here I am."

She looked at him a little coldly. "You are?" she said.

"Sure. Don't you remember me? I auditioned a couple of weeks ago. I'm going to sing for the station."

"Really?" she said. "What's the name?"

"Carlo Gagliano." He said it fast for



by now he was somewhat embarrassed.

"Carlo what?"

He spelled it for her. She spoke in the mouthpiece. "Mr. Ga—" she looked at Carlo and he helped her out. "Gagliano. He says he auditioned two weeks ago and . . . Thank you. I'll tell him." She looked up at Carlo. "Please wait—over there." She nodded at some modern furniture about the room.

He sat down and waited. He looked at the smooth panel sections that formed the wall. It was certainly a ritzy place. It was for him. There were pictures of famous radio entertainers hanging about the walls. Someday, maybe not right away, but someday his picture would be up there with the others. He'd work hard.

The office was very warm and this was about the time he normally went to sleep for the day so he'd be fresh to stay awake on the road when night came.

He waited an hour by his wrist watch and every time he looked up, he stared at a little flaw along the edge of the light maple paneling. He kept looking at the flaw until his eyes got heavy and when he snapped back to consciousness, he could hear the blond receptionist talking. She was just visiting on the phone. She was probably talking to some girl friend, the way Sara Mencor did, sometimes, in the Rafferty Transportation office.

The little blonde was saying, "You should see the new character we have for a singer." She obviously didn't know that he was awake.

Carlo didn't let her know. He kept his head bowed.

"Another Crosby," she said. "Some truck driver that thinks he can sing."

Carlo's face felt warm. He raised his head and opened his eyes. A middle-aged woman was coming toward him. She said, "You're Mr. Gagliano?" She almost smiled at him. She had a sheaf of music clutched in her hand. She said, "This way," and turned her back on him and walked out in a hurry.

He followed her. They went down an inner corridor and then into a studio like the one he had auditioned in and there was a man sitting at a piano.

"I'm Mrs. Risse," the woman said. "I'm in charge of music. This is Mr. Fredon. I'd like to have you run through some numbers."

Carlo gave her everything he had. She sat reading over the music sheets on her lap. She read her music sheets without paying any apparent attention to him. When he had finished the fourth number, she scowled at him through her pixie glasses and asked, "Have you ever studied music, Mr. Gagliano?"

"Well—sure," Carlo said in surprise.

"Where?"

"At Mrs. Palmer's School of Music," Carlo said.

"Mrs. who?"

"Mrs. Palmer's School of Music."

Mrs. Risse looked at the piano player. They both looked baffled. Mrs. Risse said, "I don't believe I ever heard of it."

"She's in Syracuse," Carlo said.

"Oh," Mrs. Risse said and the word seemed to drop with a thud to the studio floor.

She picked up a phone and called someone else and said, "I wish you'd come and listen to this," and hung up.

Mr. Fredon, the piano player, inspected his fingernails.

A Mr. Norris came in. He turned out to be in charge of programs. He was a tall, dignified young gentleman. "He thinks he's the nuts," Carlo said to himself.

Mrs. Risse said to Mr. Norris, "Just listen to this."

So Carlo ran through his four songs and while he was singing, Mrs. Risse took her pixie glasses and her music sheets and got herself out of there in a hurry and Mr. Norris sat in a chair and buried his head in his hands as if he were in pain.

MRS. RISSE came back as Carlo was finishing the last number. She glanced at Mr. Norris. He raised his head and looked very bored. He got up and she said, "Well?" and then she saw Carlo waiting and she said, "You can go now. Be back at two o'clock. I want Mr. Thomas to hear you." She began talking to Mr. Norris. Carlo turned at the door in time to see Mr. Norris shrug his padded shoulders.

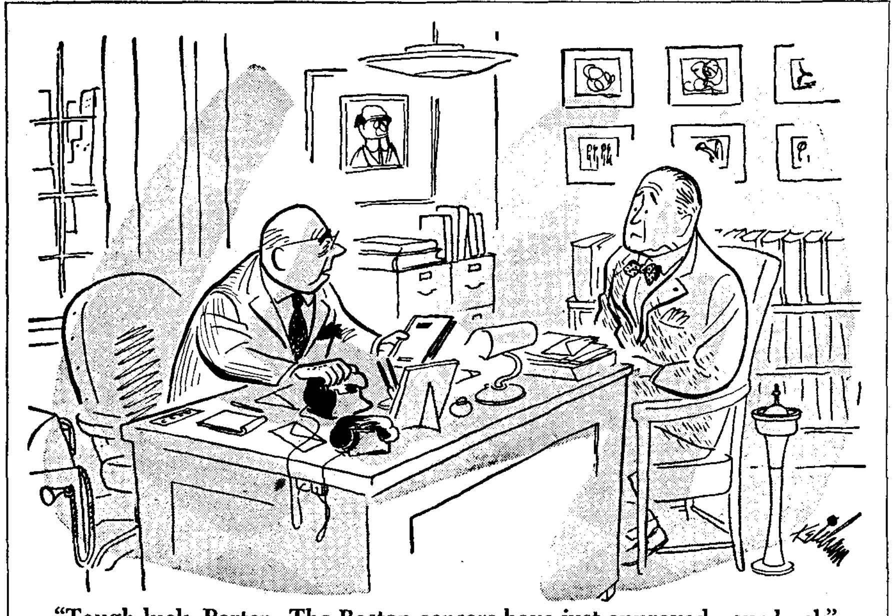
Carlo took himself for a most miserable walk. He went back to the radio building about one and went into a lunchroom he'd seen at the back of the first floor, behind the elevators.

Dapper men and young-looking women stood around talking. They acted and looked very sophisticated. He recognized Marshall Hunter, the famous announcer, standing with a group of men at the end of the lunch bar. He was eating a sandwich and drinking a glass of milk.

"Someday, maybe I'll be eating lunch with those guys," Carlo said. He ordered a glass of milk and a sandwich.

He went up to the station. The little blonde was gone and a brunette was there. He waited until two-thirty. Mrs. Risse came out then and nodded him in.

Mr. Thomas was a pleasant little man who was growing bald. He sat down with Mrs. Risse, and Carlo started singing. He ran through two numbers and was just starting the third when Mr.



"Tough luck, Porter. The Boston censors have just approved your book"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

"Ma—what *really* put Pop over?"

MA: Joe—*please* speak English!

JOE: I mean . . . how'd you finally decide to marry Pop, instead of some other guy? You see, I've got competition with Nancy. I need help, Ma.

MA: Oh! Well, Dad and I sort of hit it off. And none of the other boys looked half as neat—that counts with a girl. Those handsome collars on his Arrow shirts didn't hurt him . . .

JOE: Uh-uh, Ma. What else, Ma?

MA: Oh, Dad was full of fun. And I was proud to be seen with him. Specially in summer, son. He never looked "rumpled up," like Ed and Pete. Dad said his shirts had some special sort of trim cut, but I can't recall the name . . .

JOE: "Mitoga," Ma? Was that it, I bet?

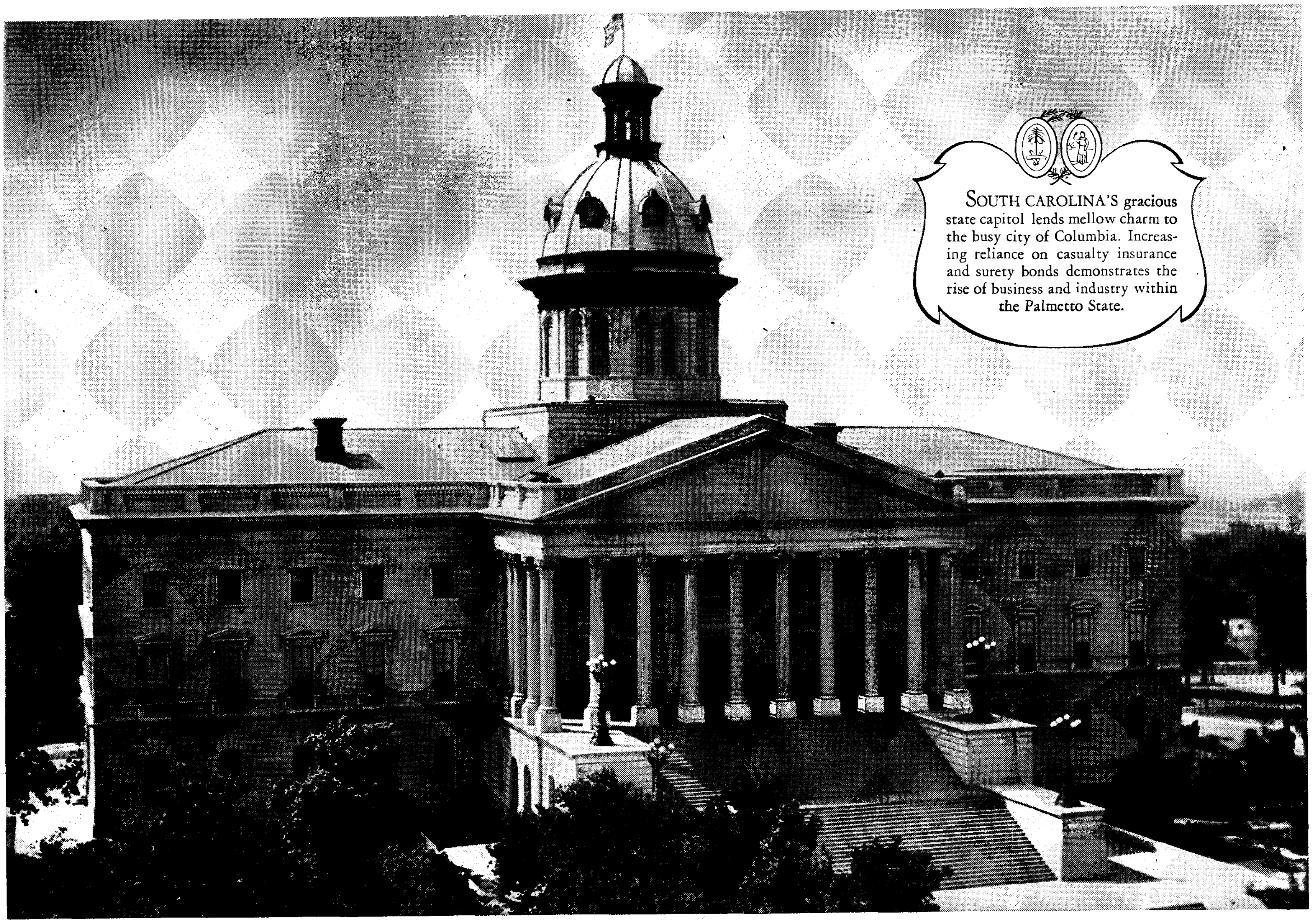
MA: Joe! How did *you* know? Let's see—oh, Dad's shirts never seemed to shrink, and bulge his neck out. 'Course they couldn't, being Sanforized-labeled.* But you wouldn't know about that, son. That was years ago. Why, Joe—

JOE: So long, Ma—and thanks! If I don't knock off those other guys tonight it won't be the fault of this new Arrow Shirt I just got myself! Lookit!

**fabric shrinkage less than 1%*

ARROW SHIRTS
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

SALUTE TO THE PALMETTO STATE



SOUTH CAROLINA'S gracious state capitol lends mellow charm to the busy city of Columbia. Increasing reliance on casualty insurance and surety bonds demonstrates the rise of business and industry within the Palmetto State.

South Carolina . . . where Resources and Markets Meet!

To the tourist, South Carolina offers many recreational facilities, including beaches, resorts, unique gardens, hunting and fishing. To the industrialist, the Palmetto State offers timber, including great reserves of hardwood . . . abundant electrical power . . . important deposits of kaolin, clay, sillimanite, vermiculite, granite, limestone, gold and manganese. With mild climate, skilled labor and excellent transportation, South Carolina has the rich resources and ready markets that assure industrial progress. ¶ In South Carolina, as in every state, U. S. F. & G. safeguards business and the individual, writing practically all forms of fidelity and surety bonds and casualty insurance policies.

"Consult your Insurance Agent or Broker as you would your Doctor or Lawyer"

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FIDELITY INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA, TORONTO

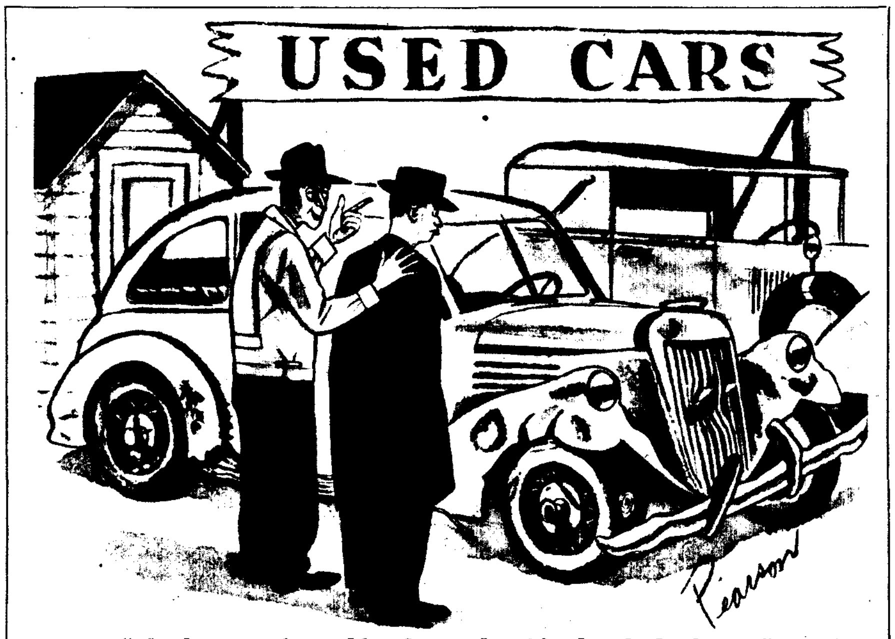
Norris came striding in as if he owned the earth.

Carlo lost his place and hit a bad note, during his confusion. The piano player was a good guy. He tried to cover Carlo, but Mrs. Risse said, "Start that one over," as if she would enjoy cutting Carlo's throat.

Sweat started out behind Carlo's ears. It ran down his neck and inside his collar. He cleared his throat and began again. He got through that all right and sang another, the last.

Mrs. Risse got up and said, "That will be all. Between now and tomorrow at ten, practice Here Comes Heaven Again and that new number, My Love, that you fluffed."

BACK at his hotel, Carlo practiced the two numbers over and over, and he thought how different it was, singing for people who didn't like him. Back at Tobey's the gang went for him in a big way. But of course, he'd show these people, before he got through. He'd make them sit up and listen, like they did in the Cathedral when he sang at Mass. Back home, when he sang at Mass, the congregation sat reverently enraptured and at the end there was always an impressive moment of utter silence that was like a great applause.



"The beauty of one like this is that it's already broken in"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

So he practiced in his parlor suite at the hotel until, at ten o'clock that night, the management called to say that he would have to stop the noise. There had been complaints.

At eleven next morning Mrs. Risse led him into the studio. Mr. Thomas, the vice-president, and Mr. Norris and another piano player were there. Mrs. Risse gave him four sheets of new music and said, "Run over these."

Carlo hadn't sung them before. He said, "I practiced Here Comes Heaven Again and My Love, like you told me."

"That's fine," Mrs. Risse sounded sarcastic and annoyed. "But we find we can't get them cleared for the program we thought we might possibly use you on a week from now."

She sat down and began checking over some of her music and Mr. Thomas sat back and smiled, slightly, and Mr. Norris bent forward and buried his head in his hands and Carlo sang.

After he was finished, Mr. Thomas wasn't smiling. Neither was anyone else.

Carlo thought he'd done rather well, but he had a heavy feeling in the middle of his stomach.

The vice-president said, "Come into my office tomorrow afternoon at two. I want to talk to you, Mr.—" Mrs. Risse prompted him—"Mr. Gagliano."

Carlo went out as he had come in, only much lower. . . .

When Carlo entered Mr. Thomas' office at two, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Norris were talking together.

Mr. Thomas said, "Just stand there—if you will."

Carlo stood in the center of the room and Mr. Thomas and Mr. Norris kept looking at him and saying names. They mentioned Eddie Darling and Carl Powers and Ben Baker and Roger Claire, and a lot more names like that.

All at once, Mr. Thomas repeated, "George Hughes," with finality and Mr. Norris said, "That's it." Mr. Thomas looked at Carlo. "How do you like the name George Hughes?"

Carlo felt weak. He said, "I guess it's all right."

Mr. Thomas smiled. "That will be your name. George Hughes."

"What's the matter with my own name?" Carlo said. And he remembered what Polack had told him about changing his name.

Mr. Thomas patiently explained that Gagliano was too long.

"Gagliano's a good name, though." Carlo could feel his face growing hot. "My great-grandfather was Professor Gagliano at the university in Genoa and my great-great-grandfather started a big book publishing company in Milan. It's still under that name."

"Of course," Mr. Thomas said. "But, you see, the name isn't suitable for the type of work you may be doing. The first part, for instance, might make the public think of gagging the singer." He smiled. He almost laughed. "We've got to have something simple and easy to remember."

WHILE Mr. Thomas was speaking, Mr. Norris had left the office as if the whole thing were settled.

Carlo changed the subject. He said, "I wanted to ask you, Mr. Thomas. When do I get a contract?"

"We'll have to wait for that until we get the public reaction." Mr. Thomas cleared his throat. "Now about the name. Some of the greatest artists in radio and motion pictures had to change their names. Take, for instance—"

"Gagliano's a good name," Carlo said desperately. "It's my name."

"Yes, of course, but—"

"It'll have to stay Carlo Gagliano," Carlo said.

"Now let us not be hasty, Mr. Gagliano," Mr. Thomas said. "Think it over." He came over and laid a hand on Carlo's shoulder. "Think it over for a day or two. There's no hurry.". . .

Carlo thought it over during the rest of the afternoon but it always came up "Carlo Gagliano."

He ate dinner in a little restaurant around the corner from the hotel. He ate and thought and didn't like the idea.

When he got back to the hotel desk for his key, the clerk said, "There was a phone call for you from Syracuse. Here's the number and exchange if you wish to call back."

The number was the Rafferty Transportation Company's number and Mike Rafferty was trying to get him. Mike bellowed over the phone from Syracuse. "Carlo, could you help me out? We got a driver from the Coast, to take your place, and he turned out to be a bum. He's got your truck down at the Gordon Machinery Company's dock in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and he's gone on a drunk and I haven't got another driver to send down."

Carlo felt his heart beating his brains out. He said, "You want me to drive it back for you, Mike?"

"That's the idea, if you can get off," Mike said. "I'll pay you double time, if you'll—"

"Sure I'll drive it back," Carlo said. "Bet your life, Mike."

"Good boy, Carlo," Mike said. "That's what I wanted to hear."

The night was clear and there wasn't much traffic on the road and Carlo got an early start out of Elizabeth with his load.

The rancid smell of Diesel oil was good in his nostrils. He turned on the radio and sang with the music. He sang and thought about the gang and his folks and Mary.

He pulled into Tobey's Truck Haven a little early for the rest of the drivers. Two attendants came to meet him and he said, "Check everything and put in thirty gallons of Diesel oil." It was like old times.

WHEN he came into the restaurant, Mary called, "Carlo!" and came running to meet him. She got him his favorite rare steak and French frieds and sliced tomato salad. She hung around, telling him how good it was to see him again.

"I missed you, Mary," he said. He took her hand and held it in his.

"Did you, Carlo?" There were tears in her eyes again.

"A lot," Carlo said.

Some of the boys began drifting in, one and two at a time. Merchiani and then Hornecker and Jim Bronson and a lot of the others. They sat around, near him, and they talked.

Hornecker said, "I saw one of those big Blackwell jobs with a blower on it yesterday. Some wagon."

Ryan said, "I saw that job. It's a honey. Do eighty on the level with a full load, I hear."

Somebody came in and hit Carlo a clout on the back that made his eyes dance. Polack was grinning down at him. Polack said, "They wanted to change your name, didn't they, Gagliano?"

"They wanted to," Carlo said, "but they're not going to." And suddenly, he knew, for sure, that he wasn't going back.

"I told you they would, Gagliano," Polack said.

"You were right," Carlo said. He laughed a little. "You were right, Polack. Sit down and have a Coke with me."

Marty Stevens came in with a couple of the other boys.

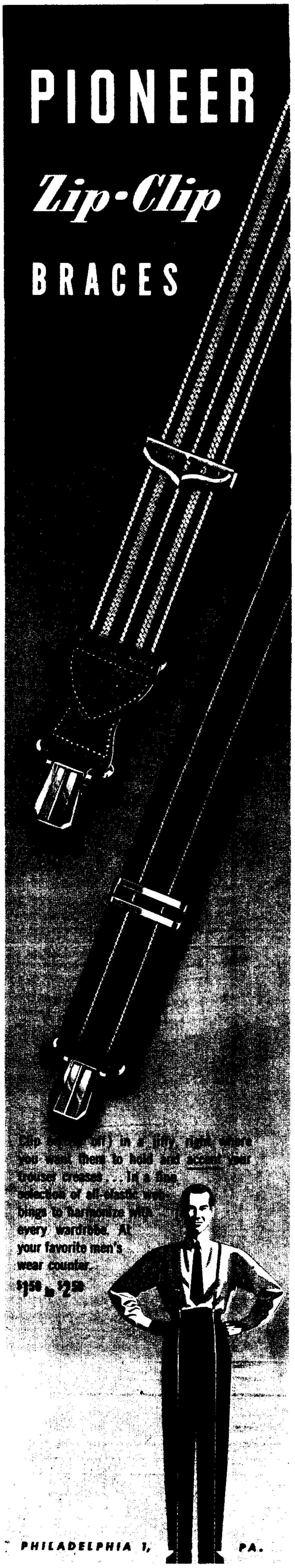
Somebody put a nickel in the juke box and it came out Symphony.

Polack said, "Sing it, Gagliano."

"Sing Symphony. Give out, Carlo," they said.

Carlo got up and sang Symphony—and he suddenly realized that he was a very happy guy.

THE END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$1.50 to $2.50

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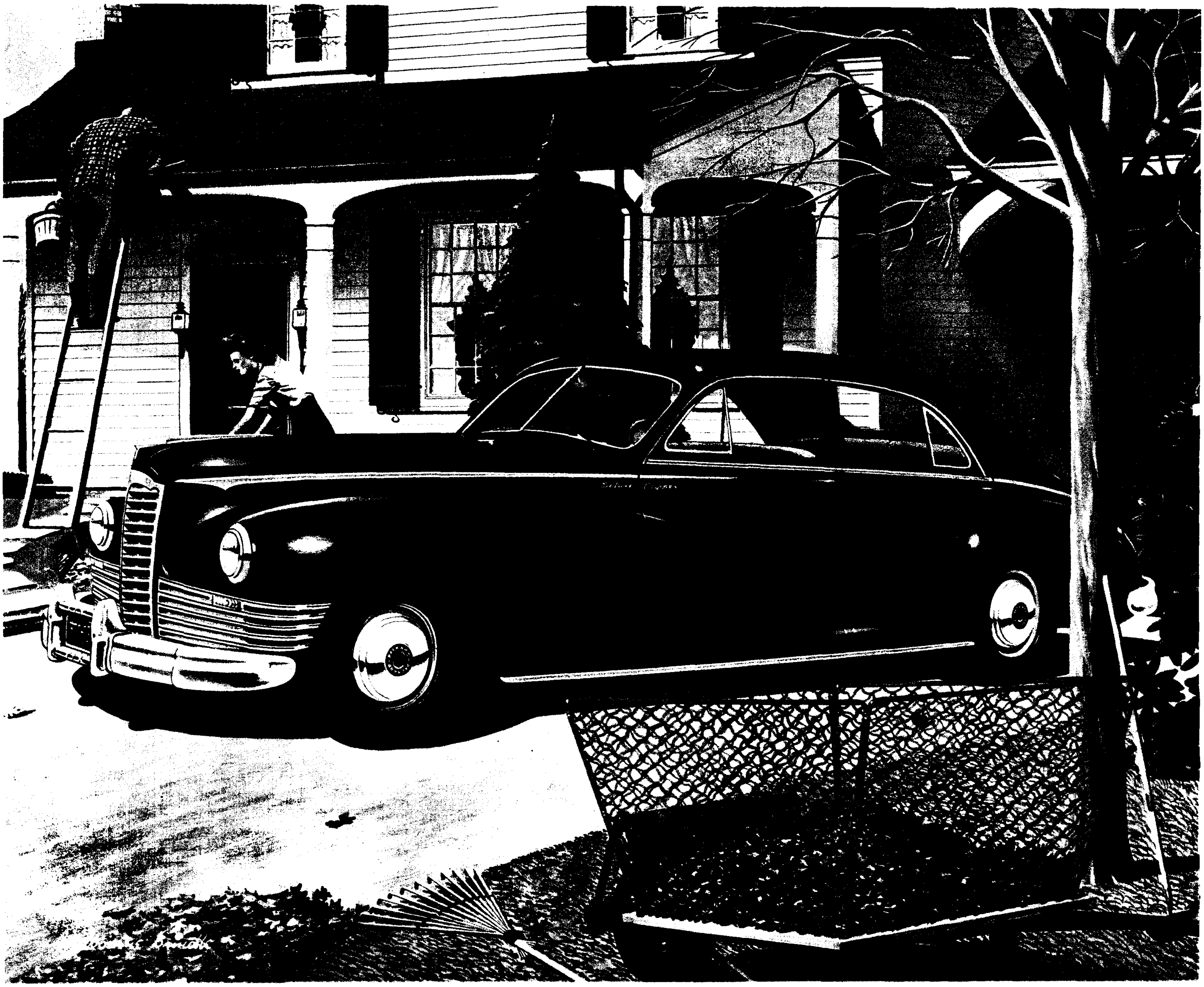
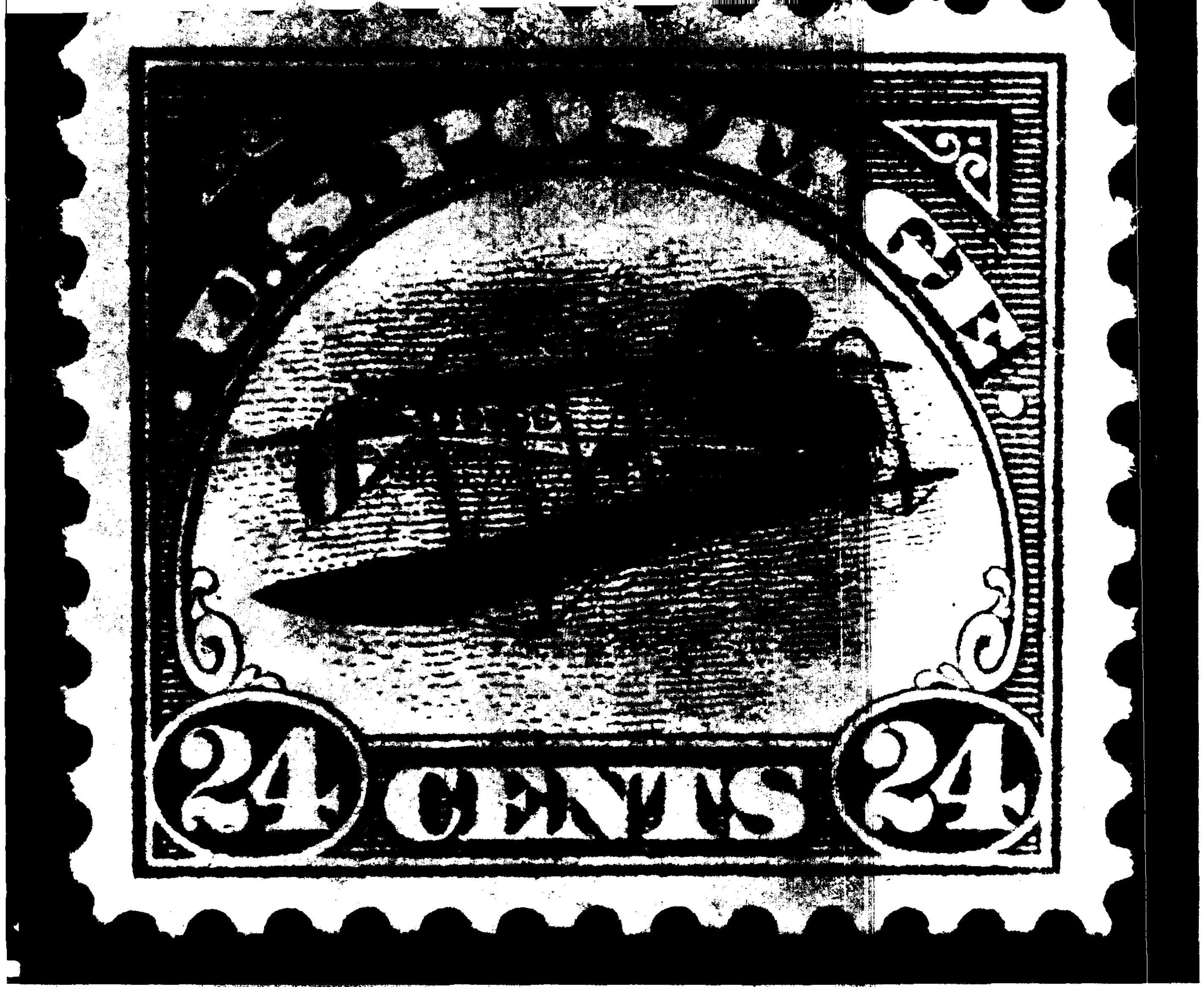
Two things ✓✓ you'll discover when you

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



✓ **ONE:** Packard owners will tell you that their cars *kept on rolling* during the war years. (From 1941 to 1945, when registrations for *all makes* of cars dropped off an average of 12%, Packard registrations dropped off by only 4% in the same period.)

✓ **TWO:** Packard owners will tell you that Packard is a *good company to do business with.* They know that Packard's interest in its owners does not end with the sale—a policy reflected in higher owner loyalty and higher owner satisfaction.



When the first airplane stamps appeared in 1918, a collector happened to buy a hundred like this one, in which, you will note, the airplane is upside down. Later a New York dealer paid him $15,000 for them. Inverts are rare

PAPER TREASURE

BY ALBERT LANE AS TOLD TO DONALD G. CORMACK

One man made postage stamps pay for his sons' education. He knew what he was doing—but many people don't when they fool with stamps

DURING my boyhood in Maine, many years ago, a young friend and I became interested in a new hobby known as stamp collecting. Ingenuity was our coin and the neighborhood cellars and attics our source of supply.

One day we were given permission to explore a moldy old trunk we had uncovered in the cellar of my friend's home. Long forgotten, that trunk yielded rich treasure—vividly colored Bulgarians and Germans, among others. In our inexperience, we prized these stamps because they were attractive in appearance and from mysterious, far-off lands. They were "foreign."

The really big find of the day, however, was an envelope containing a double strip of twelve uncanceled ten-cent United States stamps of the first, or 1847, issue. Apparently they had been sent in payment of a bill for $1.20.

Stamp collecting was forgotten immediately. Here was real money—cash in hand, or the next thing to it. We set out at once for the local post office to redeem the stamps in coin. There we were told that government regulation—then as now—prohibited the buying back of postage stamps. So, realizing glumly that our "riches" had been reduced to twelve bits of gummed paper, we divided our find.

My block of six stamps—which were black and unattractive—was traded for a few more desirable (and more colorful) French stamps, worth approximately a dollar. Bill, my friend, slipped his into his wallet and said he guessed he'd keep the block awhile. Soon afterward his family moved from town and both he and his stamps faded from my memory, though I continued as a collector.

At the 1926 International Exhibition at Madison Square Garden in New York City, years later, I saw him again.

"Al! How's my old partner?" he greeted me. "I was thinking of you recently. Someone made me an offer for my block of those stamps you and I found in that old trunk. Remember?"

I remembered, all right. "What was the offer?" I said.

"Nine thousand dollars," Bill told me. "But it's not for sale. I'm hanging onto it as an investment."

Today, two decades after Bill had been offered $9,000 for his block of six, the price would depend upon the desire of wealthy collectors to possess such an item. But, conservatively, I think $25,000 for the original strip of twelve, intact, would be about right. And in another twenty years? That sum would be anybody's guess.

In response to requests from

(Continued on page 88)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON—PIX

Greet Him Warmly
with a gift of
ALBERT RICHARD
SPORTSWEAR

exclusively featuring
amazing new Spun Sun*
interlinings of FIBERGLAS*

THE CAPETOWN, of soft, durable Luxhide—imported leather so rare only a limited number of these luxurious jackets are available.

He'll treasure your gift of Albert Richard Sportswear because of its quality styling . . . its beautiful tailoring . . . but most of all because only Albert Richard features revolutionary new Spun Sun* interlinings made of fleecy, soft, silky *fibers of glass!* Light as thistledown, yet many times warmer than wool. Leading stores now show an outstanding collection of Albert Richard Action-Fit★ Sportswear—coats, jackets, gloves and mittens for men and boys.

* Reg. App. For
★ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Albert Richard
MILWAUKEE

Division of Fried, Ostermann Co.

Naturally you'll want your Christmas gift to be nothing short of perfect. So — give an EVERSHARP!

Just look at this magnificent EVERSHARP Presentation Set. Its gleaming 14-karat gold-filled caps come halfway down the full length of the barrels. There the rich color of gold meets smart, modern plastic in your choice of beautiful solid colors. Golden deep-pocket clips safeguard against loss. But most important are the things you *don't* see.

EVERSHARP's big, 14-karat gold Magic Point personalizes your writing . . . with a variety of line and shading that makes your signature *you.* It avoids that "mechanical" look. Exclusive Magic Feed prevents ink flooding or leaking — even high in a plane — so of course at ground level, too. It ends pen messiness . . . writes

Give EVERSHARP...

Winning Answer to This Year's $64 Question!

EVERSHARP Presentation Set

EVERSHARP
Presentation Set
$14.75

Pen — $9.75, Pencil — $5.00. Colors: Dubonnet, Blue, Brown, Green, Gray or Black. (Prices Plus Federal Tax)

Service Guaranteed Forever — If Your EVERSHARP Ever Needs Service, We Will Put It In Good Order For 35c. This Service Is Guaranteed—Not For Years—Not For Life—But Guaranteed Forever!

nore words with less refilling. Matching EVERSHARP Repeater Pencil feeds new points like a machine gun when you click the Magic Button with your thumb. Compare! Comparison proves . . . give EVERSHARP and you give the finest!

UNE IN Phil Baker in "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"—CBS—Sunday Nights and Ann Sothern in "MAISIE"—CBS—Friday Nights

and you give the Finest!

© 1946, Eversharp, Inc.

HE KNEW HIM WHEN

Continued from page 16

general, by Chester Bowles, Bob Hannegan and the Roosevelt Democrats still in the government, and by Columnist Drew Pearson.

As Secretary of the Treasury, Snyder has the fairly important job of planning the country's domestic and foreign fiscal policy; plus running the mint, the Coast Guard, the Secret Service, the customs, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Treasury of the United States, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, 110,000 assorted Treasury Department employees, and several research bureaus. But hardly anyone ever thinks of him specifically in connection with any of these categories. To official Washington, John Snyder is The Man at Truman's Ear.

Along these same lines, Snyder also is referred to from time to time as The Man Who Had Two Birthdays. These birthdays are considered to be (a) June 21, 1896, when he actually was born in the little town of Jonesboro, Arkansas, and (b) the day in May of 1918 when he first ran into young Lieutenant Harry Truman at a French artillery school in Coet-qui-dan, France.

Interlude Between Birthdays

The period between Birthday One and Birthday Two was, for Snyder, normal and undistinguished. Snyder's father was an ingenious Arkansan, who invented, manufactured and sold horse liniment, pain killer, headache powders and chill tonic; his mother was a Virginia belle who emigrated to Arkansas; and Snyder's childhood was spent in the Southern tradition in a big house on Jonesboro's Jefferson Street.

Snyder was a quiet child, who preferred to sit home and read rather than play football or baseball with the kids outside. This reticence seems to have carried over to Snyder's high-school days. In his class yearbook John Snyder is described as being "as timid and as retiring as a blushing rose." His classmates remember him for a wild soprano giggle he developed; for a two-man Society of Deep Thinkers that he organized with one Cameron Rankin; and for his lead performance in the class play, in which he ad-libbed some remarks to the audience and caused an entire gallery of supposedly wax figures on the stage to titter.

Snyder was a good man on a possum hunt, but his school record was only average, and the best that the class prophecy could predict for him, among the welter of presidencies, poet laureateships, and major-league baseball managerships bestowed on his classmates, was "a famous electrical establishment at Denver."

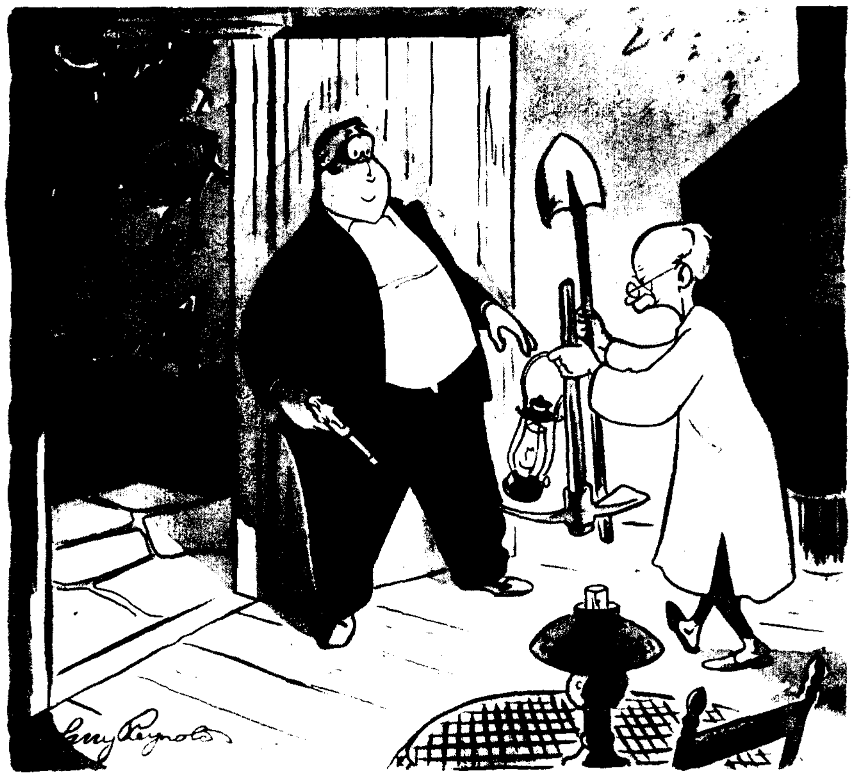
From high school, Snyder went to study electrical engineering at Vanderbilt University. He was doing fairly well there when the Snyder family fortunes took a drop in 1916, and Snyder took a drop out of school. He kicked around Jonesboro for a while. Then a rich uncle—a remarkable politician-planter-banker-entrepreneur named E. A. Rolfe—got him a job as principal of a little country school in Palestine, Arkansas.

Snyder had settled down to a drab teaching existence, enlightened a bit by courting beautiful Evlyn Cook, daughter of the richest planter in the county, when the United States found itself in World War I. Snyder volunteered immediately. He was sent to Officers Training School, to the 57th Field Artillery of the 32d Division stationed in Waco, Texas, and then directly overseas.

Snyder was finishing up a course of training at the Coet-qui-dan artillery school, when a new outfit, Battery D of the 35th Division's 129th Field Artillery, was assigned to the school. One day he looked up in the officers' club and happened to notice a young, fresh-faced lieutenant from Battery D, who had just taken an orientation lecture with him. "That lecture," said Snyder, by way of opening a conversation, "certainly was putrid." The young lieutenant disagreed with Snyder, and soon a hot discussion was raging. That was Snyder's second birthday. For the young lieutenant was an ex-law student from Independence, Missouri, named Harry S. Truman.

Both Mr. Truman and Snyder came home from the war with lots of medals

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



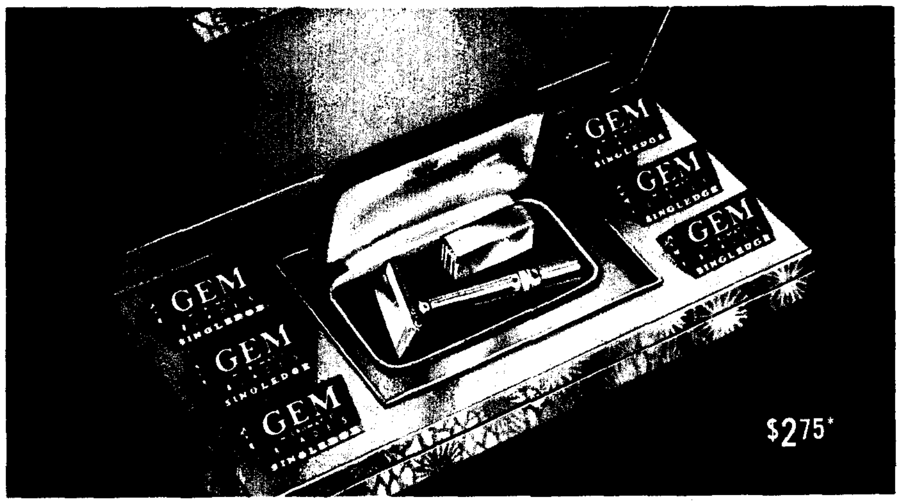
"—but when you said you'd tell me where th' money's hid—I thought there'd be a key or something"

COLLIER'S

Scott Johnston

"Are you sure there's nothing you'd rather have for Christmas than a Gem Razor and Gem Blades?"

For Christmas Morning—and Every Morning!



START HIM OFF RIGHT, day after day, with a pleasant reminder of *you!* Here's the richest looking Razor and Blade Gift Set you'll see this year. It contains a gold-plated Gem Razor in a handsome case—complete with gold-plated sheath of 5 Gem Blades. Also, 30 *extra* Gem Blades in 6 handy packages!

THERE is no better "man's gift" than a fine razor—and no finer razor than Gem! Get him this gold-plated Gem Razor in a durable, richly lined case. It's complete with 5 Gem Blades in a gold-plated sheath.

GEM MICROMATIC
$1.25*

*Price adjusted in Canada

TAKE THE '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' OUT OF HIS LIFE WITH

GEM RAZORS and BLADES

Signs of
Holiday Hospitality
William
Penn
William Penn
IN 1898
William
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Blended Whiskey
TRADITIONALLY A FINE, MELLOW
WHISKEY OF LIGHT BODY
AND FULL FLAVOR
Blended and Bottled for
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PEORIA ~ ILLINOIS

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof
65% grain neutral spirits
Gooderham & Worts Ltd.
Peoria, Illinois

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Morbilli Rubeola
I love thee!

Dot looked uneasy. "Have you lost your mind? What's this double-talk warbling?"

"Morbilli rubeola," I answered loftily, "is measles. I know because that's what I've got. The doctor told me."

"But you sang, 'Morbilli'—whatever it is—'I love thee.' What's good about measles?"

"Just this! I'd been thinking I might have something serious . . . maybe fatal. So you can see how happy I am to find out it's only measles. I even began worrying about how you'd get along without me. You know the money in our bank account wouldn't cover even one of my spots . . . and my Social Security certainly wouldn't provide enough for you to live comfortably. So this morning I asked the doctor what he'd done about *his* future . . . when he was my age."

"And—?"

"He suggested I talk the matter over with a Mutual Life representative . . . ask him about 'Insured Income' Service and what it can do."

"What's 'Insured Income' Service?"

"It's a new way Mutual Life has for coordinating Social Security benefits with life insurance so that we can get the most good out of both. In that way I can guarantee you a future free from money worries . . . a future we can really look forward to!"

"Sounds awfully good to me . . . the kind of future we've always dreamed about. I don't see how we can afford to miss it."

"We're not going to miss it, Dot! As soon as I'm out of quarantine, I'm latching onto that Mutual Life man."

Perhaps you would like to know what "Insured Income" Service can do for you. There's a Mutual Life representative in your vicinity who will be glad to show you. Call on him anytime—without obligation, of course.

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OCCUPATION CS-30

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

and very few prospects. For a long time, it was touch and go with both of them. Truman went into the haberdashery business. Snyder, with a D.S.M. and a Croix de Guerre earned as an officer on General Irwin's staff, found a spot as a teller in the Bank of Forrest City, which his uncle owned.

Snyder lived with his new wife's family at the big house on the plantation near Forrest City, and he didn't mingle around much. Finally Judge Rolfe set him up in a Ford agency which he happened to own in Steele, Missouri. This didn't last very long and Snyder eventually ended up by working for the bank in Steele. Then he transferred to another bank in Blytheville, Arkansas. He worked in banks until 1930. The highest position he ever attained in any of these was cashier.

Progress of a Friendship

Once a year, however, Snyder would put on his Army officer's uniform and go off for two weeks of drilling and maneuvers with the U.S. Army Reserve Corps at such romantic places as The Presidio in California, Fort Riley in Kansas and Fort Sill in Oklahoma. At each of these sessions, he would meet and hobnob with Harry Truman, who also lived a commonplace daily existence as a small-town Missouri lawyer and as a party worker for the Pendergast political machine. The friendship between the two men really became cemented at these summer encampments. They rose to the rank of colonel together, and they visited at each other's homes. These visits became a big thing for both of them. As Postmaster General Hannegan once remarked when he was asked to explain the friendship between Truman and Snyder, "They went through the hard times together."

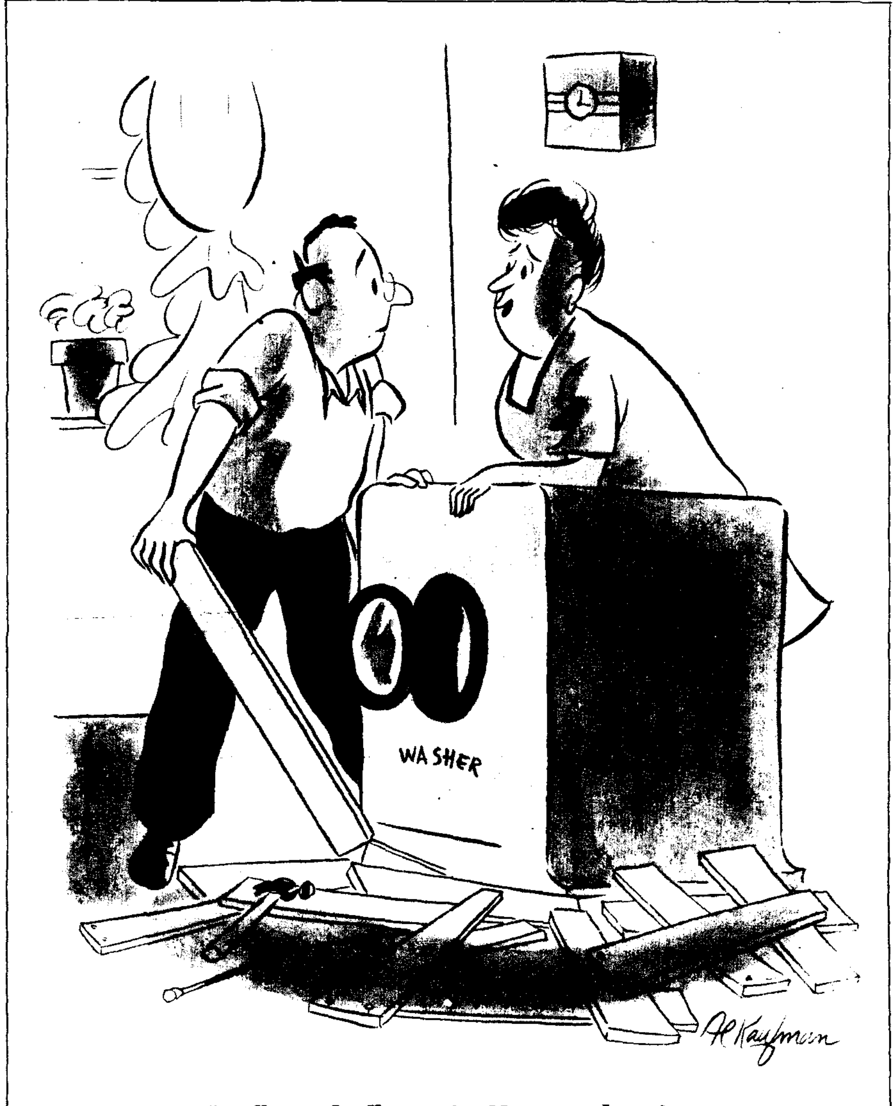
In 1930, the country was swept by a wave of bank closings. Among those to go was the Blytheville bank in which Snyder was working. The government appointed him liquidator of the bank. He did well at this, and spent the next six years of the depression as a federal liquidator of other disaster-ridden banks in Missouri.

In 1936, however, Harry S. Truman rose rather startlingly from county judge to U.S. senator, and Snyder was suddenly appointed Regional Manager of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in St. Louis, at a substantial raise in salary of $300 per month. In 1940, Jesse Jones was looking for a man with Army experience to handle the RFC's military loans, when someone whispered in his ear that John Snyder was a colonel in the Reserve. Snyder was thereupon whisked to Washington, where he became executive vice-president of the Defense Plant Corporation, an RFC subsidiary.

After a period of mild disagreement with Jones in 1943, Snyder went back to St. Louis for another brief interlude of working for a bank. He took a two-week vacation in 1944 to go up to the Democratic Convention in Chicago with his good friend, Harry Truman. A few months later, Snyder was attending a bankers' meeting in Mexico City, when the phone rang in his hotel room. It was Mr. Truman.

"Roosevelt just died," he said. "I need you, John. How soon can you get up here?" It didn't take Snyder more than a few hours.

Snyder's subsequent rise in Washington was just slightly short of meteoric. Mr. Truman appointed him Federal Loan Administrator on April 30, 1945, a few days after Franklin D. Roosevelt's death. Then, just 78 days later, he was appointed to the second most important job in the country—Director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. He was in this hot seat less than a year when he succeeded Fred Vinson as



"Well, we finally got it. Now, another six months' wait for the soap and we're all set"

COLLIER'S AL KAUFMAN

I LANDED A JOB!
I WON A PRIZE!
I GOT BETTER MARKS!
I GOT A FRESH START!
I LIKE HOMEWORK NOW!
I MADE EXTRA MONEY!

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR ALMOST EVERYBODY!

A Smith-Corona Portable

CAN you think of any other gift more practical, more useful than a portable typewriter?

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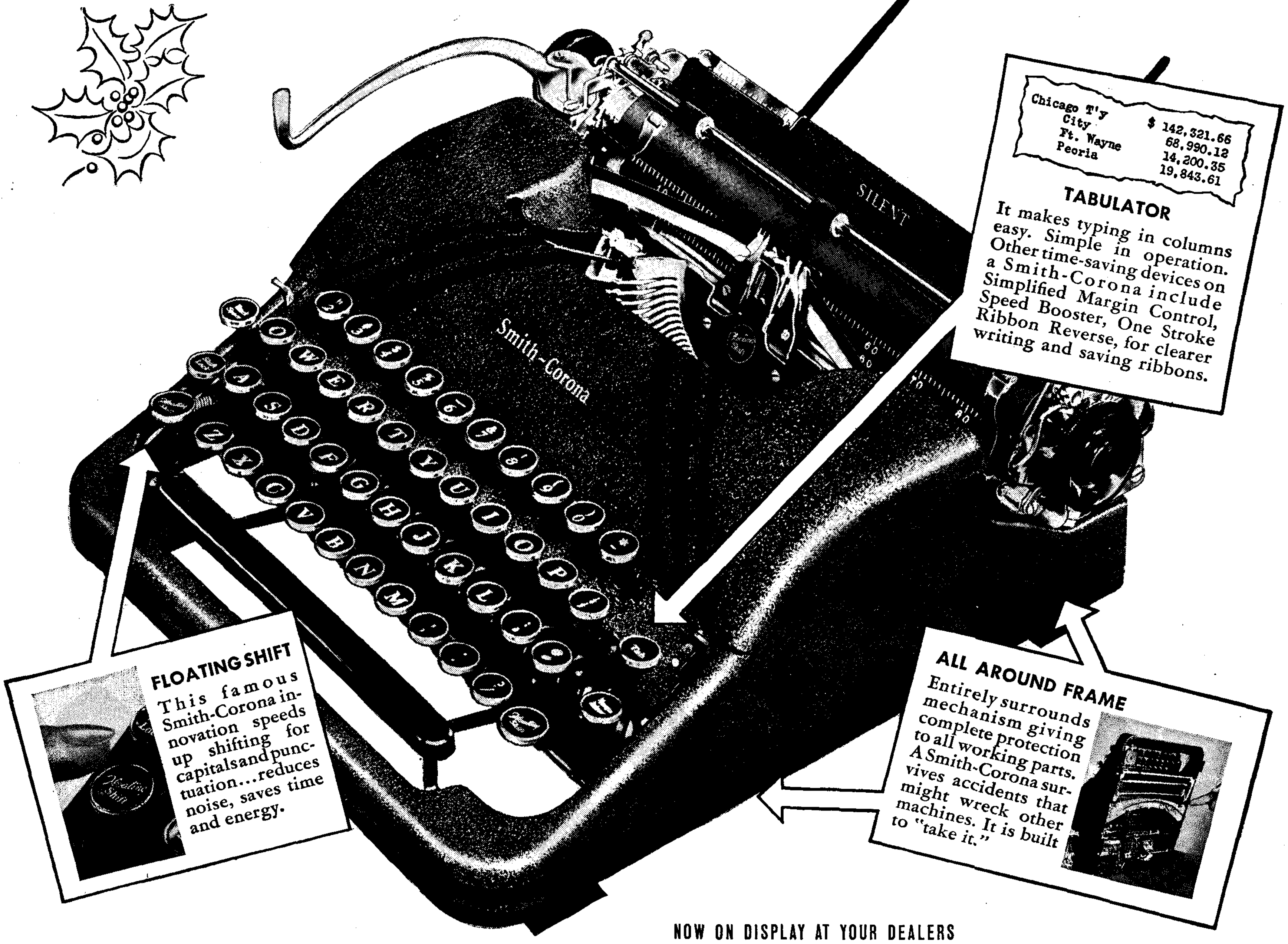
See the Silent model (*below*) at your dealers now . . . note the special features that make typing easier and faster!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City 68,990.12
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TABULATOR
It makes typing in columns easy. Simple in operation. Other time-saving devices on a Smith-Corona include Simplified Margin Control, Speed Booster, One Stroke Ribbon Reverse, for clearer writing and saving ribbons.

FLOATING SHIFT
This famous Smith-Corona innovation speeds up shifting for capitals and punctuation...reduces noise, saves time and energy.

ALL AROUND FRAME
Entirely surrounds mechanism giving complete protection to all working parts. A Smith-Corona survives accidents that might wreck other machines. It is built to "take it."

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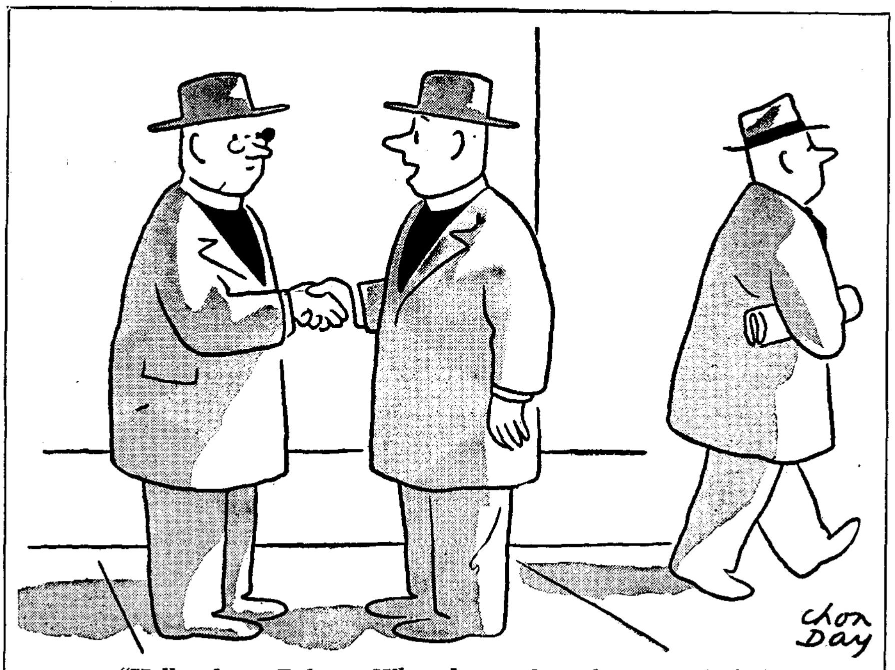


COLLIER'S "Hello, there, Robert. What do you hear from the flock?" CHON DAY

Secretary of the Treasury in June, 1946.

As a public official, Snyder has demonstrated some excellent qualities. He works like a small, bald beaver, getting up at 6:30 every morning and remaining on duty at the White House or at some official affair until late at night. Also, his personal loyalty to Harry Truman has been a magnificent thing to behold. In addition to ably filling the normal storytelling, poker-playing requirements of the Palace Guard (General Vaughan, George E. Allen, Charles Ross, etc.), Snyder actually saved the President's neck on several occasions when he headed the OWMR.

Snyder sat in his little cluttered office in the east wing of the White House, and, according to the eyewitness accounts of his former assistants, day after day he arbitrated and warded off open feuds among government heads that would have ripped the Administration apart. "The firing of Henry Wallace, compared to some of these other battles," says one of Snyder's ex-assistants, "was like a cannon firecracker compared to an atomic bomb."

In addition, Snyder demonstrated his loyalty to his friend, Harry Truman. He fussed and fumed at the Minimum Wage Bill, and shrieked to one of his assistants, "Sixty-five cents an hour is too damned high a wage!" But when it was pointed out to him that this was part of Truman's 21-point reconversion program, he dutifully trotted over to the House Committee on Banking and Currency to testify.

The same thing happened on the Housing Agency Unification Bill, the reading of which caused his conservative instincts to twitch uncomfortably, and the Full Employment Bill, at which he grumbled to his staff, "Oh, the President isn't too sure about this thing." On the Housing Bill, he fidgeted and said to his staff, "I just can't do this." Then he ducked across to the White House. He came back in 20 minutes. "Okay," he said, "I'm going over to testify."

During Snyder's tenure as head of the OWMR, the country switched over from a war to a peace economy with, as Truman recently put it, only 2,000,000 out of 60,000,000 workers unemployed, business profits at an all-time high, general income, including that of farmers, at record levels, and with consumer spending and the total production of goods going up. For this, Snyder certainly must receive a good deal of the credit.

Furthermore—on the credit side of the ledger—even his bitterest enemies admit that he has a sharp mind, quick to grasp details, and an uncanny ability to get along with people in small conferences. This is most apparent since he became Secretary of the Treasury. He completely captivated the finance ministers of several foreign countries at the recent meeting of the International Bank, and caused gruff Laborite Hugh Dalton of Great Britain to praise the manner in which he can sit down and talk turkey with businessmen of all nations.

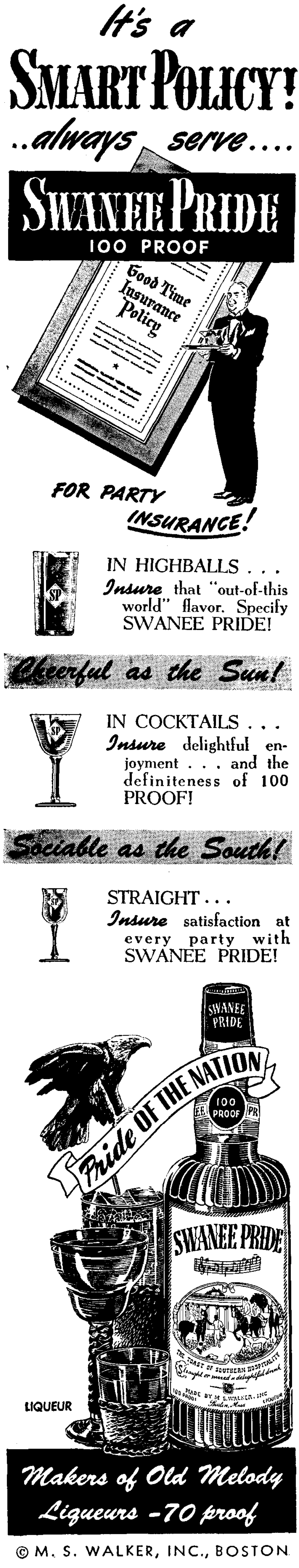
Also, he is good to his mother. He puts in a long-distance phone call to Jonesboro regularly, and once he thrilled the 75-year-old Mrs. Snyder by saying on the phone, "Mother, how would you like to speak to the President?" Mrs. Snyder allowed as how she would, and Truman came on and told her what a fine boy she had. "All my boys are fine boys," Mrs. Snyder replied. The President then thanked Mrs. Snyder. Mrs. Snyder thanked the President. And the conversation was over.

Charged With Many Mistakes

On the debit side, however, Snyder left a considerable number of Snyderized and broken items strewn behind him in the reconversion picture. All shades of political opinion, from Republicans to New Deal Democrats, charge him with such minor catastrophes as alienating labor from the Administration, strangling the small-manufacturer class, shattering the government's well-planned wage-price stabilization formula and setting the match to the inflationary skyrocket.

In March, 1945, for instance, Snyder decided to transfer the Smaller War Plants Corporation to the Department of Commerce. He had the executive order all drawn up, and the President had already signed it, when Tom Clark, the Attorney General, came in with the announcement that the Smaller War Plants Corporation was an independent agency set up by Congress, and that only Congress had the authority to transfer it anywhere. The order was canceled immediately, but not before it had leaked to the press. A similar thing happened when Snyder innocently suspended the construction of 37 naval vessels then being built. This brought down a storm around his ears that lasted for months. While admirals muttered privately about assassination, Representative Carl Vinson, the Democratic head of the House Naval Affairs Committee, gently had to inform Snyder that the Constitution of the United States provided for Congress, not John Snyder, to fix the size of the Navy. Snyder admitted that he had made an honest mistake and backed down.

Even more irregular were some of Snyder's trips to the Capitol to testify for Truman-sponsored legislation. At least two of these—the Minimum Wage Bill and the Full Employment Bill testi-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Insure satisfaction at every party with SWANEE PRIDE!

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For discriminating men and women who want the smart, distinctive outer beauty and inner efficiency that spells perfection . . . that makes a long lasting, long remembered gift.

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NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD

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PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—no matter how often you smoke it!

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HESSON GUARD MILANO

monies—were considered fiascoes by highly placed Democratic leaders. They claim that in each case Snyder read a report carefully prepared for him by his staff, but then had to give evasive answers to practically every question put to him by the congressmen.

The published Full Employment Bill hearings before the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, House of Representatives show that eight times Snyder had to admit that he didn't have the answers to questions at hand, that he would "have to reread the bill," or that he would "have to look into that."

He ended up being pilloried by Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan, who asked him, "Did someone else prepare this statement for you?"; kidded Snyder into admitting he knew all about electric razors, washing machines and "the general over-all situation as to reconversion"; tripped him on some unemployment figures which Snyder had just read but didn't seem to know anything about; and finally forced an admission from Snyder that government spending in the depression years "was not as productive as it should have been."

In other words, Snyder came to testify in *favor* of the government's Full Employment Bill and was maneuvered into a position where he was talking *against* it. He was saved on this occasion by a page boy coming in and announcing that Mr. Snyder had been called to the White House. Later this got to be standard procedure nearly every time Snyder testified—only with improved timing. It got so that he was called to go to the White House immediately after he finished reading his prepared report—and before the questions began.

Removed Priorities Too Soon

When Snyder came to the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, one of the first things he did, immediately after the war was over, was to remove all priorities on building materials and such raw materials as aluminum, steel and copper. Even his best friends now admit that such haste was a mistake, and Snyder himself conceded, for publication, that he had done it "on a calculated risk."

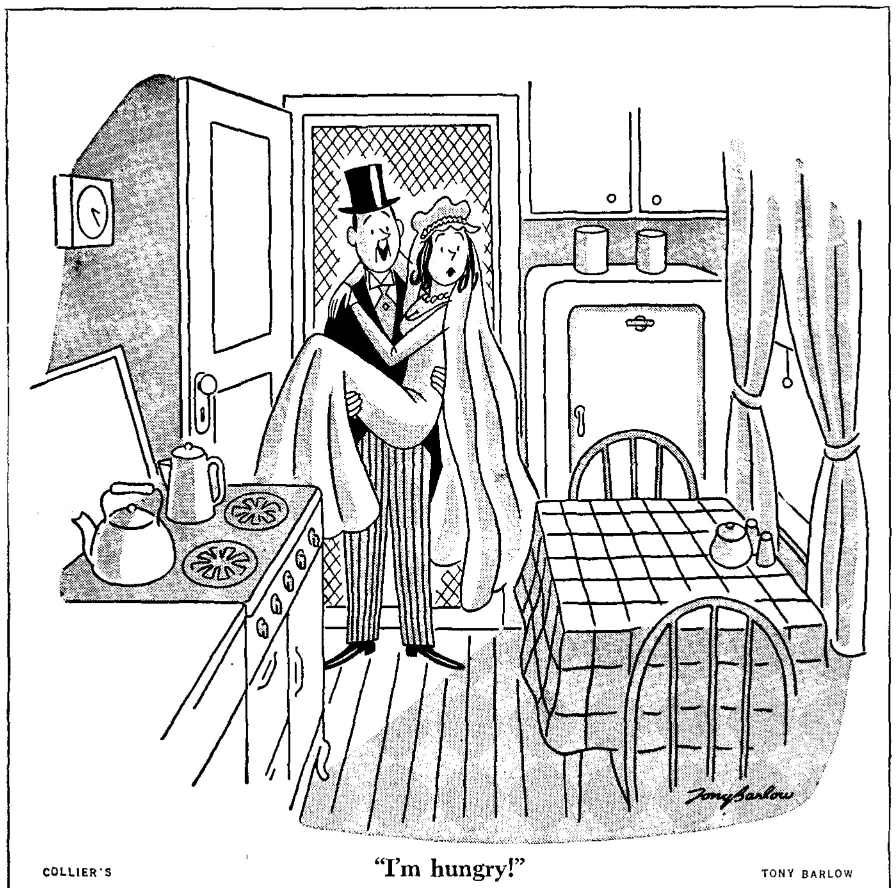
The risk didn't work out. Almost immediately after the lifting of the construction controls, a great multitude of race tracks, gin mills, luxury movie theaters and other nonessential structures mushroomed all over the country Snyder viewed this with alarm and slapped the priorities back on again a few months later. But the damage was done. By the time Wilson Wyatt's Veterans' Housing Program went into effect in March, 1946, very few materials were left over from the orgy to go into the construction of homes. Wyatt's program has been crippled ever since.

Other raw-material priorities leaped out of the opened Pandora's box with equally devastating effect. During the war, a host of small manufacturers had sprung up and had turned out war goods from the copper, aluminum and steel, etc., which they received on priority from the government. The entire postwar plan for prosperity was founded on maintaining this wide base of small manufacturers. There was a big opportunity for this host of small manufacturers to rush onto the civilian market and establish themselves by making scarce radios, refrigerators, washing machines, etc.

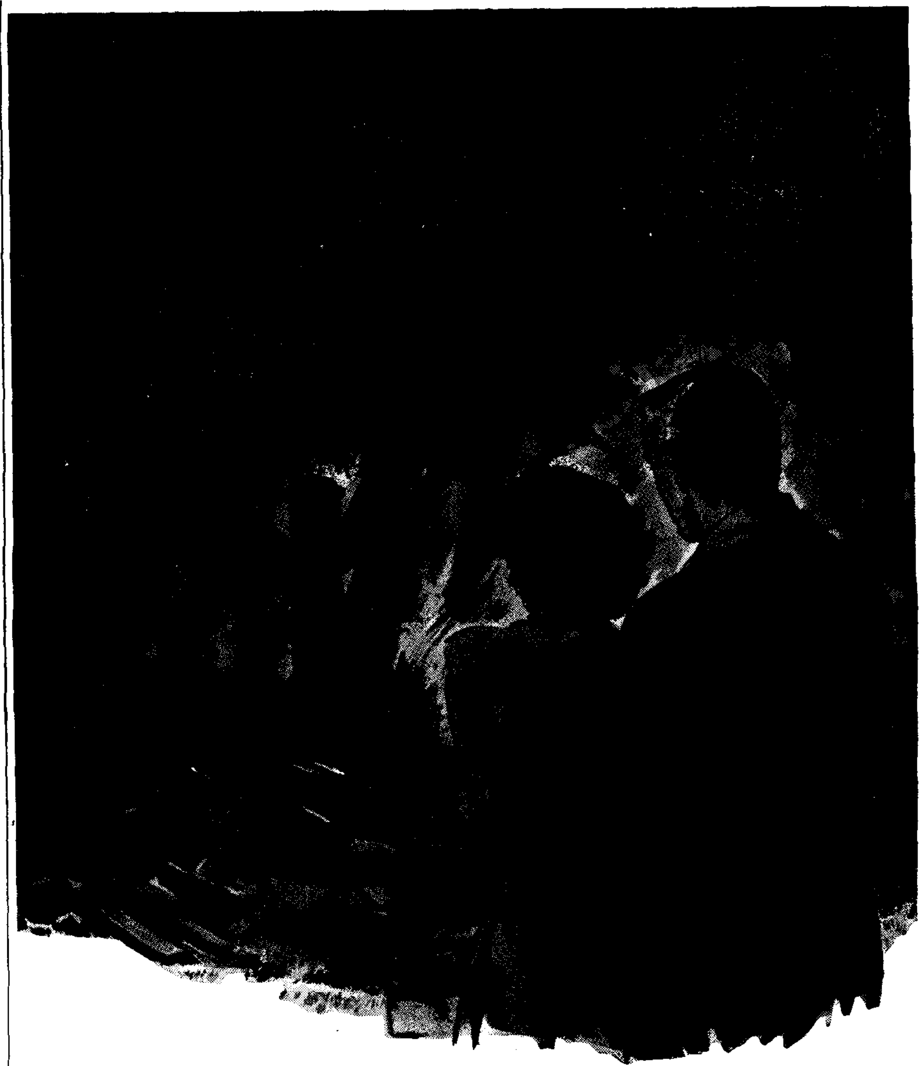
But when the priorities came off, the small manufacturers were squeezed out. The big steel, aluminum and copper companies refused to sell to anyone but their big prewar customers, and the small manufacturers couldn't get any raw materials to operate at all. Some, according to the Department of Commerce, closed down. Others, according to a Report on the Growth of Monopoly issued by the Senate Small Business Committee, were forced to sell out to the larger companies. That necessary broad base of small manufacturers seems to have had the props knocked out from under it.

By the time the big steel strike rolled around, Snyder had undergone some internal changes. He had, according to his assistants, built up a healthy antipathy toward labor and toward New Dealers, who he charged were disloyal and betrayed him to the press. Concurrently, he had built up a healthy respect for big businessmen, and his principal advisors became Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, Winthrop Aldrich, board chairman of the Chase National Bank, and Gordon Rentschler, board chairman of the National City Bank.

He felt that labor had deceived him



COLLIER'S "I'm hungry!" TONY BARLOW



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76% of all Fires start from 4 major causes*

FIRE has cost this nation two and three-quarter billion dollars in the past ten years. This year's destruction may well reach the alarming total of 10,000 lives and 600 million dollars in desperately needed resources.

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Four major causes head the list. These are the hazards that account for 76% of all fires:

1. Carelessness in the use of matches and careless smoking habits—30%.

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This is the season of greatest fire loss. The danger of losing *your* home, *your* job, *your* life is at its peak during the cold months just ahead.

Determine now to eliminate all fire hazards. Make it *your* business to prevent fires—and protect what you have.

Check your fire insurance now. Consult your local insurance agent or broker about today's higher values. Don't let fire catch you under-insured. A phone call now may save you thousands of dollars.

**From a ten-year record of the known causes of fires*

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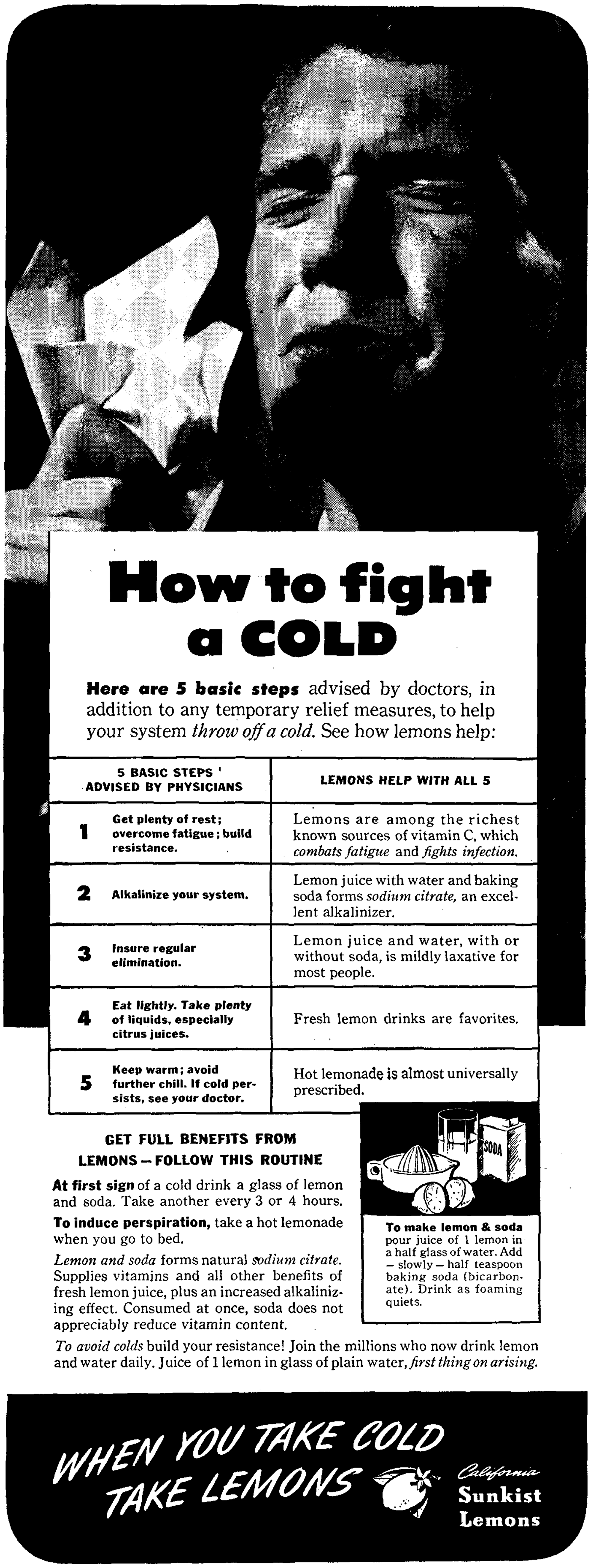


How to fight a COLD

Here are 5 basic steps advised by doctors, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

when, after the union heads had pledged no labor unrest at the time he dissolved the War Labor Board, Walter Reuther took the General Motors workers out on strike, and then Phil Murray had to follow suit with his United Steelworkers. An ex-OWMR official reports that Snyder reached a stage where he would automatically shriek at labor delegations in the high-pitched soprano squeak he affects when he is angry. He walked out on one New York C.I.O. delegation, and then had to be persuaded by his associates to return.

When the steel strike broke, Snyder threw himself into the midst of it. A report filed by the office of OPA Director Chester Bowles indicates that the steel industry had come to Bowles some time before and had asked for a completely justifiable price increase to enable them to change over from armorplate wartime steels to higher-grade peacetime carbon steels. The steelworkers wanted an increase, too, and Bowles figured out that with downgrading and the elimination of overtime, he could raise the workers' wages by 12 cents an hour and increase the price of carbon steel by $2.50 a ton, without disturbing the equilibrium of the delicate wage-price balance that stood between us and inflation. But the steel strike broke before this formula could be put into effect.

Two key steel companies had already agreed to accept Bowles' proposals, the report goes on to say, and the stage was set for a government triple play. But then Snyder sidetracked Bowles completely, and called the industry heads to the White House. He asked the steel representatives how much of an increase they needed. The steel people, amazed at this unlooked-for generosity, said $5 per ton. Snyder offered them $4. At this, the union stiffened, and then Truman intervened with his offer of 18½ cents per hour to the steelworkers. Snyder, afraid that the steel companies would be losing money at $4, thereupon automatically raised them to $5.

The strike ended with the steelworkers getting 18½ cents an hour instead of 12, and with the steel companies, who might have taken $2.50 a ton, demanding and getting a $5-per-ton increase on *all* steels, not just carbon steels.

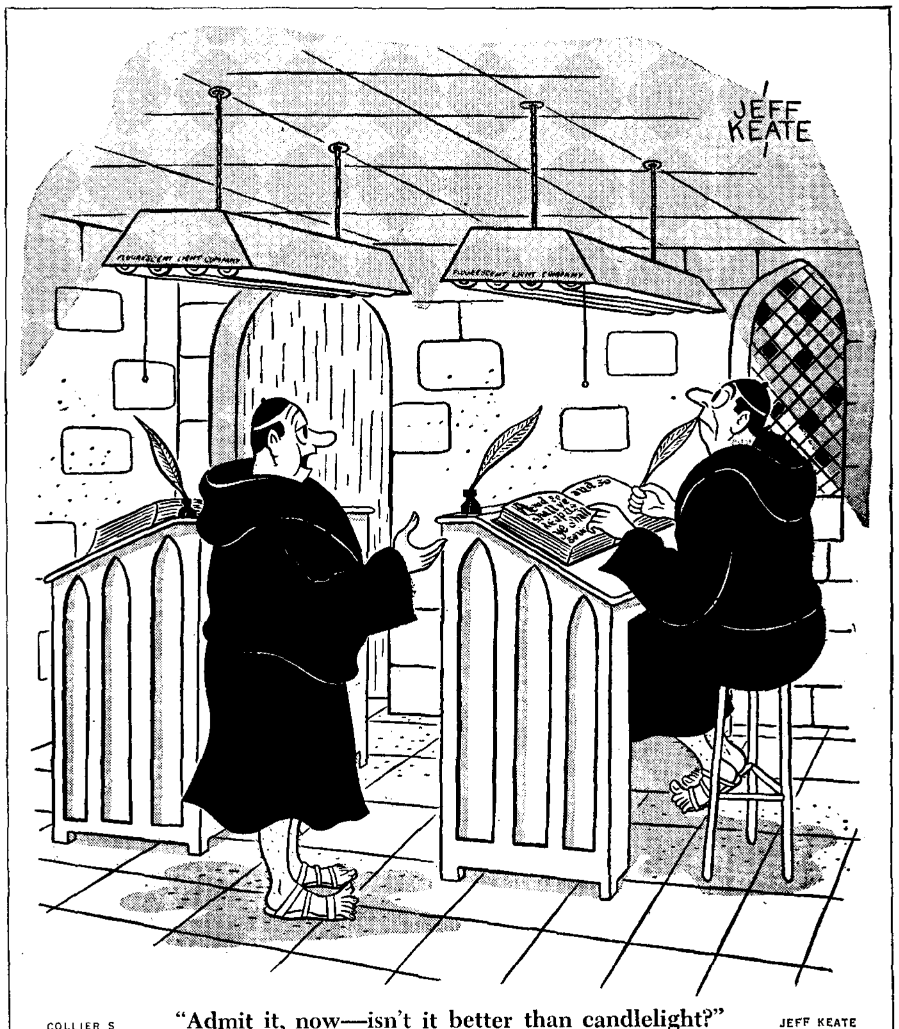
This, says Bowles, was the break in the dike. He claims that by stepping into a problem he didn't understand, Snyder telegraphed the government's basic weakness to pressure of any kind; and the meat packers, the railroad brotherhoods, industry in general and labor in general all rushed in to get their share. Within a few months, the government's well-laid reconversion plans for the safe, gradual lifting of controls were shattered.

Less Headache in Treasury Job

Snyder's life became much simpler when he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury a short time later. He set and maintained for the department the fairly elementary objectives of balancing the budget, reducing federal expenditures, reducing the tremendous national debt and attempting to recommend lower taxes as soon as possible. He continued, however, to get into a minor jam or two, such as that peculiar controversy with the President, in which Truman said the budget would be balanced this year, Snyder said that it wouldn't, and both then claimed that they meant exactly the same thing.

All in all, John Snyder is a scrupulously honest man, without a trace of personal ambition or viciousness in him, whose only thought is to protect his friend, Harry Truman. He is a perfectly normal, middle-class American family man whose greatest pleasure is watching his pretty, 24-year-old daughter Drucie become the belle of Washington society. His greatest pleasure in his job seems to come when he can play at being the commander of the Coast Guard. Washington is convinced that he wants nothing more than to retire to some substantial business some place where he can be forgotten. It is doubtful if he can slip away that easily, however, for he already has become the symbol of a new expression in Washington. That expression is "Government by Crony."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Admit it, now—isn't it better than candlelight?" JEFF KEATE

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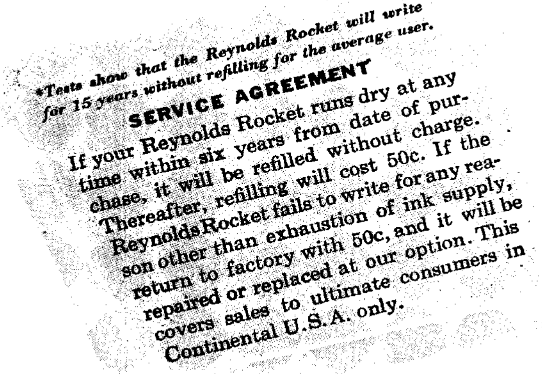

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FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

ROUNDY RINGS THE BELL

Continued from page 46

on both doors in large letters, and dazzled the fourth ward.

His shift from one paper to another was well publicized, and Roundy's fame began to spread. Sports writers in Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Chicago began to quote him frequently. Sometimes, they asked him to write special columns for their papers. Gradually, he became an attraction on the banquet circuit.

Jimmy Powers, sports editor of the New York Daily News, introduced Roundy to Eastern readers. Powers is Roundy's favorite sports writer "because he makes me look good." The fact that Jimmy once described Roundy as "the best Big Ten football expert" might also have something to do with it.

In the fall, Roundy writes special football columns for papers in Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Des Moines. He has been on the radio a great deal, but mike fright still keeps him from showing to best advantage in that medium. He is much better with an after-dinner crowd visibly appreciating his wisecracks.

Prefers to Be a Hick Writer

All his activity nets him only about $4,000 a year, but opportunities to make three times as much don't tempt him. This is the way he explains it: "I have got that Wisconsin look on my face and I am going to keep it there. I always want to be near the cows I want to see my milk when it is laid on the back porch. The offers I got from big papers were great but I'm still a hick writer and I'm going to keep on being one."

The fact is, Roundy probably has some doubt that it is advisable to make more than $4,000 a year. He figures this way: "I have got six suits, 52 neckties and 15 shirts. In 1924 I had overalls and there was patches on them. I ain't got anything to kick about have I?"

He really hasn't, but that doesn't keep him from claiming, almost continually, that he's on the verge of destitution. "Between what I give away and keep the house going it just keeps the sheriff off the porch. I used to keep my money in a safety-deposit box. The box is still there but the banker and the money is gone."

Part of that is true. He did keep his money in a safety-deposit box because he wouldn't trust a bank with it. If Roundy has any money, the chances are it is still in that box, because he was never known to open a bank account.

The "house" which he keeps going is a four-room apartment in the same neighborhood where he was born. With him live his two widowed sisters, and Roundy claims it is for their sake that he has never married. A better explanation is that he is really afraid of women, and of marriage.

The only female who merits his consistent praise is Bette Davis, the movie star. She was so nice to him when he interviewed her in Hollywood that Roundy has never forgotten it.

Picking winners, he says, is his long suit. "That's why I'm called The Great Prognosticator," he adds. The title is self-bestowed, but it did not come without reason. Some years ago, Roundy had a phenomenal run of luck (success, if you will) in predicting the outcomes of college football games. He actually picked 52 winners in a row.

Immodest to a fault, Roundy boasted daily in his column that he was setting an all-time high for being right.

"You think you're quite a prognosticator, don't you?" somebody taunted him.

It sounded like an insult, but Roundy takes a childish delight in polysyllabic words and he hastened to learn the meaning of "prognosticator." Told that it describes someone who could predict the future, he appropriated it as his own forever. He also acquired a battered silk hat to which he appended a sign reading, "I Told You So."

To this day, whenever one of his forecasts turns out correct, he parades through the office wearing the hat, complete with sign.

Roundy does not know how he happened to be called "Roundy." Some research has been wasted in trying to trace the origin of the nickname, but without result.

Wherever the name started, it has traveled a long way and is well and favorably known by all kinds of people. One of the first celebrities to become a Roundy fan was the late Dr. Glenn Frank, who became president of the University of Wisconsin about the time Roundy became The Great Prognosticator. The first time Roundy went to the Franks' to dinner, he eyed the silverware in front of him, picked up a dainty cocktail fork and screamed: "What the hell is this for? I ain't no kid, ya know!"

Then he turned around and saw a servant standing dutifully behind him. "You get away from there," he said. "How can I eat with you looking over my shoulder all the time?"

On another occasion, Mrs. Frank, shaking with laughter at one of Roundy's stories, jiggled a cup and spilled tea on a tablecloth. Roundy turned to his host. "She handled that cup," he said, "the way the Wisconsin football team handles the ball on the five-yard line."

Roundy's one attempt at literary criticism came at Glenn Frank's expense. Frank had published a pompous and pretentious work called Thunder and Dawn. After trying to read it, Roundy wrote tersely: "He should of called it The Fog." More erudite critics said the same thing in hundreds more words.

Because he was so chummy with the university president, Roundy was widely suspected of having a hand in selecting Wisconsin's frequently changed football coaches. It wasn't true, except that in his column he often stirred up public demand for a new coach.

Wisconsin has had six football coaches in the last 25 years. The present one, Harry Stuhldreher, manages to keep Roundy from howling for his scalp though his won-and-lost record is only average.

The Badgers Try His System

Roundy has maintained for years that the only football system worth having is "Get them touchdowns between 2 and 4 on Saturday afternoon." In one recent season, the Wisconsin team did just that. It was one of the highest scoring teams in the Middle West, yet lost more games than it won. Stuhldreher called this to Roundy's attention.

"We tried your system," he said. "What good did it do us?"

"There ain't no law against tackling, either," Roundy replied.

He usually manages to have the last word. One winter night when he and Stuhldreher were traveling the high-school banquet circuit together, they started arguing about football teams and players. It was 15 below zero, and frost covered the windows of their automobile Stuhldreher diagrammed plays on the frosty panes and talked so much that Roundy finally became exasperated.

"Listen," he said, "until we get through this county, I'm gonna be head coach. You done all the coachin' through the last county, and didn't gain a yard."

Football has always been Roundy's favorite sport. Strangely enough, he picks a tie game as the best one he ever saw. It was Notre Dame against Minnesota in 1927, and the score was 7-7. After describing the bruising play in that game, Roundy commented on the score: "What more could be fairer?"

That line has been repeated in his column a thousand times since. It has become Roundy's favorite way of saying "Okay" or "Well done."

But when he's in a lambasting mood, he can be as fanatical as any crusader, and more eloquent than most. His pet peeves are parking meters, high prices, and unconventional women.

Gossip irritates him, too.

"Yesterday," he reported in his column once, "I went into the University Club to use the phone. Two women saw me come out thev called my sister and wanted to know if I lived at University Club now. Ain't it good. Some people just can't sleep until they get all the news on everybody in the city."

His column is completely unpredictable. When he sits down to pick it out on the typewriter with two fingers, not even Roundy knows what is going to come out. One day, for no apparent reason, this little gem appeared: "There is just one thing I got against peanut butter is I can't eat it."

But behind it all there is a kind of consistent, homely, do-good philosophy, expressed by Roundy this way: "The idea is to find out what I am talking about first and then give 'em both barrels."

Roundy is a platitudinous sentimentalist, as witness this: "I don't like to remember a man after his death the most. I like to know him on this earth best for what he has done good to me and what good I tried to do him in return."

He will carp, on the slightest provocation. After listening to the radio one day, he wrote: "They must pay lotta of them spectators who get into studios on tickets just to laff and clap . . . I have heard kids ten years old make better wisecracks than lots I heard on the air yesterday."

A large expenditure in any field makes him suspicious. "The new American pro football league," he said recently, "is throwing that dough around like rice at a wedding . . . How the whole thing will end up in a few years will be worth watching. They can't throw that kinda dough around and make money."

On another occasion: "A guy loses $46,000 one day on the races. He never should have been at the races he should have been in a sanitarium some place. He had as much chance of winning with that kind of dough as I would have getting an honorary degree from Oxford."

You can see that Roundy is shrewd, but his insight is not confined to money. Here he is on another, and equally important, subject: "You can't talk child delinquency if you don't get around and see what causes it. Where does it start and what makes it grow? That is the question. It's just like a good detective if he wants to get the low-down and information he has got to mingle with the thugs and the group that is doing it. Then he gets them."

Roundy acquired that knowledge of detectives on his one and only trip to New York four years ago. He was brought to the big city to go on a network radio program. After going on the air, he was taken in hand by Ole Olsen, of Olsen and Johnson, then current on Broadway.

Sees New York From a Squad Car

Ole took Roundy on a tour of the city in a squad car with two detectives. The dicks ushered Roundy in and out of water-front dives and the toughest saloons on the West Side and had the wits fairly well scared out of him before they let loose down Broadway at 2 A.M., with sirens screaming and the squad car doing 60 through red lights and all.

Roundy, sitting in the back seat with Olsen, was making more noise than the sirens. He yelled and pleaded to be let out of the car.

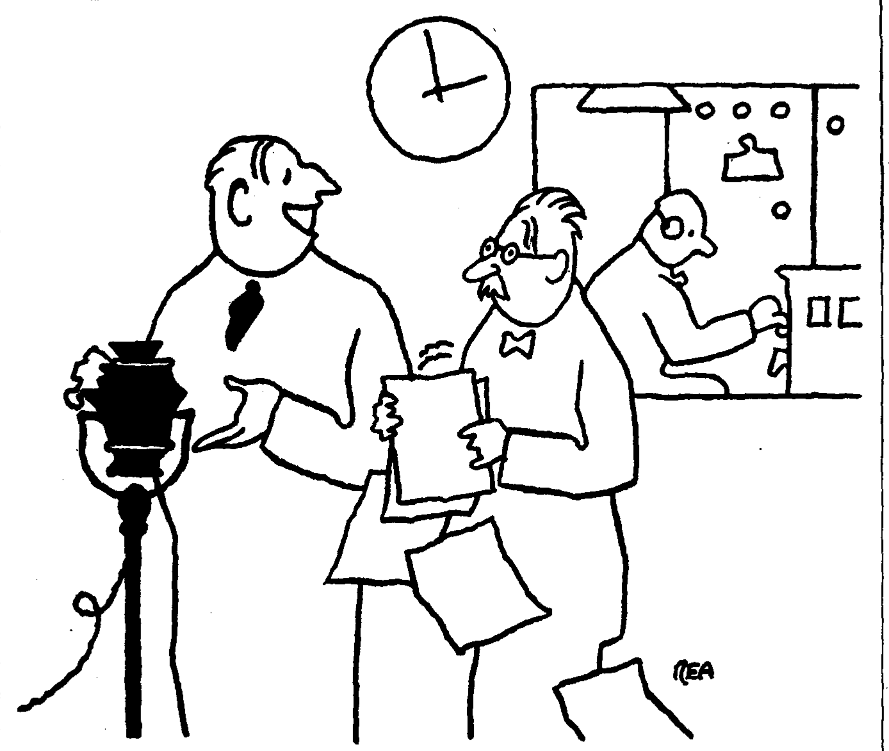
That trip to New York was good for eight columns after Roundy returned home. "New York City," he wrote, "that's the greatest big town I was ever in. Chicago is just a village compared to that place."

The New York trip was the high light of his career until this year, when he was elected to membership in Sigma Delta Chi, national honorary journalism fraternity.

"Well," said Roundy, "I finally got a frat pin. This is the first time I ever got in a fraternity but I been in all the best sororities. They got all these guys with degrees after their names in Sigma Delta Chi but when they want to get some class in it they bring in the old lawn-mower pusher. They got the degrees I got the class. What more could be fairer?"

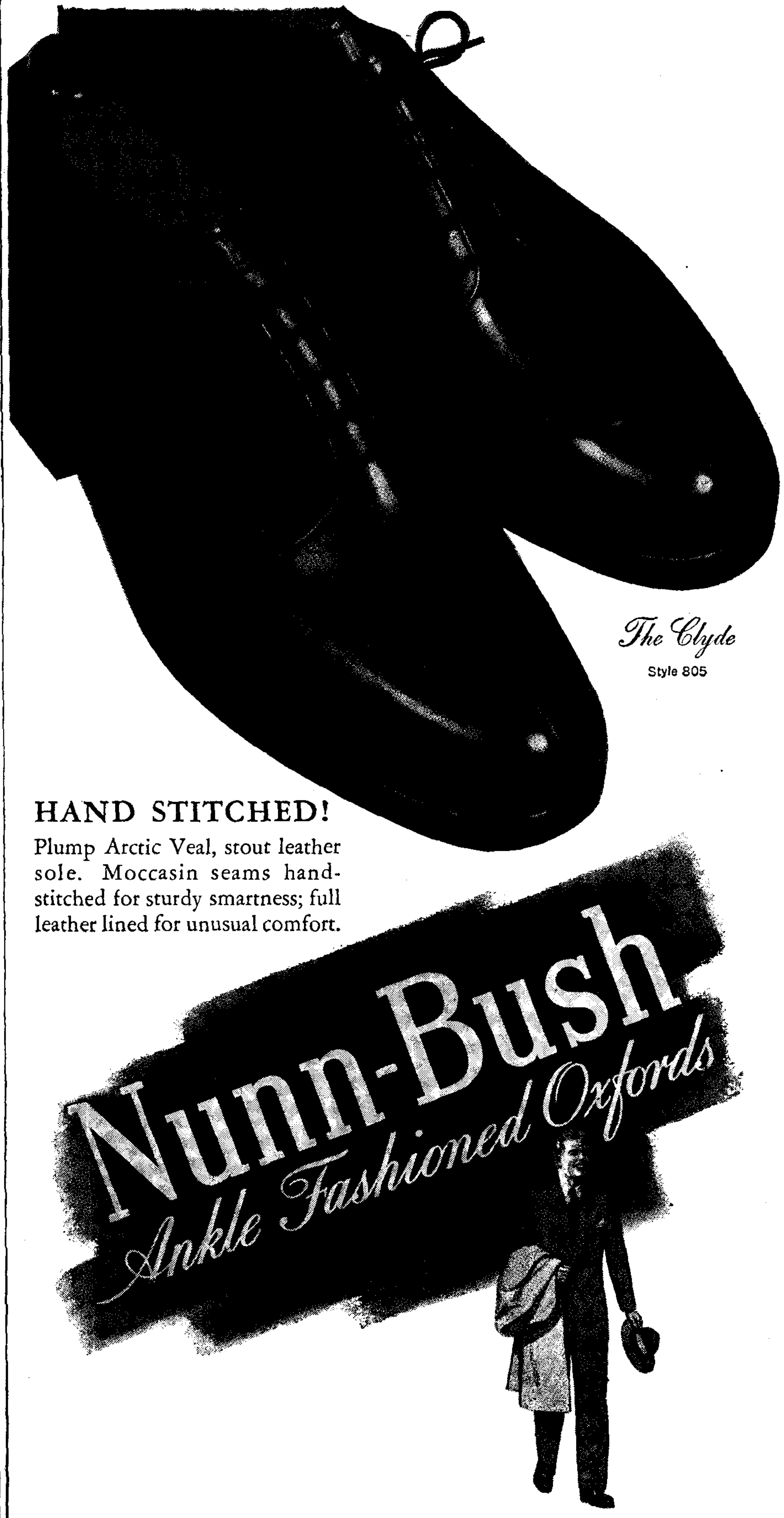
What, indeed?

THE END



"Just pretend there's no one listening in because after a couple of minutes there won't be"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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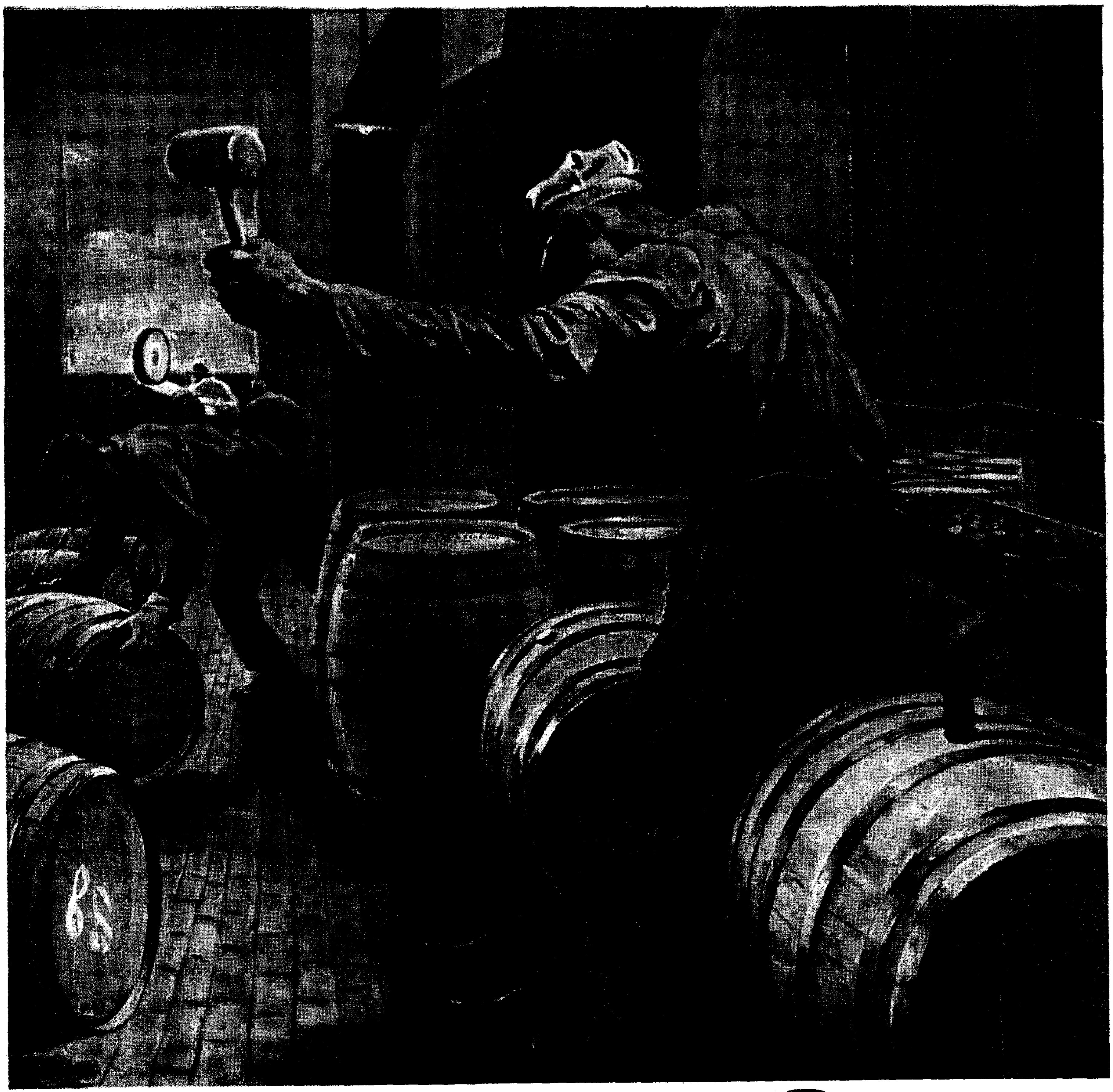

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PACKAGE DEAL

Continued from page 12

"Glad to meet you, Red," Nancy said cordially. "When do we start shooting with me in the lead in a million-dollar epic?"

"Well, nothing has been settled yet," Henry said, "but you're on the pay roll at Imperial and I have you a hotel room."

"Good man," Nancy said. "Don't look now, but your skull is showing."

Henry smiled sadly.

The porter put her bags in the rear of his convertible, and Henry tipped him. His client had meanwhile posed for a number of pictures, charmed the cynical men confronting her including Mr. Pickerell, who had expected to be charmed for professional reasons, and discussed herself with great frankness and at considerable length. A studio limousine was standing by for her, but she elected to accompany Henry.

"I want to see what happens to him in this hot sun with nothing on his head," she remarked, and got a big laugh.

ON THE way to the hotel in Beverly Hills, Nancy dominated the conversation. Henry learned that she was twenty years of age and had been singing and dancing most of her life. In addition, she could act like mad.

"I'm no braggart," Nancy stated. "I don't say I'm a Tallulah Bankhead or Ethel Barrymore yet. You'll have to give me a couple of years. But naturally I can knock the movies for a loop."

"I see," Henry said. He had said "I see" about twenty times and was getting used to it.

"I didn't come out here to exhibit my legs or sing silly lyrics," Nancy went on. "I'm purely and simply a dramatic actress. I'm emotional to my finger tips. All you need to do is get me a great acting role and I'll make us famous."

"I see," Henry said, for approximately the twenty-first time.

"I was born in the theater," Nancy said. "I was first cradled in the tray of a trunk. That sounds corny, I know, but it's true. Both my parents were actors. I'm a grease-paint kid," she concluded.

Henry didn't say anything.

"Tell me about yourself, Red," Nancy said. "Did you fall asleep in the barber's chair the last time?"

"No," Henry replied, "I always wear my hair this way. I—"

"You mean it's an eccentricity," Nancy interrupted. "That's not a bad idea. I suppose an eight-ball haircut like that does get you attention. I think actresses ought to cultivate eccentricities. For instance, I intend to wear nothing except black in Hollywood. That will be my trade-mark."

"I see," Henry said.

He made sure she was properly registered at the hotel and that the room awaited her. Their parting in the lobby was affectionate and public. She took him in her arms and kissed him on the cheek.

"You're a swell representative," Nancy said, "and I know we're going to work closely together. Wipe off the lipstick before you get to your office."

"I—I wasn't going to my office," Henry said confusedly.

"Well, wipe it off anyhow," Nancy said. "There's plenty more where that came from, Red."

"I see," Henry said, and departed.

He almost sold a story to Paramount, very nearly set a character actor on a term contract at Columbia, and returned to the International Talent building late in the afternoon. His secretary reported that a Miss Marin had been calling him. He telephoned her at the hotel.

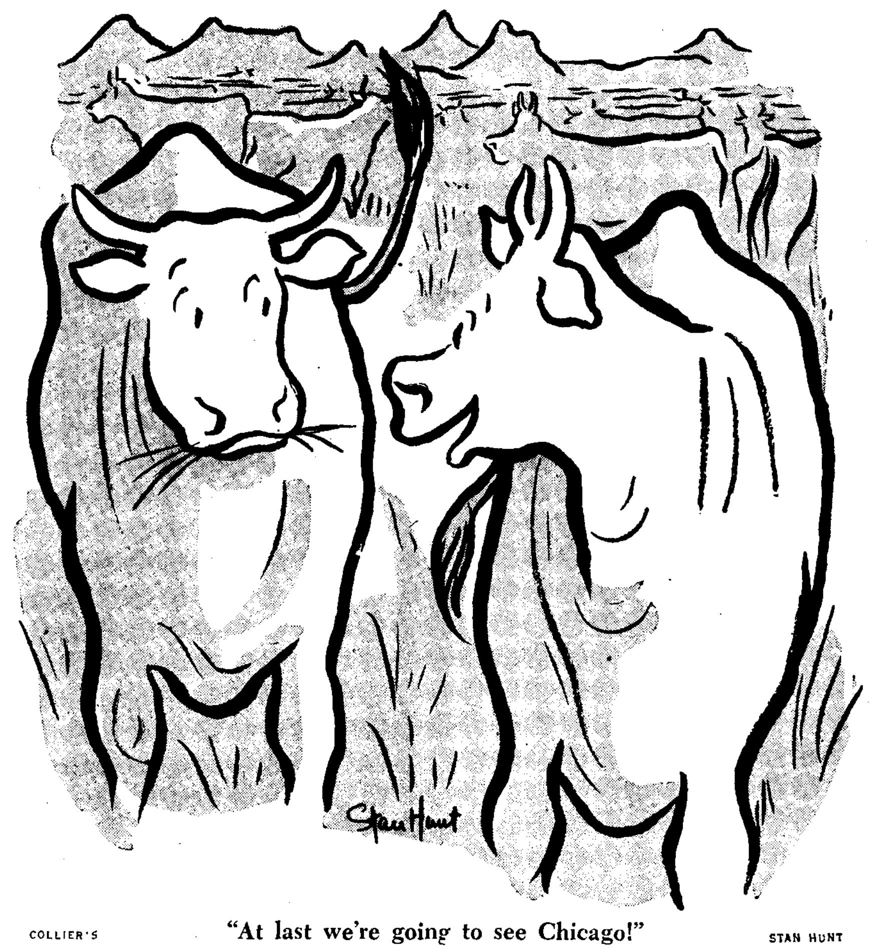
"Hello, Red," Nancy said, and her voice sounded joyous. "Look, except for a few guys who have tried to pick me up in the lobby, I'm all alone in Beverly Hills. Could you take me to dinner tonight?"

"Well—" Henry said.

"If it's a question of money," Nancy said, "I'm loaded."

"No, no," Henry said. "I have an expense account. I'll come by for you at eight o'clock."

He was rather disappointed because



COLLIER'S "At last we're going to see Chicago!" STAN HUNT

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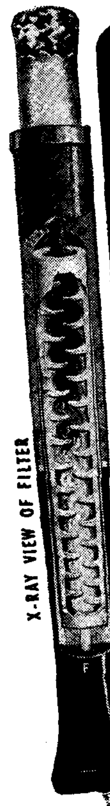

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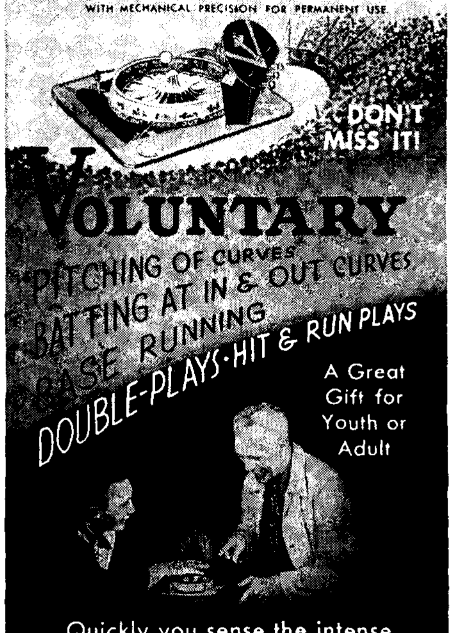

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he had intended to have cocktails with another client, eat an early dinner alone, and curl up in bed with a copy of the Weekly Variety; but an agent's duty, like that of a doctor, knew no personal whims. Going out with gorgeous women was simply one of the burdens of his profession.

At the appointed hour Henry knocked on the door of Nancy's room. It opened, and she swam before his eyes, a dream in a black dress. He handed her a beautiful orchid he had bought on the way over.

"Compliments of International Talent," he said.

"My compliments to International Talent," Nancy said, and kissed him on the lips. "Thank you, Red."

"Thank *you,*" Henry said. He steadied himself with one hand on the doorjamb.

"Thank *you,*" Nancy said. "Wipe off the lipstick. I'll be ready in a moment."

SILENT and pensive, Henry took her to a new beach club at Santa Monica, of which International Talent had a piece. The agency encouraged its help to entertain there, for no source of profit was too small in the eyes of Mr. Crashaw who generally thought of everything.

Henry experienced little difficulty in entertaining Nancy. Several of his friends were in attendance, and they spotted his client without half trying. All of them were introduced and grew enthusiastic, but they didn't get far. Nancy would not go to a larger table, and she danced only with Henry. Afterward he got her coat from the checkroom and they went for a walk along the dark, deserted beach. Henry pointed out the Santa Monica Yacht Harbor and the amusement piers at Ocean Park and Venice, gave a quite extended history of his life, and detailed his hopes for the future. Nancy kept saying, "I see." Suddenly Henry realized he had been doing all the talking and was profoundly astonished.

"Gosh, I've certainly let my hair down," he said.

"What would happen if you let it grow?" Nancy asked.

He looked at her furtively and hesitated. "I'd have red curls."

"Red curls, eh, Red?" Nancy said. "Very interesting. Do you have a steady girl?"

"No," Henry said.

"Sometimes a girl enjoys sitting in a man's lap," Nancy said, "and running her hand through his hair. In your case it would be like caressing an emery wheel."

"I prefer not to encourage that type of girl," Henry said.

"I've got a dreadful secret to tell you, Red," Nancy said. "I'm that type of girl. I must be. I feel funny about your hair, and I wouldn't mind sitting on your lap."

"Come over here," Henry said. "I'll show you the lights of Malibu, Miss Marin." . . .

Back at the hotel the inevitable happened. She kissed him good night. He kissed her good night. Then they stood and stared at each other. Henry felt as if he had been a trifle too long on oxygen.

"This can't go on," he said. "It has to stop."

"Why?" Nancy said. "What's the matter with kissing bulletheaded men if you happen to have a taste for them?"

"I'm an agent," Henry said, "and you're my client. It's—it's unbusinesslike."

"I see," Nancy said.

The next morning Henry drove his client to Imperial. James T. Flaherty, in charge of production, was busy on weightier matters, but they visited Mr. Markland, Mr. Flaherty's assistant, who seemed delighted to see Nancy. Henry didn't bother to explain to her that part of Mr. Markland's job was to be glad to see everybody.

Mr. Markland listened absorbedly to a long testimony from Nancy, smiling and nodding. Presently Nancy and Henry found themselves in the hallway, and Mr. Markland had not committed himself. Henry led the way to the office of Arch Selkirk, Imperial's casting director. Selkirk, a hearty man in two-tone shoes and a hound's-tooth sport coat, was enchanted by Nancy.

"Honey," he said, "you are even more pleasing to the eye than a 1947 automobile, and you look friendly. What're you doing tonight?"

"I have to talk with my agent," Nancy said.

"That shouldn't last too long," Selkirk said, "from what I know of Henry. Give me a ring later if you have a chance."

As they proceeded to Mr. Pickerell's office, Nancy tugged at Henry's sleeve. He glanced at her absently.

"What do I do about that wolf I just met?" she asked.

Henry frowned. "Oh, he tries with all the girls," he explained. "Just be polite. Don't start kissing him right off, as you did with me."

She got in front of him and halted. He bent over and peered into her blazing brown eyes. Never had he encountered an angrier client.

"How do you want your teeth, Red?" Nancy said. "Scattered on the floor—or would you prefer to wear them in a string around your neck?"

"I beg your pardon," Henry said. "I was only—"

"For your information," Nancy said, "I kissed you because I liked you. Ordinarily I never kiss anybody. I don't like *anybody.* For instance, I don't like you any more."

"I wish you wouldn't speak so loudly," Henry said.

"I ought to belt you one," Nancy said.

"If you do," Henry said quietly, "I'll take you over my knee and warm your girdle for you."

They regarded each other for a long time.

"You would, too, wouldn't you?" Nancy said.

"Of course," Henry said.

"I feel sort of happy when I'm with you," Nancy said. "I don't know why."

They entered Mr. Pickerell's sanctum arm in arm. The chief of Imperial publicity was distracted but nice.

"There's a memo from Mr. Flaherty," he said. "He is sold on our child. I'm going to do a big campaign on you, Miss Marin. May I call you Blondie? Give me the facts of your life, and don't be truthful."

"Well," Nancy said, "I was literally raised from the tray of a trunk. Both my parents—"

"Later, later," Mr. Pickerell said. "We have to get some pictures of you. Come over to the portrait gallery with me. You don't happen to have a bathing suit in your purse, do you?"

Henry left them in the gallery. Nancy kissed him goodby.

HENRY didn't quite put over the Western aimed at getting Asa, the Wonder Horse, on the Imperial pay roll. He returned to the International Building feeling a trifle worried. Apparently the reconversion of an agent was no cinch. He was just missing everywhere.

Late in the afternoon he had a call from Miss Marin, which was not a surprise to him. He picked up the phone warily.

"Shall I wear black again tonight when we have dinner," his client asked, "or would you advise a different color?"

"I'd advise a different night," Henry said. "I have to go over to a director's house at six o'clock and talk business, and I'll probably be late. Sometime soon, however, we'll get together—"

"Fine," Nancy said. "I'll give Arch

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Selkirk a ring. He's been bothering me all day."

"He has?" Henry said. "Let's meet at eight-thirty at your hotel."

"It's sweet of you to ask me," Nancy said. "Okay, Red."

Henry visited the director, who needed work in order to pay up alimony on his preceding wife. Though he was far from as positive as he sounded, Henry said he'd make a deal within a week. He was abruptly conscious of life closing in upon him, despite possession of hand-painted ties and the hottest horse in town.

Nancy was again dressed entirely in black, which suited the corsage of gardenias he had brought her. She kissed him gratefully.

"I wish you wouldn't keep doing that," he said. "Pretty soon all of my handkerchiefs will be in the laundry with lipstick on them."

"I'll stop wearing lipstick."

"No, no," Henry said. "That isn't the point. You must merely regard the flowers as an expression of good will on the part of International Talent."

"Okay, Red," Nancy said.

They dined in a restaurant in Hollywood, and danced in a night club on the edge of Beverly Hills. For a while Henry forgot his troubles, floating around the floor with his light-footed client. She didn't talk much, she smelled divinely of a perfume called Madness, and her lovely face was intelligent and kind. Henry tended to huddle against her from the world, despite being a good foot taller. But there was a scene as they prepared to leave.

"Let me ask you something, Red," Nancy said. "This is our second night together, and we're not going to live forever. Have you thought of the future?"

"No," Henry said, "except that I can't spend every night with you."

"Can I hope for more than a business relationship between us?" Nancy said. "Will you ever want the other ninety per cent of me?"

"Miss Marin!" Henry said, and grew flushed.

"I'll couch it in legal terms," Nancy said. "Would you marry me if I asked you to?"

"I couldn't," Henry said, "much as I'd like completely to sell you on International Talent service. I'm far from getting anywhere yet, and an agent is better unattached. Besides, I know the history of so many of them. They're always unhappily married. They work twenty-four hours a day. Most of the time at night they're out with beautiful women while their wives wait at home. They're late for dinner constantly, and they drink bicarbonate of soda. All they do is talk deals."

"Well," Nancy said, "thank you for your courteous refusal and explanation."

"If I represented you as your husband," Henry said, "I'd be thinking of how much we were making and get nervous. As it is, with only ten per cent, I'm calm and steady."

"That clinches it," Nancy said gloomily.

Henry lingered in the hotel lobby rather wistfully as the evening ended. His client did not offer to kiss him.

"Go ahead," he said. "Kiss me. I don't mind."

"No," Nancy said, "that's a waste of good lipstick now. You'd better get a haircut tomorrow, Red. There's some fuzz showing on your head."

HENRY spent a tumultuous night, occasionally leaping on his bed like a stranded porpoise, and in the morning his mind was as mussed as the covers. He shaved a glum face, thinking of Nancy, the director, the Western story, Arch Selkirk and Asa, the Wonder Horse. Suddenly a powerful shock ran through him, and it didn't come from his electric razor.

"Package deal!" Henry told himself. He bolted to the International Building and had an audience with Mr. Crashaw. Tersely he explained his idea. Mr. Crashaw was touched by the same high-voltage current.

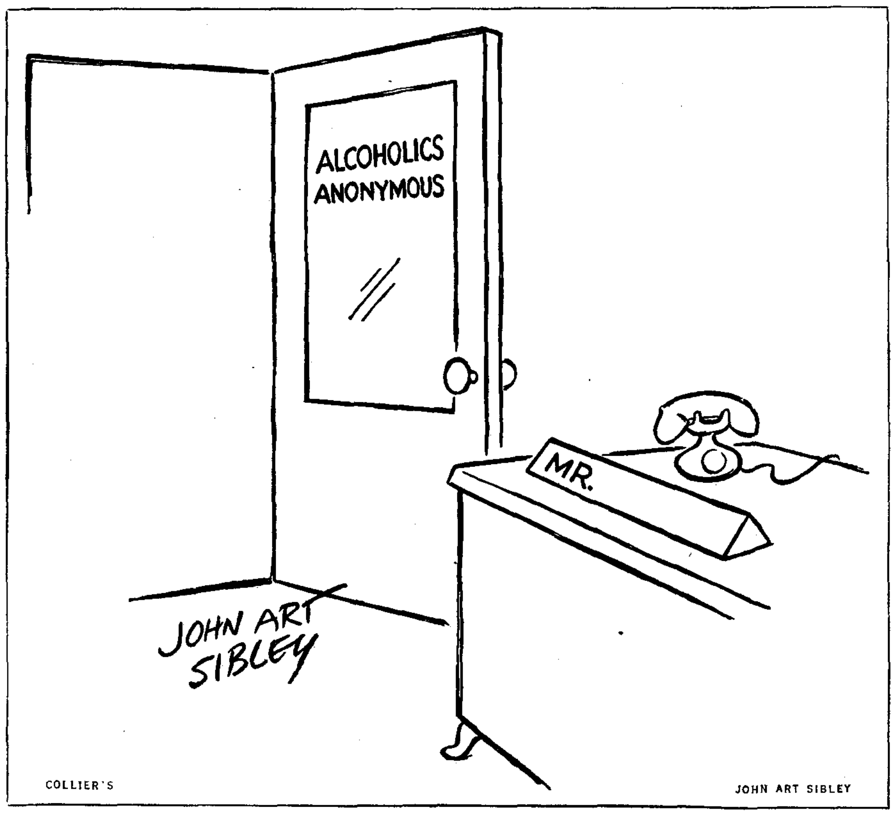
"Henry," he said, "you have got more above your ears than that crimson shoebrush. Put this deal together and you have shown us the way. Wait'll I check the swimming pools and see if we have a writer available for the screen play."

Mr. Crashaw found an International author who loved the synopsis Henry gave of the story over the telephone. Next they dug up a promising young Western actor who would be excellent as Asa, the Wonder Horse's film owner. Erect and tense, Henry checked off the component parts of a motion picture: original story, writer for the screen play, director needing alimony money, the actor for the boy, Nancy for the girl, and Asa as the star.

"Have I forgotten anything?" Henry demanded.

"Yes!" Mr. Crashaw said. "Get over to Imperial and sell it!"

Half an hour later Henry was closeted



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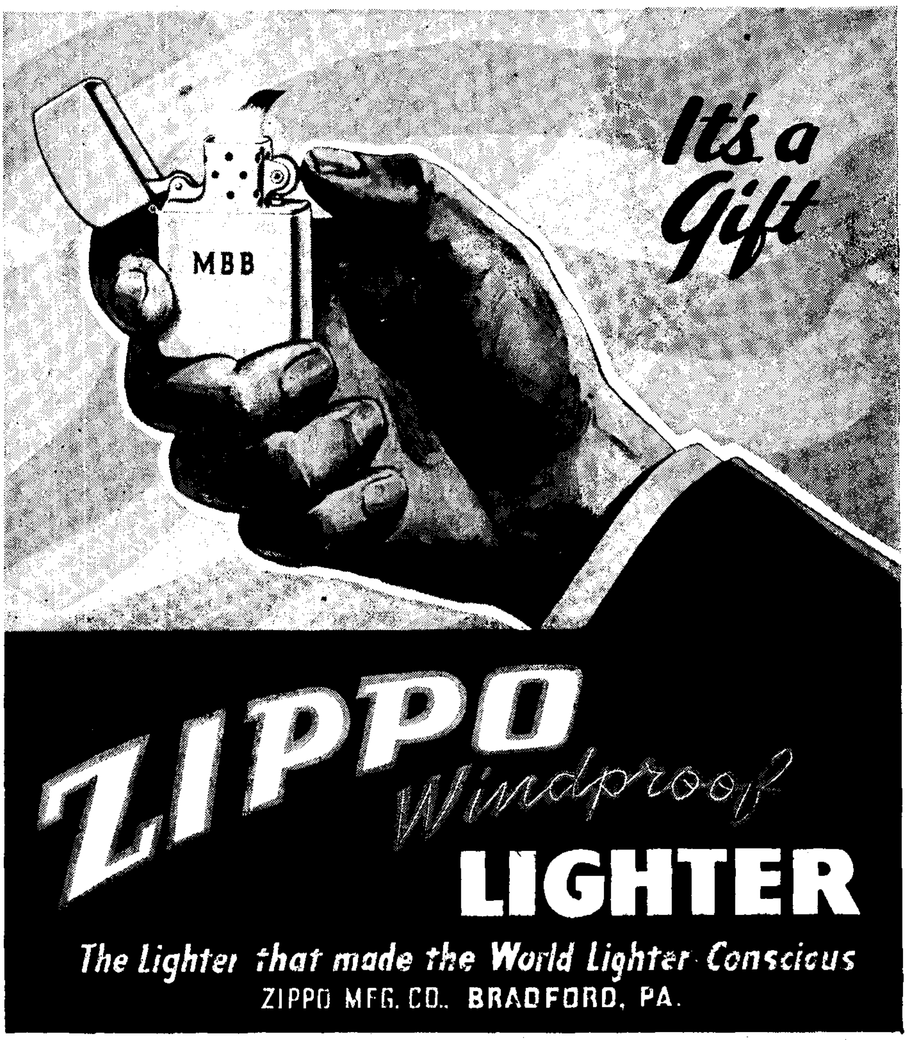
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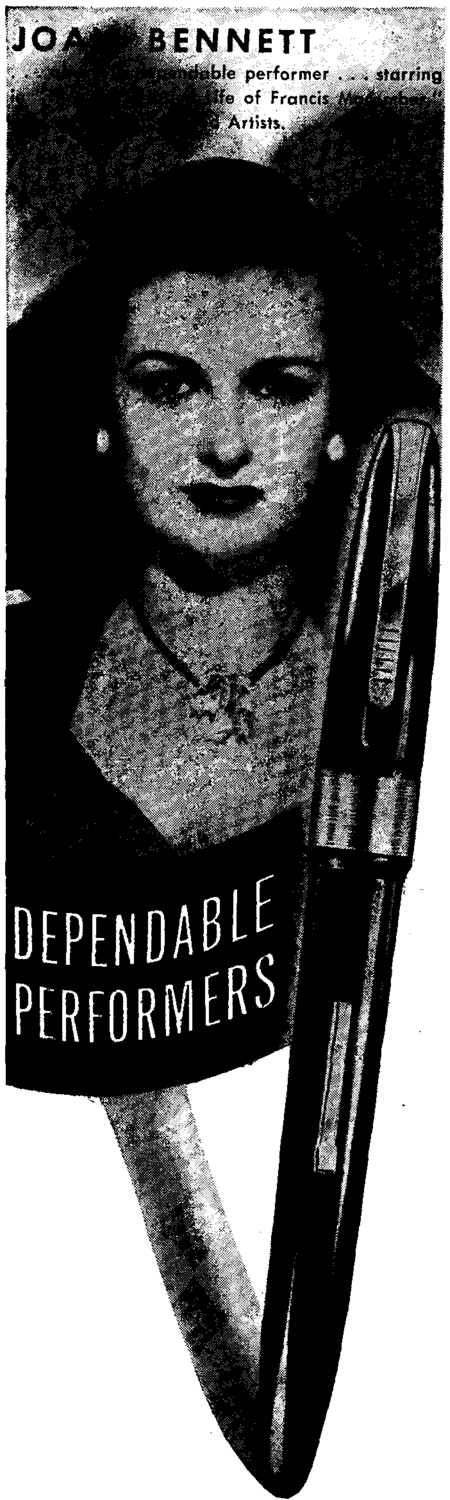

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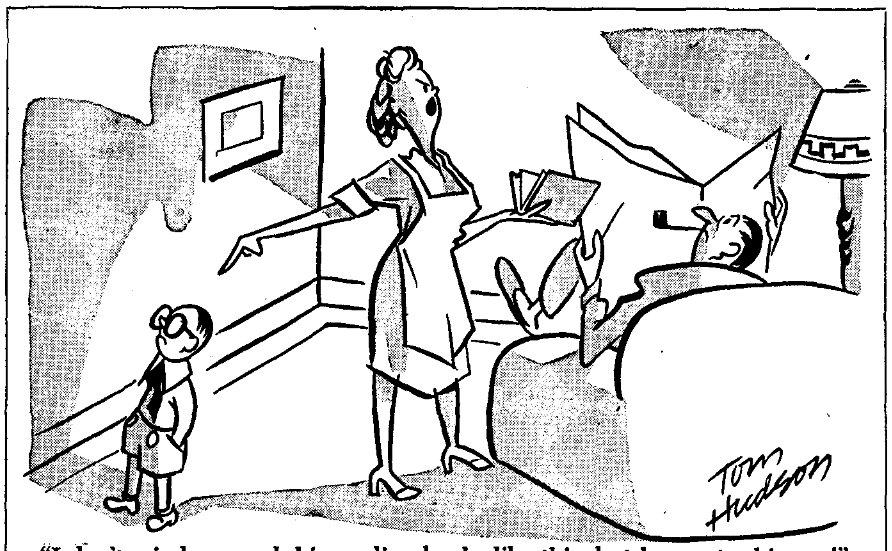

"I don't mind so much his *reading* books like this, but he *wrote* this one!"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

with the head of the story department, who was fascinated. They moved on to Mr. Markland's office, then into the presence of Mr. Flaherty, a tall, grave, suntanned man whose success had brought him nothing but suspicion. Arch Selkirk and other executives arrived. Henry survived several desperate fights over price. At noon he was in sight of land, and the conference adjourned for a couple of hours. Perspiring slightly, Henry walked to the commissary for coffee and a sandwich. His would-be fiancée was standing in the doorway.

"I heard you were on the lot," she said, "and I thought this would be the best place to wait for you. What's the matter? Your hair is standing on end."

"I'm putting a big deal together," Henry said. "I can't talk now, but I'll see you later."

"How much later?" Nancy asked. "I'll be in Mr. Pickerell's office."

"I don't know," Henry said distractedly. "This deal is terribly hot. I want to close this afternoon."

BY TWO o'clock he had them in his power. Mr. Markland instructed the legal department to work on the contracts. It was a clean sweep at fancy figures, and Henry had an exhilarating sense of power. He telephoned Mr. Crashaw, who said he had clearly shown the way and would become the recipient of a fast grand. Moving with a new dignity, Henry dropped by Mr. Pickerell's office for a word or two with Asa's leading woman. He interrupted a dramatic scene. Nancy had her eyes lifted to heaven, and Mr. Pickerell was wringing his hands.

"Surely you trust the judgment of James T. Flaherty," Mr. Pickerell said.

"I'll kill the bum!" Nancy said. She saw Henry and wheeled on him. "You're my agent, and it's up to you to act. They're going to co-star me with a horse!"

"It's a wonderful part," Henry said. "I happen to know—"

"You, too, Brutus Bishop!" Nancy said.

"But, listen—" Henry began.

"I'm going to see the casting director," Nancy said. "I cannot believe I'm expected to begin my movie career with oats in my hair."

Henry realized that further protests were useless. He looked at Mr. Pickerell, who had been through many stormy scenes with actresses, and the latter lifted his eyebrows. With bent heads, they followed Nancy to Selkirk's office.

"Congratulations on your first part in pictures, angel-puss," Selkirk said falsely. "I hear you're starting in three weeks."

"Selkirk," Nancy said, "answer me a question: Are you responsible for casting me opposite Asa, the Wonder Horse?"

"You'll go on location up in Utah," Selkirk replied. "You and the scenery will look lovely in Technicolor—"

"Answer me!" Nancy said.

"I got a memo from Mr. Flaherty, honey," Selkirk said. "I just work here."

"You cad," Nancy said. "On to Benedict Arnold Flaherty."

"You can't just go see Mr. Flaherty," Mr. Pickerell said, as they moved through the hallowed halls of the administration building. "He's ethical, like a doctor. It's by appointment only."

"Wild horses couldn't keep me away from Flaherty," Nancy said. "That includes Asa, the Wonder Horse."

Henry was thinking fast. He could easily visualize the forthcoming interview with Mr. Flaherty, which would be brief and decisive. The head of Imperial, constantly the victim of plots, couldn't fail to suspect one for engineering more money for Nancy in this case. His temper was uncertain and sweeping. On his part, Henry would be forced to take a client's side in the final analysis; and an agent putting together a big deal who was unable to control his own people would, in Mr. Flaherty's view, become a traitor, a false friend, and an incompetent. Through Henry's mind flashed a single-reel short subject depicting an atomic explosion in Mr. Flaherty's office, Nancy on suspension and off salary for refusing to accept an assignment, Henry barred from the lot, and the fast grand from International Talent changing into his fast exit from the agency.

An idea, full-fledged from nowhere, struck him. They were coming so fast now that he was frightened. Grabbing Nancy, he whirled her around. She didn't struggle in his grasp.

"Listen to me," he said. "I'm your agent. I know best. This is insanity. You've got to go out and visit Asa before you decide. He's a horse of a different color from what you think, and maybe you'll love him and want to work with him." He gathered his breath, looking solemn and bushy-haired. "If you do not trust me in ordinary business affairs, how can we expect to go on—gradually—through the years—to—a—a—more tender relationship?"

"What do you mean by that?" Nancy said.

"I mean—" Henry said, and then choked somewhat at his heartless duplicity. "I mean I am not insensible to your charms, Miss Marin."

"That's different," Nancy said. "Okay, Red, I'll say hello to the stallion."

"Go to Wardrobe and get a riding costume," Henry said. "Mr. Pickerell will furnish us with a photographer and we'll take some pictures. I'll meet you in fifteen minutes."

The moment she had left, Henry rushed Mr. Pickerell to Arch Selkirk's office. He explained his plan to the two brooding men. Selkirk appeared dubi-

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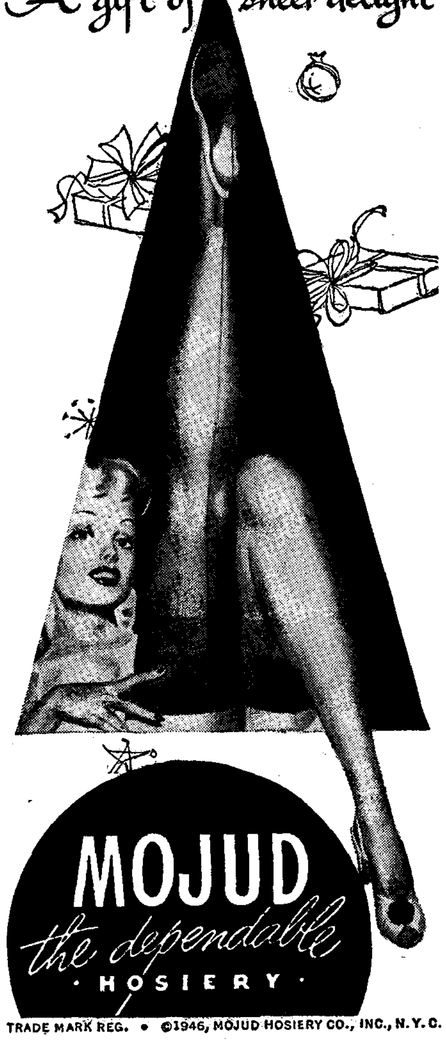

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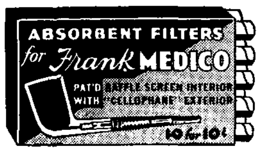
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ous and questioning, but Mr. Pickerell was enthusiastic.

"This touches the deepest springs of human psychology, Arch," he said. "It is a masterly handling of an actress. As an expert on public and private relations, the Haircut here is a genius."

In a quarter of an hour Henry's silent client emerged from Wardrobe in jodhpurs, a soft pink shirt and a white ten-gallon hat. A taciturn man named Joe, with a camera, was picked up at the Still Department, and Henry drove them to Rancho de los Hermanos in the San Fernando Valley. He had telephoned ahead to Harry Tisdale, Asa's best friend and severest critic, and the latter led them across lush fields equipped with a sprinkler system to Early American stables.

THE Wonder Horse came happily from his stall and virtually kissed Tisdale, Henry and Joe in the order named. But he shied away from Nancy with marked distaste. He was a large horse with a pronounced curve to his nose, and he seemed to look down it at Nancy.

"I never seen him act this way previously," Tisdale said. "He loves everybody."

"I ought to belt him," Nancy said.

Asa shook hands with Henry and Joe, raising a ponderous right hoof. He would not shake hands with Nancy.

"This is incredible," Tisdale remarked, from the rear.

Joe patiently posed the sullen Nancy with the disgusted Asa. As Joe snapped the picture, Asa stepped forward and arched his neck across Nancy's face. This happened four times.

"That horse is upstaging me!" Nancy said. "He's trying to keep me out of the shots deliberately!"

"Asa has been a star for five years," Tisdale said. "He wouldn't have to resort to no such tricks."

"He's afraid of me, the big ham," Nancy said. "He knows I'm better looking, and a better actor."

"Miss Marin," Henry said, "you are talking about a *horse.*"

"I'm talking about a Hollywood actor," Nancy replied bitterly.

Asa stole all the rest of the stills, though Nancy was working hard. Finally Joe confessed defeat. Nancy turned her back on Asa so he couldn't snoot her again during the farewells.

"Usually Asa is very courteous to women," Tisdale said. "I confess I do not have a grasp of this."

On the drive to Imperial, Joe said, "I hear Marin don't want to work with the horse. She's right. He would murder her in a fillum."

"You mean he's a better actor?" Nancy demanded.

"Well," Joe said, "animals always steal scenes."

"Yeah?" Nancy said. "I'll show you and Benedict A. Flaherty and everybody else at Imperial that they don't steal scenes from a real actress. If I can't, I'll hang up my gloves, gentlemen."

"You're going to accept the part?" Henry asked.

"That I am, Red," Nancy said grimly.

A mood of triumph invaded Henry. His horizons lifted and the visibility was unlimited; he was a smart, cagey character, wise to the wiles of Hollywood; probably he was a great agent. The exaltation lasted until he was again on the Imperial lot and walking to the commissary with Nancy for a cup of coffee. Then everything went black, and he was revolted by himself and his conniving. He halted in his tracks.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I've been trying to put together a package deal, and I have resorted to a cheap trick to do it at your expense. You've been sold down the river by your own agent."

"I know," Nancy said. "I saw Tisdale giving Asa the signals."

"The hell with it!" Henry said, paying no attention to her. "I'm quitting and going into the airlines. Would you be willing to marry a copilot?"

"Certainly," Nancy said, "but it isn't necessary. Arch Selkirk came into Wardrobe and told me how you intended to work that trained-horse act on me and my actor's vanity to save your package deal. He said it was a snide trick."

Henry stiffened. "I see," he said.

"I was sure you really wouldn't lie to me though," Nancy said. "I knew you'd come clean with your bride."

"I see," Henry said.

"This is a real package deal," his client said, and kissed him and looked terribly happy. "It's got everything, including love."

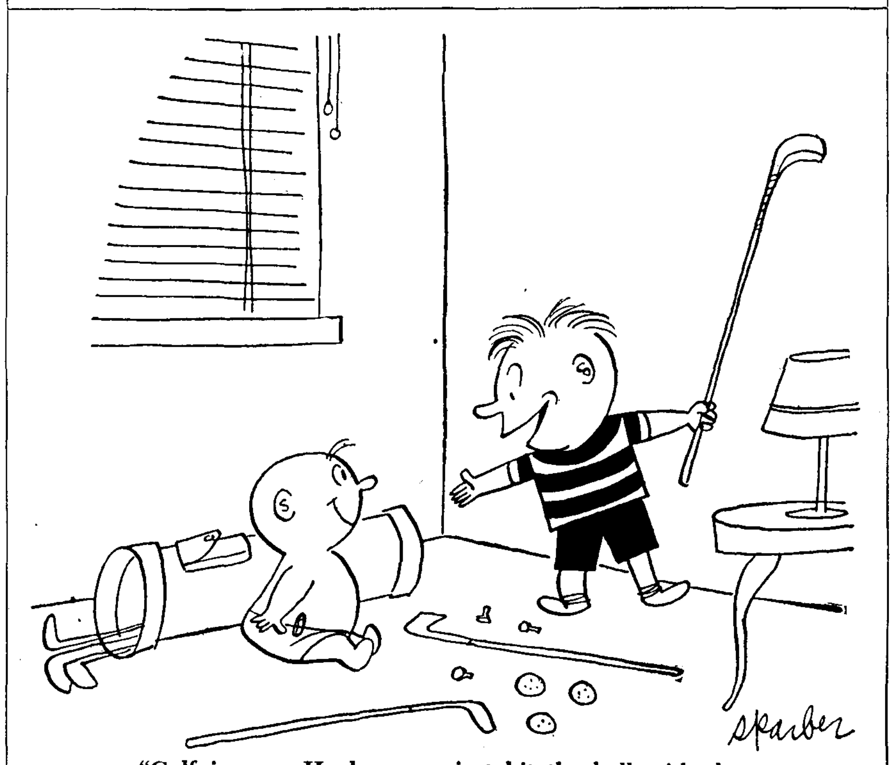
Henry was unable to speak.

"Wipe off that lipstick before we go in the commissary," Nancy said.

"I'm keeping it on," Henry said. "It's part of the deal."

THE END

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



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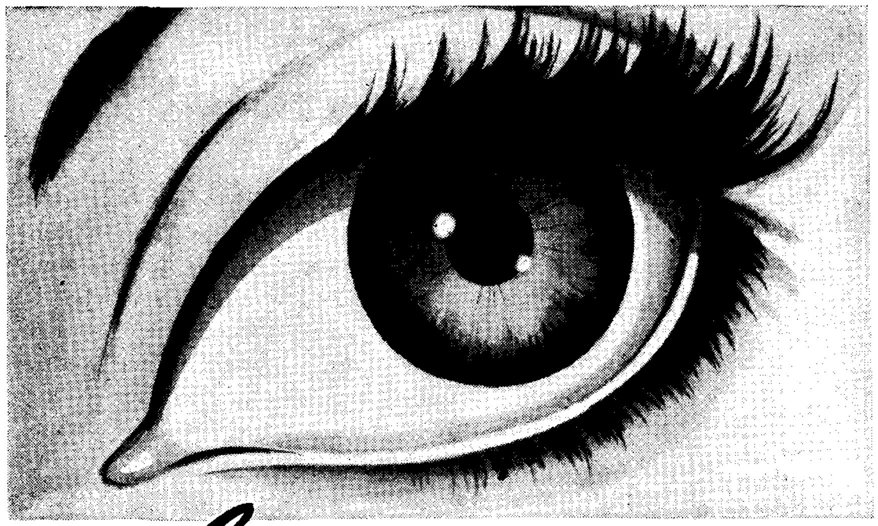

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THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

Continued from page 21

tendency, moreover, often is manifested in outright criminal conduct. One of the reasons for this is that the natural tendency of women toward infractions of law is appreciatively greater than that of men.

An intelligent woman will think twice before complaining of inequality. In the first place, the complaint is an evidence of frustration and of a sense of inferiority that goes far beyond political or social considerations. Formerly, women complained of their confinement in the home and in social conventions; it would seem that one complaint has been displaced by another. But the fundamental reason remains the same: Women are restless and dissatisfied because they cannot or will not accept their physical destiny. At least one of the missing links in women's nature is their lack of insight into this basic consideration.

As in every explosion of a confined volatile substance, released womanhood is erupting without complete control over its direction. Women's advancement socially, vocationally and intellectually has been as splendid as it has been rapid—but something fundamental is lacking. It is this: Woman's emotional aspect simply has not gone along with the rest of her entity. Woman has become a big and powerful factor in business, the professions, the arts and community life, but emotionally she has hardly moved at all; emotionally she is still back where she was when her Stone Age counterpart was an object of the chase to be captured and subdued.

Where a Man Has No Chance

Any man who has tried to compete with women for service in a crowded department store knows that they have no intention of standing on a common level with us. They perennially expect and demand an unreasonable and obsequious deference from the male. Any day one may see them crossing busy streets against traffic lights with disdainful arrogance, glaring at male drivers and forcing them to pause or stop to make way for the privileged one, thus extorting one of the innumerable usurped perquisites of their sex.

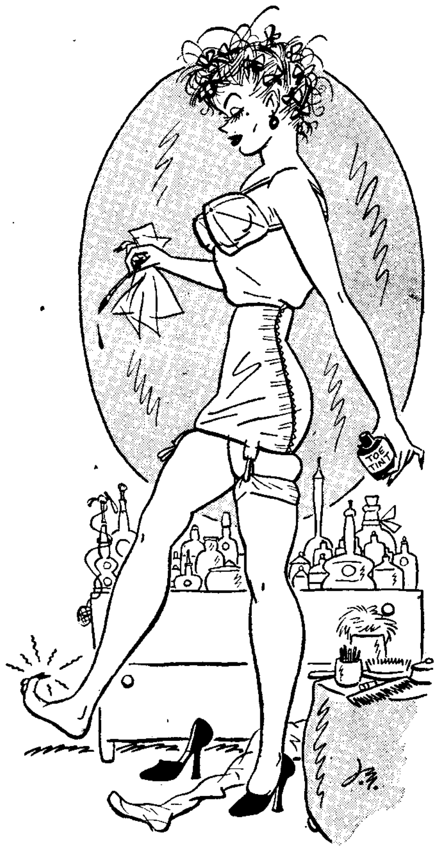
Not only do women clash with one another for the attentions and favors of men; they bring into play at every opportunity the time-tested weapons of coquetry, gallantry and chivalry. One moment they talk of equal rights; in the next they renew their campaign to keep men under their romantic sway.

While, on one hand, women in general collaborate to keep some men enmeshed in a calculated game of romance and the rest in submission to the ancient code of chivalry, on the other hand they have conspicuously defaulted in their opportunity to achieve full legal equality. In spite of their occasional show of activity in behalf of civic betterment, the record sums up to an actual charge of neglect of community responsibility.

Equal suffrage has been in force since 1920 and women, in this quarter century of long-awaited opportunity, have failed to establish themselves as a beneficent power in politics, as high-placed officeholders or as leaders of farseeing reform movements. Who can cite a single great demonstration of the organized influence of women's votes? Recently the Equal Rights Amendment, designed to remedy some of the flagrant abuses of women's rights perpetuated in state laws, was defeated in the United States Senate. Whatever the pretext for its rejection, would it have been sidetracked so summarily if there had been a women's lobby in Washington comparable with some of the pressure groups that influence the life of the nation?

Women entitled to vote are at least as numerous as men; in most large cities they outnumber the men decisively. Where, then, are our women mayors governors, jurists and legislators? They are conspicuous by their scarcity, and their performance concededly has not been impressive. Women own or control a large proportion of the nation's wealth. Can you name an outstanding woman philanthropist, industrialist or large-scale employer? The emancipation of women has not improved the institution of marriage; it is estimated that as high as one marriage in four ends in divorce or annulment, and broken homes are more than ever a familiar commonplace of American life.

The inference would seem to be that women work together for their common good only, as they have always done, in the tacit preservation of those female customs and taboos that serve their unreasoning pleasure in romance, in family life and in other social contacts through the exaction of essentially ignoble privileges.

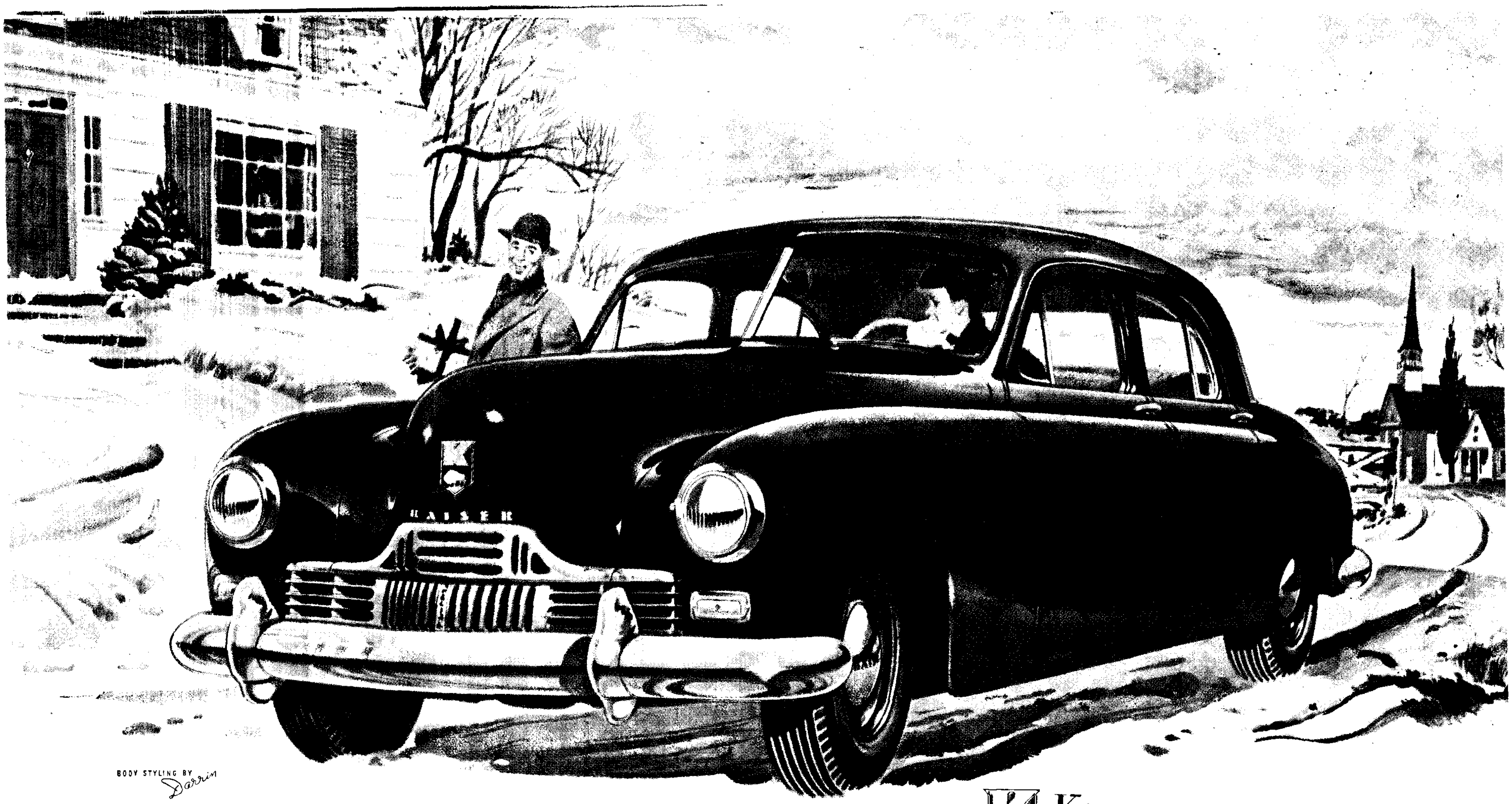


Women feel it necessary not to improve on nature but to disguise it

It is difficult to gauge the exact point at which women stop trying to fool men and really begin to deceive themselves, but an objective analyst cannot escape the conclusion (1) that, partly from a natural device inherent in the species, women deliberately project upon actual or potential suitors an impression of themselves that is not an accurate picture of their total nature, and (2) that few women ever are privileged to see themselves as they really are.

A woman may protest that she is not what the science of medical psychology shows her to be. The answer is that none of us, man or woman, is ever fully conscious of the full import of his or her personality, and that this is especially true of women, whom nature and the accumulated culture of the ages have endowed with complex devices for the protection and perpetuation of the germ plasm.

Woman, as most of us know her, is largely a product of deception and disguise. From her tinted toenails up, as she stands before her mirror in her founda-



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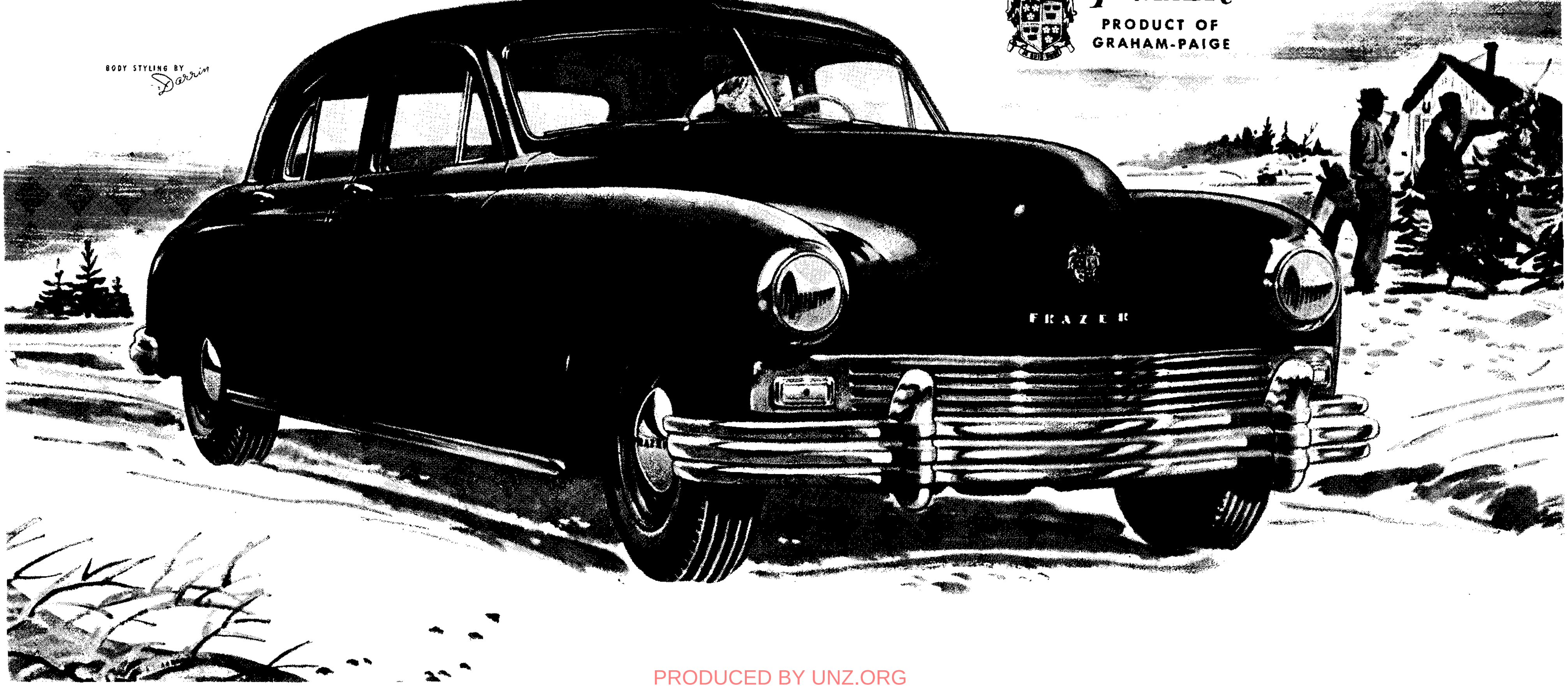

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tion garment, she feels it necessary not to improve upon nature but to disguise it. A man's shaving may be justified as a cultural consideration, but can we say as much for a woman's attachment to artificial eyelashes and fingernails?

The outstanding characteristic of a child is its complete absorption in the chain of desire and fulfillment. We call this narcissism or self-love. The narcissism of the child would seem to be all but surpassed in a majority of women. The consumption of cosmetics and perfumes in the United States makes this industry one of the nation's largest, and an effort is often made to connect this with our cultural and hygienic national growth. Since the greater part of this consumption is traceable to women, it is pertinent to examine the purpose it serves.

Is it primarily to improve, from the standpoint of comfort or aesthetics? Is it consistent with the evolution of the habits of the male, who has disposed of the flowing beard and huge unhygienic mustache of the Gay Nineties? Artificial eyelashes, to say nothing of thick black paint applied over shaved eyebrows, can hardly be classified in terms other than dissimulation and deception.

Not an Aesthetic Paint Job

The colors used in make-up strongly suggest a primitive trend scarcely attributable to the aesthetic or cultural cravings of the race. It is generally accepted that few men prefer that the face they are emotionally interested in should be painted. Yet few women have the courage, independence or inclination to violate the tribal rule of overdecoration of the complexion. By their extreme narcissism they have reduced themselves to a symbol of the genitalia with wings.

Doctors find that a woman's activities often take an abnormal and sometimes mischievous trend if they come into conflict with her central core of femininity. There is a strong suggestion that nature has set up rigid safeguards to keep women in their natural role. Yet we commonly find in women evidences of what we call schizophrenia, or split personality; and perhaps this arises, at least partly, from their tendency to rebel against the function for which nature designed them.

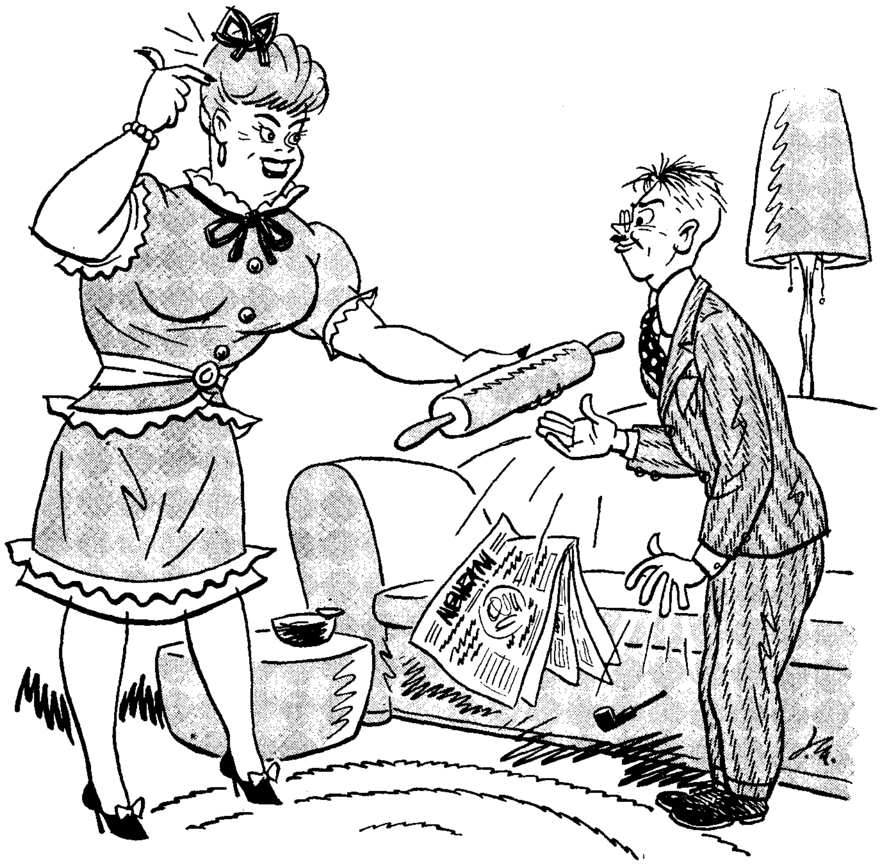
We recognize that one of the key factors in the psychology of women is a deep-seated sense of anatomical inferiority. Many women have a strong unconscious wish to be men. But, at the same time, nature has ordained that they shall yearn for motherhood. This conflict, together with other complicating factors, including a frequent resentment against one or both parents, produces troublesome frustrations. In short, there would seem to be a clash between woman's primitive nature on the one hand and the influence of culture, custom and education on the other. A familiar characteristic in many women—their hesitancy, indecisiveness and inability to make up their minds in small matters—may be a surface symptom of this profound phenomenon.

Woman's life is naturally somewhat tumultuous and unstable. The whirlpools that surround the significant crises of her life—birth, weaning, puberty, menstruation, marriage, pregnancy, motherhood and menopause—are spaced too closely to permit a broad, serene development of the flow of her emotional existence. They can bring into play an insidious chain of accumulating psychic complications.

In supporting the statement made earlier in this article that women are by nature more criminally inclined than men, it would be beside the point to quote statistics on the comparative numbers of men and women arrested for and convicted of crime. A more significant line of inquiry is: How many of the individual woman's inner assets and liabilities compel her to live a socially acceptable existence and how much are her aggressive and antisocial tendencies expressed without reaching the overt classification of a criminal offense?

On the basis of available data, it would seem to be a gross error to assume that men are more inclined to criminality than women are, merely because more recorded crimes are committed by men. Not only are women protected from the consequences of many minor crimes by the code of chivalry, which affects the administration of justice and softens the retaliatory actions of men toward women, but women find it possible to

The psychic mechanism of women is so constituted that the continuous guilt feeling stirs up a subconscious craving for punishment



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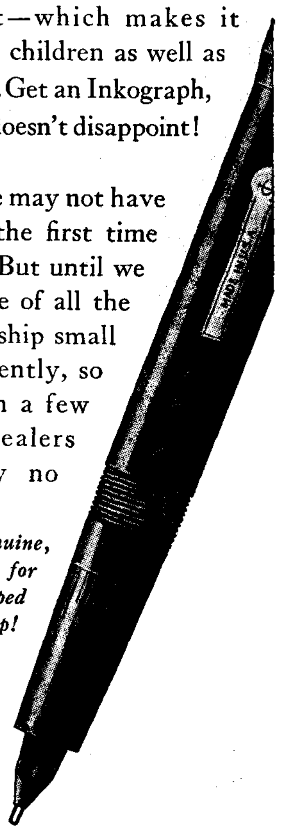


work off in other ways aggressive tendencies that, in men, often result in crimes.

It is not that men have a greater tendency to commit crimes; they are so constituted psychologically that they carry out more directly the impulse that leads to wrongdoing. Woman's nature is more passive and indirect; her tendencies toward potentialities for harm may be worked off through substitute channels.

Statistics on crime in the United States reflect an increasing percentage of aggressive offenses committed by women. The Uniform Crime Reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation show that the increase in robberies committed by women in the first half of 1945 was 60.3 per cent, in auto thefts 23.9 per cent, in drunken driving 16.5 per cent and in assault 10.6 per cent. At the same time the increase in prostitution and other sex offenses, the classical major expression of feminine criminal conduct, was only 6.6 per cent.

Crime among women increased four times as much as among men in 1941, when the effects of war conditions were beginning to be felt. Of 630,568 arrest records examined by the F.B.I., 9.2 per cent were of women, compared with 8.5 per cent in 1940 and 7.6 per cent in 1939. Twelve of every 1,000 women arrested in 1941 were charged with murder, compared with 10 out of every 1,000 men. Proportionately, women were arrested for larceny more often than men.

Statistics on Female Criminality

In 1943, women were involved in 16 per cent of 490,764 arrests throughout the nation tabulated by the F.B.I Breaking down the total arrests, we find that women's share in each crime category was: drunkenness, 1 per cent; larceny, 5 per cent; homicide, 13 per cent; embezzlement and fraud, 13 per cent; liquor laws, 18 per cent; disorderly conduct, 24 per cent; vagrancy, 35 per cent; commercialized vice, 73 per cent; other sex offenses, 32 per cent.

Have women, then, a larger reservoir of what might be called latent criminal tendencies than men have? Is it true that they are less likely to wander over the line laid down by the law? One finds no valid ground for believing so. Comparative studies of the personalities of all classes of women and of men convicted of crimes show great similarity, especially in such traits as self-centeredness, superficial feelings, acquisitive drives, materialistic viewpoint, sense of insecurity and guilt, and liability to emotional upsets.

In both men and women, personal difficulties and annoyances set up tensions that must be worked off in one way or another. The channels by which they find outlet may be healthy or morbid, depending upon the individual and his environment. In one person they may be represented by a physical illness or a nervous breakdown; in another they may account for prodigies of useful work, such as the artistic achievement of a neurotic genius, and in a third they may stimulate an expression of revolt.

Men usually express such emotions in a dramatic outburst, which may lead to their arrest, while women learn to discharge the tensions in a continual current of hostility and discontent—a sadistic and masochistic flow that saves them from overt crime, prosecution and prison.

Periodically we are shocked to read of especially violent and gruesome crimes committed by women. The facts suggest that, although women engage in these and other crimes less frequently than men, their greater instability and emotionality equip them for violence that is more furiously vengeful and spectacular. Here, also, one finds additional evidence of the presence of woman's primitive heritage—uncivilized tendencies that appear to be buried less deeply than in men.

Although fewer women than men are arrested for acquisitive crimes, women's acquisitive drive and materialistic qualities appear to be more pronounced than men's, especially in view of the large part of the nation's wealth spent by women and the time consumed in doing so. One may note that this purchasing is not always for immediate needs, but often is influenced by bargains or advantages in market variation. Some of the articles so bought remain tucked away or unused or become part of overstocking. One seldom finds a reasonable explanation for the motivation of this desire, but it is presumably one manifestation of the sense of insecurity that is often extreme in women.

With the possible exception of prostitutes, who often share their earnings with paramours, most women who succumb to acquisitive crimes reap the benefit themselves. In the case of a shoplifter, for instance, the articles she picks up usually are for her own adornment or comfort and are virtually never something that could be given to a man. On the other hand, a high percentage of male offenders count women in on the proceeds of their crimes.

In many of their encounters with the law, as in other departments of life, women still do not stand on an equal status with men. Not long ago, we read in the newspapers of two youthful schoolteachers who had entertained some of their 13- and 15-year-old male pupils in their home overnight. If the sexes had been reversed, this would have constituted a virtually indefensible case of statutory rape or of impairing the morals of minors. But what happened? One drew a suspended sentence, the other a year in jail. Consider what might have been the case had the teachers been men and the pupils adolescent girls.

In men, troublesome tensions tend to accumulate and explode in a violent, spectacular act, whereas women are more likely to live out these discharges in their daily existence. It appears that women tend to express their feelings in a much more indirect fashion.

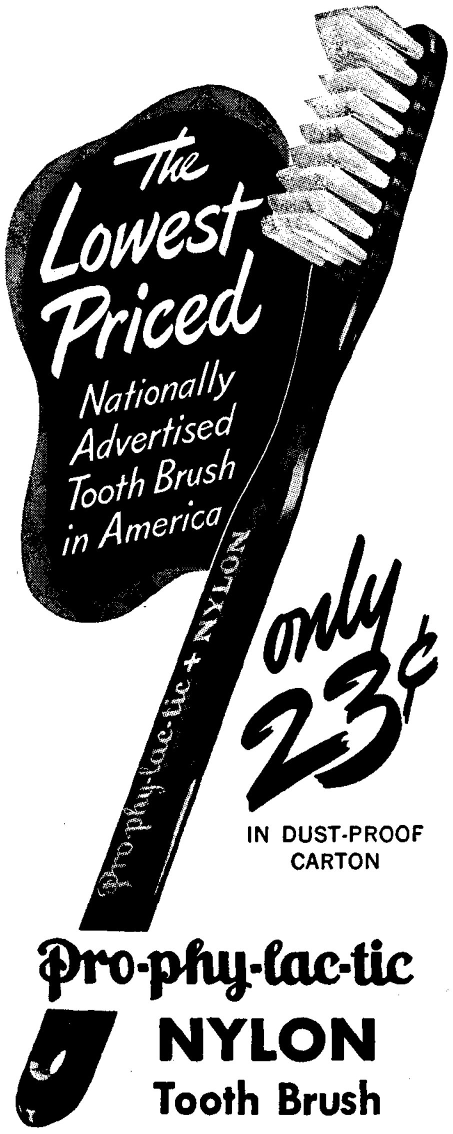
Picture of a Domestic Tyrant

A familiar pattern, one of many such forms of expression, appears when the wife, though remaining amiable to others, becomes a shrew, a terror, and a constant critic of the smallest actions of the members of her household. In compelling herself to suffer, she transfers her emotions to her environment and indulges in sadistic trends in the guise of illness. Even to herself—perhaps one should say especially to herself—the motivation for her actions is obscure and indistinct.

Unfortunately, such women—and they are not rare by any means—do not seem to recognize or understand the actual or potential havoc caused by their tantrums and tirades. Though men endure these emotional storms with stoic resignation as a supposedly normal part of domestic life, medical experts do not view them so lightly. It is recognized that emotional instability and neuroses, especially of the hysterical type, are highly contagious and may be transmitted from a wife to her husband, but especially to her growing children.

In the developing science of mental hygiene, the importance of domestic harmony will someday be properly underscored in the public mind. Meanwhile, it is a paradox that so many women who seem so angelic as sweethearts lose that quality as wives and mothers. Perhaps Pope understood this when he wrote: "They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake!"

Nor is women's feline propensity for metaphorically scratching and biting confined to marriage. Their capacity for verbally clawing at one another may be observed daily. Indeed, it has tacitly at-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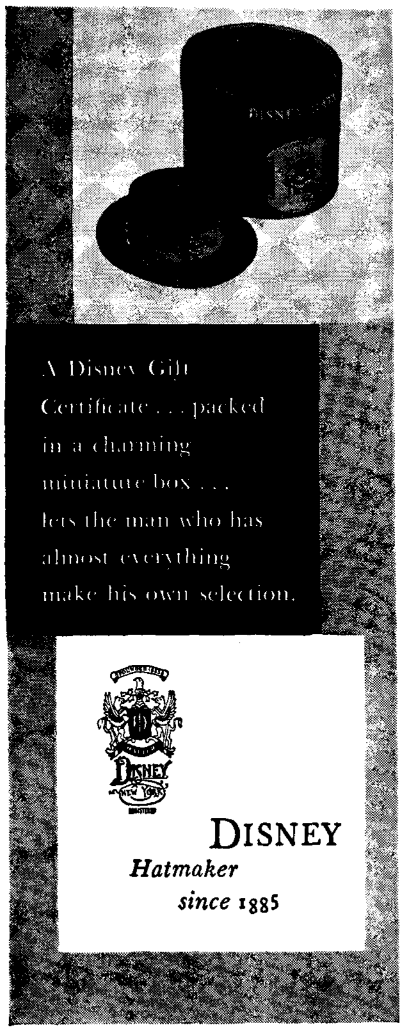
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tained the status of a popular parlor game, as evidenced by the reluctance with which a woman leaves a room in which her assembled "friends" may discuss her in her absence. "It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women," as Rochebrune remarked. May not one discern in this characteristically feminine proclivity an atavistic pattern remaining from the time when semisavage women contended, physically and otherwise, for social position and marital opportunities?

Jack Dempsey, commenting on women's obviously intense enjoyment of prize fights, once said that they must love blood. At wrestling matches, hockey and basketball games and other exciting contests they also are among the most avid spectators—as they were at the jousts of the gladiators in ancient Rome and at the toppling of heads at the guillotine during the French Revolution. This almost instinctual fascination with danger and horror would seem to be a vestigial remembrance of the thrill and danger of the ancient hunts in which women were captured and subdued.

These are plain symptoms of a very human inclination to impose torment and be tormented. Woman's nature, in combination with the diverse compulsions and taboos of civilization, gives rise to a strong craving for mistreatment. Her contradictory wishes and disappointments often tend to build up enormous resentments and a great hunger for revenge. But basic human nature, in man or woman, is not reasonable or logical. Compulsive emotions may be directed against targets other than the inspiring source, or they may manifest themselves as a direct opposite of their true nature.

Guilt and Punishment

Woman's tendency to punish herself, either directly or through another, is a talisman that identifies her with virtually all low offenders. In dealing with prison inmates of all classes and studying their records, one is struck by the almost incredible persistence and regularity with which many of them stray into another act that will bring down upon them penalties similar to or even more severe than the ones they have already expiated. While women wait for no authority to inflict punishment, their psychic mechanism is so constituted that the continuous guilt feeling stirs up a subconscious craving for punishment.

Because women's emotional growth has not had time to keep step with their intellectual and economic development, they are closer to a childlike state of elemental nature than men in general are. As in the child, a very thin film of inhibition stands between instinct and satisfaction.

And, again, as in the child, the feeling of guilt is developed as a result of indulgence of the instinct, and an expectation of punishment follows. This interplay of guilt feelings and punishment is pronounced and significant in woman's emotional life.

The general findings of this observer's report on American womanhood—which must be recognized as but a glancing, partial treatment of the vast subject of the feminine nature—may be simmered down to four main items:

1. Women's celebrated progress toward a vaguely defined goal of emancipation is essentially dangerous in that they have advanced too rapidly on a social and economic plane without a corresponding adjustment of their emotional life.

2. Women's total nature—conscious and subconscious—is comparable with that of preadolescent children and of men inclined to criminal propensities. Women have, in common with children and potential criminals, the characteristics of emotional instability, fragility of inhibition between instinctive desires and their fulfillment, and a limited ability to endure disappointment

3. Women do not *want* full equality under the organic law because that might force them to relax some of the unwritten social and ethical laws under which they have immemorially kept men in subjection.

4. Women do not fully know themselves. Many of the traits that they do recognize in themselves and in one another they conspire to conceal or distort by means of feminine disguises, deception and dissimulation.

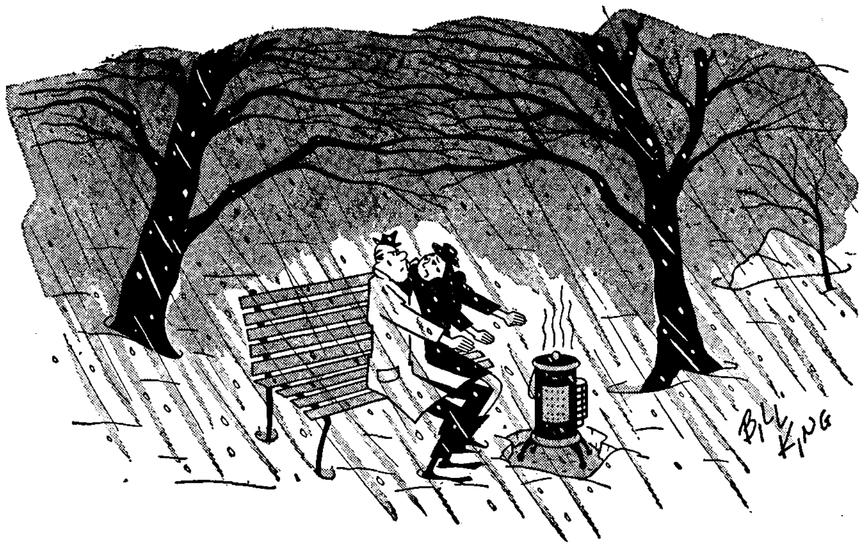
If women really wanted the equality that some of them have been demanding, and were willing to accept the responsibilities implicit in that status, the fulfillment of their quest would be one of the finest things that have ever happened to them. But the fact is that for decades women have been crying for equality at the same time that they have been demonstrating their unwillingness to accept its implications.

In short, the job that faces women is to grow up emotionally. They need to understand that their aggressive drives can be released without taking a toll of victims. By participating in group activities they can learn to put their aggressiveness to good use by making it promote group interests.

Woman's craving for security should be switched from an entirely materialistic viewpoint toward the gratification of her own and her family group's emotional and intellectual strivings. And, as a primary guide to serve her best interests in all things, she might post this slogan in a conspicuous place:

Women are not angelic.

THE END



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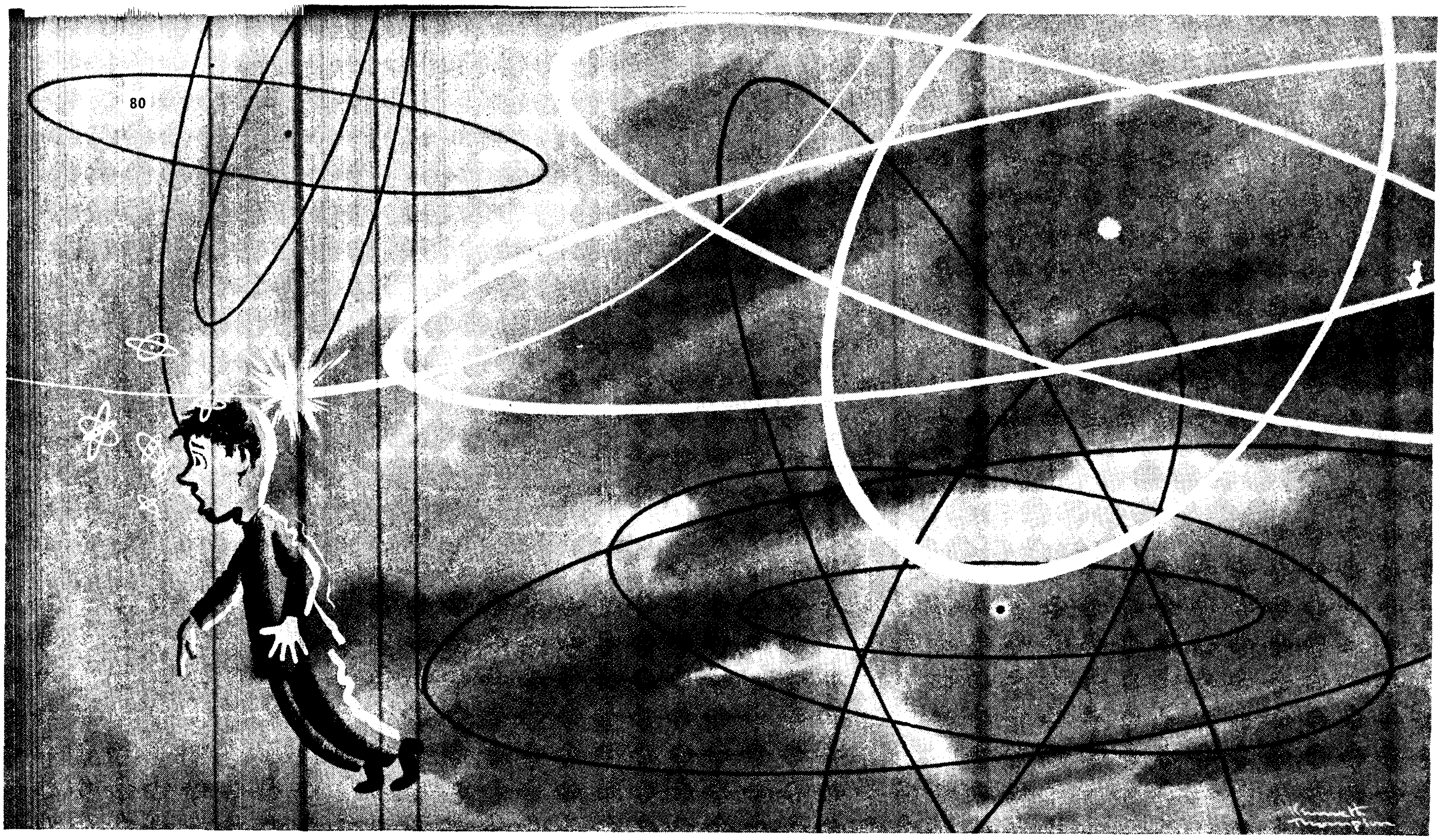

LET'S SPLIT THE EDUCATION ATOM

In the era just ahead, our chief problem will be bread and circuses. Up to now our schools have done little to help us obtain either. Here one of the country's leading educators sounds a warning and a challenge

BY ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

THE discussion of atomic energy has naturally centered around the question whether we can survive in the Atomic Age. I suggest that we give some attention to the question of what we are going to do with ourselves if we do survive.

When atomic power is available, new industries and communities can be created anywhere, because the cost of transporting the sources of atomic energy is negligible. Old industries and communities may dissolve. This will make for great insecurity.

In addition, the leisure the Atomic Age will bring may make peace more horrible than war. We face the dreadful prospect of hour after hour, day after day, with nothing to do. After we have read all the comic books, traveled all the miles, seen all the movies, and drunk all the liquor we can stand, what are we going to do then? Millions of us are old enough to testify that all forms of recreation eventually lose their charm.

There will be similar strains on our political system. Only a powerful central government, it will be supposed, can supply stability. The physical forces with which we are dealing are so tremendous that we shall be unwilling to entrust them to private persons. We may even hear that we need a Leader.

The principal problems of the government will be security and boredom. And so the world comes back again to bread and circuses.

What has all this to do with American education as we have known it? Very little. These problems are of the utmost seriousness and urgency. American education has been happily free from any sense of either.

There has been no particular reason to regard education in America as serious or urgent. Our country was rich, secure and powerful. The American people have therefore been at liberty to devote themselves wholeheartedly to getting ahead. A social prejudice was fortunately established that you could get ahead a little faster if you went to school a little longer. The more expensive and famous the school the greater the advantage it conferred. What went on in the school was of little importance.

Now we face a new and totally different world. We may not know what will hold this new world together; we do know what will make it explode, and that is the pursuit of those policies and ideals which have characterized our country, and most others, in the past.

Civilization can be saved only by a moral, intellectual, and spiritual revolution. If American education can contribute to this revolution, then it offers a real hope of salvation to suffering humanity everywhere. If it cannot or will not contribute, then it is irrelevant, and its fate is immaterial.

I believe in world government. I think we must have it, and soon. But the most ardent advocate of a world state will not claim that it can be maintained, or perhaps even come into existence, without the moral, intellectual, and spiritual revolution to which I have referred. World government is not a gadget, which in one easy motion can preserve mankind. It can live and last only as it institutionalizes the brotherhood of man.

It may be said that the task before American education is impossible, and I admit it looks so. We must try to arrive at our destination in not more than five years, for within that time other countries will have atomic bombs. We must educate all Americans, for who can foretell which

(Continued on page 87)

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THE TENNESSEE RIFLE

Continued from page 19

British general fell. Prom's fame was shouted in the streets of New Orleans, and dark-eyed beauties by the barouche-ful started looking for him.

They couldn't find him because Prom had gone to talk to General Jackson. The general was on his couch, plumb tuckered but with those blue eyes still gleaming. He was looking at Prom, and his face was stern.

"The Tennessee men say you shot Pakenham but I hear some Kentuckians are claiming you didn't," said the general. "What's the straight of it?"

"Be derned if I know, General," said Prom. "If I shot at him, then of course I killed him. But I don't know if he was one of the ones I shot at."

General Jackson's eyes grew soft then. "What do you want, son?"

Prom said, "What's west of Tennessee, west of Arkansas Territory and west of the Pawnees?"

"Why," said the general, "if you go far enough, there's another ocean."

"King George got any men out there?"

General Jackson smiled and said, "I see." He was silent for a moment, and maybe he was thinking about his own youth when he was carving out his piece of Tennessee. "There's a place called Boston," he said. "I hear there are men there who have sailed that ocean, and maybe will sail it again."

BY THE time Prom reached Boston, his brown homespun had given out. He wore the tatters of the shirt and gray ducking pantaloons that stopped at the calves of his legs. He did not mind. It was summer.

Leaving his rifle ashore, Prom rowed out to the nearest ship and announced he wanted to sail on her. The captain was a hawk-nosed Yankee with black teeth. He didn't need hands. But he was short on fun, and Prom looked like the makings.

"Who are you?" asked the captain.

"I'm a Tennessee man," said Prom.

"And where," asked the Yankee captain, "is Tennessee?"

Prom kept his temper. "Where Andy Jackson comes from," he said.

"And who," asked the captain, "is Andy Jackson?"

When the captain recovered consciousness he summoned ten hands and had Prom thrown over the side. Prom swam ashore, got his rifle, sat down on the wharf and started shooting cordage off the ship. It was a good thing her sails were down. As it was, the crew was splicing rope half the night.

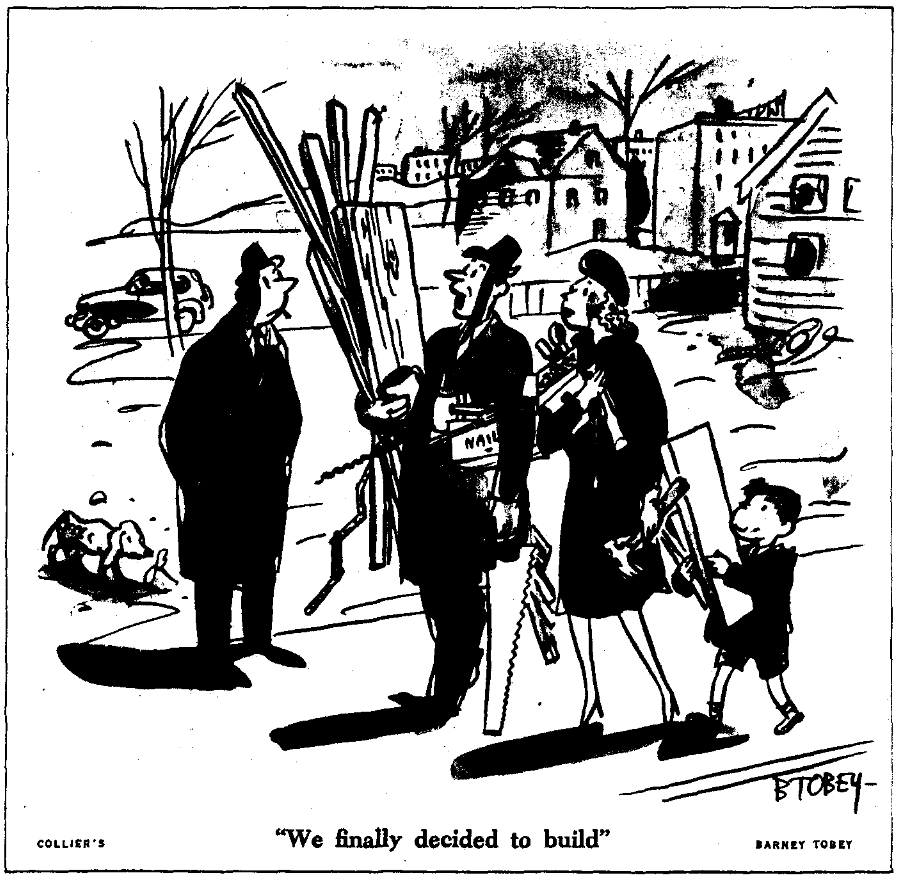
The captain wanted to send fifteen men ashore and murder Prom. But the mate, a rat-eyed little man who could think ahead, reminded the captain where the ship was bound and said they could use a man who could shoot a rifle like that. So the captain sent twenty men ashore that night and they found Prom with his back turned and dragged him aboard and chained him below.

The third day at sea Prom got tired of the bilge water. He pulled his chains out of the ship's rib and climbed topside. The captain was all for calling thirty men and tossing Prom into the sea. But the mate reminded the captain again where they were headed.

When the ship came up off the California coast, the captain kept her hull down from shore till he passed the Presidio of Monterey. He finally put in at an uninhabited little half moon of a bay a few miles below the Presidio of San Francisco. There he unloaded half his cargo of Massachusetts pots and pans, set Prom and his rifle ashore, and told Prom to guard the goods until the ship returned.

You see what that captain was up to? He was a bad 'un, but he was doing only what all the Yankee captains were doing those days. The king of Spain levied a tax on all cargoes coming into his California. Yankee ships had to put in first at the Presidio of Monterey, declare their cargo and pay up before they could trade. The captain was just saving a few Yankee dollars before entering San Francisco Bay with full cargo.

He told Prom the ship would be back in ten days at the most. Prom sat on the shore fifteen days, admiring those low green mountains behind him that looked a little like his own Tennessee. Then he picked up his rifle and started inland. It was just as well. A storm caught the ship almost before she was



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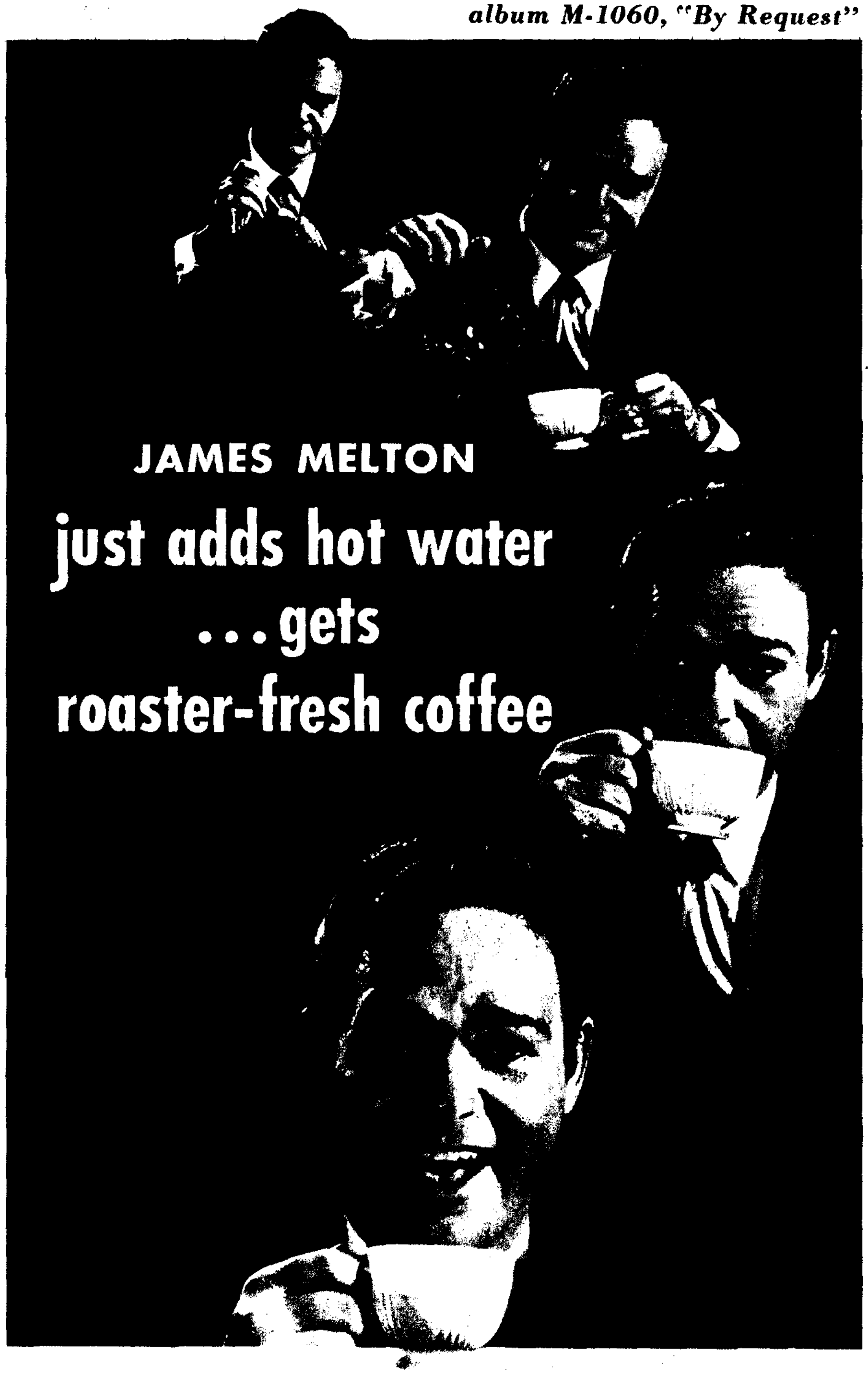

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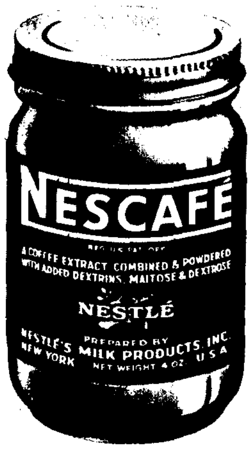
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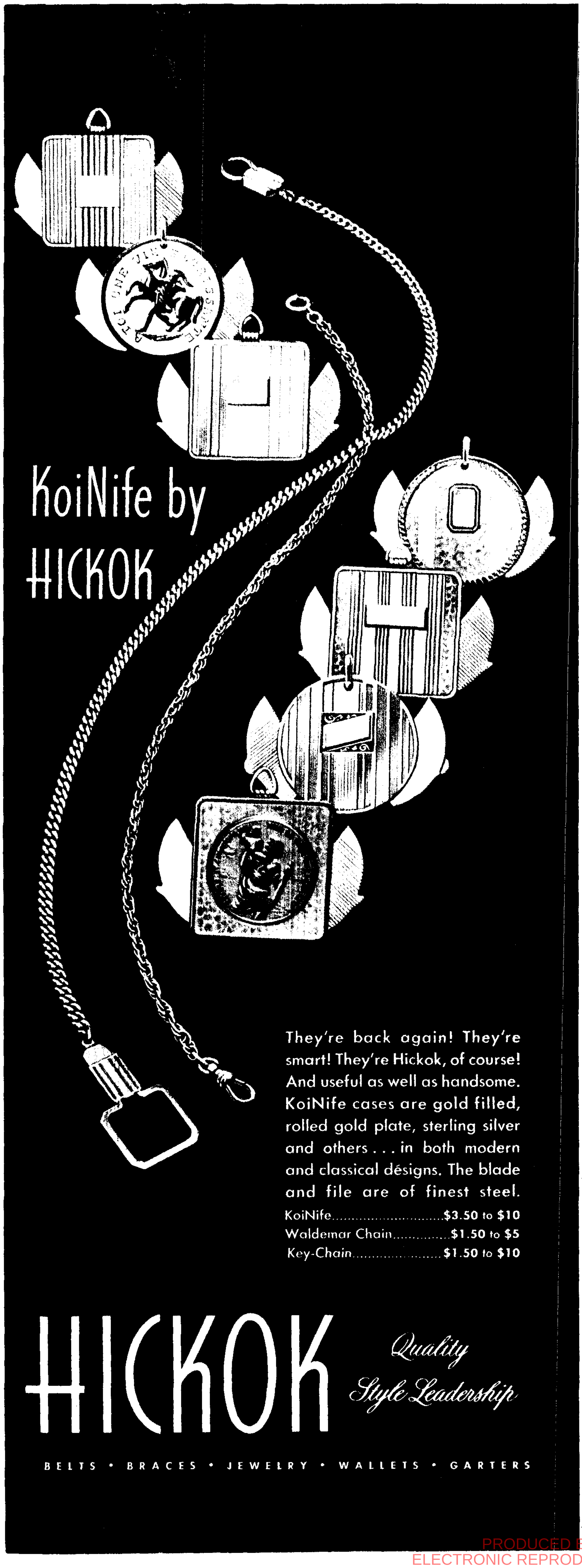
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out of sight, and the hawk-nosed captain and the rat-eyed mate and every man jack aboard her was drowned. That was just as well, too. The captain had intended that, before his vessel returned to Boston, he would muster the whole ship's company and dangle Prom from the yardarm.

Prom climbed to the top of the little mountain chain and looked down on another mighty body of water, with more mountains on the other side of it. This was the Bay of San Francisco, which Prom had never heard of. But he figured rightly that he was on a peninsula, and that people must be living on it somewhere.

Nearing the flatland, Prom heard the boom of a musket. He ran up a hill with some cover and looked down. It was a strange sight. Strung out below was a line of donkeys, with men on some of them and big packs on others and a girl on one. Arms were flapping and heels were kicking, but the donkeys *weren't running.* Prom could see that the Indians, coming in on foot from the other side with arrows and spears, were going to have their way easy.

He hated to shoot them because they were red like his friends the Cherokees back in Tennessee, and for all he knew the donkey riders were George the Third's men, getting ready to make more trouble for Andy Jackson. But then he looked at the girl, trying to bat her donkey's ears and reload her musket at the same time. She was the one who fired that shot. And she was very little and very mad and very determined.

So Prom sighed and leveled down on the redmen. He had to kill three or four before the others gave up and high-tailed it back to the Sierra. Then he loped down the hill to the girl.

She looked at him with her big eyes, and she smiled. "Who are you and where did you come from and what made you grow so big?" she asked. She said it in Spanish, which Prom didn't know a word of. It didn't matter. He was listening to the words in her eyes. Dark, bottomless pools of eyes. Prom fell in. Plumb.

By the time the donkeys had shuffled their way over the last few hills and a stretch of sand dunes and pulled up before an imposing fort on the very tip of the peninsula, Prom was far along on his Spanish nouns and almost ready to begin with the verbs.

CONCHITA had to break off her teaching when everybody rushed out of the presidio and made a big fuss about her. After all, she had come a long ways, from a place called Mexico City, to join her father. Old Don Pedro Gomez Guerrero was white-haired and thin-nosed, with a glitter in his eye. Prom, standing off to one side and watching the to-do, figured out the don must hold a place in this country kind of like Andy Jackson's in Tennessee.

When the shouting died down a little, Don Pedro spied Prom. "Who is this mangy dog of a dog?" he thundered.

Prom just stood there, smiling foolishly. But not Conchita. She ran over to Prom and threw her arms around him as high up as she could reach. Then she turned and faced her father.

"He is my hero and my Quixote and my savior, and his name is Prometheus Yates," she said. "Also he is wonderful. Also I am going to marry him."

"He is a Yankee spy!" roared Don Pedro. "Guards!"

Conchita spun around and stood on her tiptoes and kissed the point of Prom's chin fiercely, and then gave him a push. Her eyes were not gentle brown now. They were twin black furies. "Run, Prometheus," she cried. "Run for your life."

Prom just stood there, looking puzzled and helpless. "But Conchita, he's your pa. I can't run from your pa."

He didn't even fight back when the guards took away his rifle, and there were only eight of them. They dumped him in the guardhouse, and he just sat there mooning. Love was glorious, and love was confusing. . . .

After Conchita had cried for three days and scratched the eyes out of three duennas, Don Pedro sent for her.

"As if I didn't have enough trouble," he said, "what with the Czar of All The Russias trying to steal beautiful California from our poor Good King Ferdinand. Now you have to fall in love with a Yankee spy."

"He is not a spy," said Conchita. "He is my life and my love and my Quixote and —"

"I know, I know," said the don wearily.

"You forget that he saved my life," said Conchita.

"A Yankee trick," snapped Don Pedro. "He set the Indians on you. Why else was he at the right place at the right time? How could one man with one rifle beat off all those Indians?"

"Ah, but you have not seen my Prometheus shoot the rifle," said Conchita. And that set a scheme astir in that fast little head of hers. "What is this Russian business?" she asked.

DON PEDRO sighed. The Russian business was bad business. King Ferdinand owned all of California right up to the tip of this very peninsula, and claimed the rest on the soundest of titles. But here beyond the peninsula was this neck of water, half a league of it, that was a gate opening into the Bay of San Francisco. A beautiful gate it was, all golden in the evening sun. And the green hills there on the other side of it were lovely. But those hills were full of the accursed Cossacks.

The Czar of All The Russias had promised Good King Ferdinand that he would not send his Cossacks south of Fort Ross, the Russian stronghold which was four days' march to the north. But who can trust a Muscovite? This very morning word had come that the Cossacks, moving under the guise of innocent seal hunters, had collected boats there on the other side of the gate that was golden. And anybody could see that whosoever controlled this gate would control California.

Listening to all this, Conchita's eyes were black and agleam again, for she was a faithful subject of Good King Ferdinand. But mostly she was thinking of her scheme. This was a situation that called for the mightiest of warriors. At this moment there was in the guardhouse a man. . . .

"No and never and no!" cried Don Pedro. But his daughter's eyes suddenly were brown and liquid again. He looked into them and sent for Prom.

Alas, the mere sight of Prom set him off. "Confess!" he roared. "Confess that you are a Yankee spy!" Prom was looking at Conchita, and Don Pedro had to shout it twice more before he heard.

"I'm not a spy for nobody," Prom said mildly. "But if I was I wouldn't be no Yankee spy. I'd be a Andy Jackson spy."

"A Jackson spy!" Don Pedro was purple now. "That's it. A Jackson spy! Ah, that rascal Jackson. He's taken Florida, the second loveliest jewel in the Spanish crown. Now he's after California, the brightest jewel of them all. I see it all now. Oh, that rascal Jackson! Oh, our poor good Ferdinand!"

Prom stood there for a second, sort of dazed and unbelieving. Then he reached out and picked up Don Pedro and held him high in the air, and the Lord knows what would have happened if Conchita had not jumped up on a chair and grabbed him by the ear. He set Don Pedro down just as the guards rushed in. Conchita went back and cried three more days.

The third night the Czar of All The

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Russias made his move. Just inside the golden gate lay a rocky little islet, its steep slopes bright green with moss. Solid Spanish territory it was, carried on the maps as Isla de Alcatraces. When the morning sun arose, the Russians were atop it with a twelve-pounder. The cannon commanded the straits and the channels to right and left. No Spanish sail could pass. The bay was sealed.

"Ah, those treacherous Muscovites!" moaned Don Pedro. "Oh, that rascal Jackson!"

Conchita sat on a hillside most of the day, thinking and watching the Russians ferrying a second cannon to the islet from the far shore.

Late in the afternoon, she bestirred herself. She went down to the beach, picked out the stoutest of Don Pedro's small boats, and hid it in a cove. When black night came she tiptoed from beneath Don Pedro's roof, gasping under the weight of Prom's rifle. She hid it near the guardhouse, then walked up smiling to the guard.

"Good evening, Juan," she said.

"Good evening, señorita," said the guard.

"Shall I scream now, Juan?" she said.

"Did you say scream, señorita?"

Conchita was smiling sweetly, but her eyes were getting black again.

"Of course, Don Pedro will flay you alive," she said. "His sweet and virtuous daughter. And you a mere nobody, too."

"I do not understand, señorita."

"And he will make of your hide the longest and thinnest of strips."

"But, señorita—"

"And of these strips he will weave a noose for your brothers and your father and your father's brothers."

"Mercy, señorita! Mercy!"

"Shall I scream now, Juan?"

Conchita thoughtfully took Juan's keys before Juan deserted Good King Ferdinand's service and disappeared into the wilderness forever. When she entered the guardhouse, Prom reached for her with his right hand and for his rifle with his left.

DAWN was breaking when Don Pedro's soldiers on the shore saw the little boat circling around the Isla de Alcatraces with Conchita at the oars and Prom standing up in the middle. The soldiers sent a runner for Don Pedro, but Prom had already killed five Russians before Don Pedro arrived.

Prom was circling just out of musket range, firing as fast as his eye could find Russian seal caps and as fast as his arm could pump that hickory ramrod. It must be said for the Russians that they fought like men. Time and again they reached their cannon and once they even got off a ball. But they could not depress the cannon enough to reach that bobbing little boat. The ball went thirty feet over Prom's head.

The boat went round and round, and Prom's shots became fewer and fewer. From time to time Don Pedro caught faintly the sound of a battle cry thundering out of Prom. The Russians on the islet were much closer than Don Pedro, and to them the battle cry must have sounded like a fearful roar. But Don Pedro was so far away, with the wind in the wrong direction, that he could not be sure he caught the words.

By noon, Prom could find no more sealskin caps and Don Pedro had a detachment of his stoutest men on their way over by boat. By nightfall, the Isla de Alcatraces was once again safely in Good King Ferdinand's hands, never to be threatened by the Russians again. In fact, they were so dispirited that in time they gave up Fort Ross, too, and retired to Alaska.

When Prom and Conchita rowed ashore, Don Pedro took his daughter aside. His eyes were suspicious.

"What was that dog of a dog bellowing out there?"

Conchita looked at him reproachfully. She kept right on looking until Don Pedro said grudgingly, "All right, that *good* dog of a dog."

"He was yelling, 'Down with King George!' " said Conchita.

"Aha, I thought so. And why was he yelling, 'Down with King George'? Who did you tell him he was fighting?"

Conchita looked down and said nothing. Neither then nor ever after.

Don Pedro proclaimed four feast days, even permitting Conchita to place Prom at his right hand at the feast table. Prom brought his rifle, for he could not easily forget an insult. But Don Pedro tactfully avoided all mention of Andy Jackson and spying, and gradually Prom relaxed. He found fiestas were fun, although he denied himself attendance at the cockfights.

HE BEGAN to enjoy the long siestas in the California sunshine, and finally laid his rifle aside. This worried Don Pedro, for he feared another Russian sally. Prom knew better, and slept peacefully through the warm days.

But not Conchita. Conchita wanted to get married. She pestered old Don Pedro until the poor man was beside himself.

"He is a mule of a Yankee," said Don Pedro, then added quickly, "but he is a good mule."

"He is my mule and my Quixote and—"

"Enough!" cried Don Pedro. "Marry then your mule. But you know the law, as made and provided by Good King Ferdinand. The law must be obeyed."

Conchita knew the law. She ran and awakened Prom. He stretched and listened and said sleepily, "That's fine."

"There is a law," added Conchita. "A very little law."

"Oh-oh," said Prom. "What is this law?"

"You must become a loyal subject of Good King Ferdinand."

Prom did not get angry. He just said, with quiet dignity, "I am a citizen of the State of Tennessee and of the United States of America, and I will ever be."

"But it is such a little thing," said Conchita.

"It is not a little thing," answered Prom. "It is the biggest thing in the world."

Conchita pleaded. She wept. She cajoled. Prom was touched, for he loved her truly. But he was a rock of firmness.

Conchita returned to Don Pedro.

"The law must go," she said.

"The law cannot go," said her father. "If we give up one little law to these Yankees they will think they own our beautiful California."

Conchita pleaded. She wept. She cajoled. She was preparing to storm when Prom walked in. His rifle was on his shoulder.

"I'm going on a little trip," he said.

"Where?" asked Don Pedro in alarm.

Prom waved a vague hand to the south. He started out the door.

"Wait!" cried Don Pedro. The old man was thunderstruck, and though he was a brave don he knew fear in that moment. Those terrible Muscovites would be certain to find out that Prom had left. And then . . .

Prom stopped and turned around. Don Pedro was mumbling almost to himself, "Poor Good King Ferdinand, I will give up one little law to save beautiful California for you."

Prom kept his rifle on his shoulder. "When I marry me a girl," he said, "she must become a citizen of the state of Tennessee and of the United States of America, and she must forever be."

"I will give up two little laws," said Don Pedro in anguish.

Prom set his rifle down and reached for Conchita.

THE END

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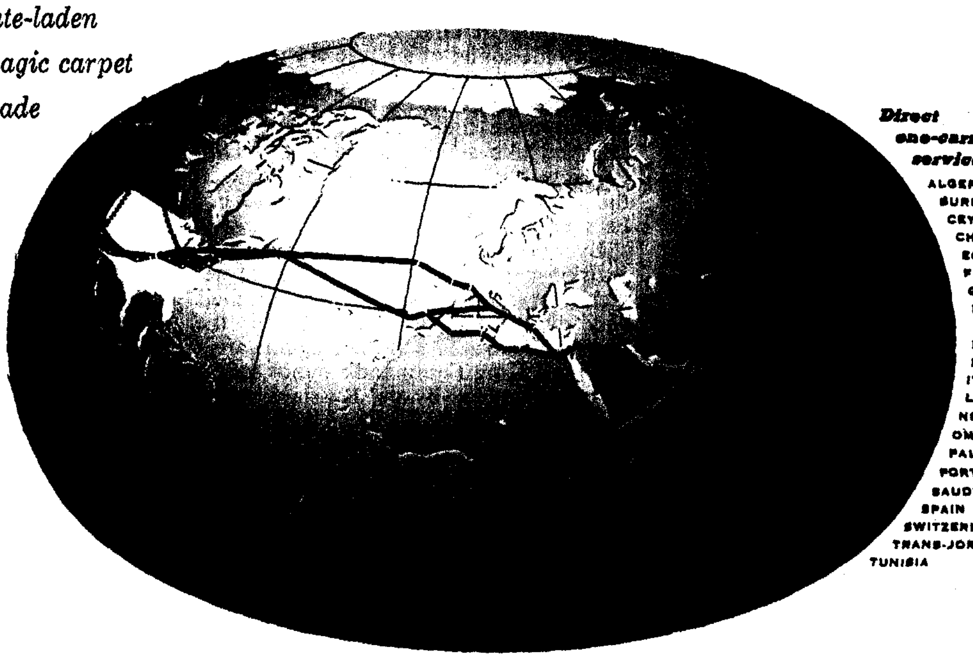

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LET'S SPLIT THE EDUCATION ATOM

Continued from page 80

Americans will have the decisive voice in the formation of our policies?

We must try by example to lead the rest of the world to educate itself; for, if education succeeded in changing the hearts of Americans, and the hearts of other peoples remained unchanged, we should merely have the satisfaction of being blown up with changed hearts rather than unchanged ones. Not many Americans have enough faith in the immortality of the soul to regard this as more than a dubious consolation.

But my answer to all objections is the same: This revolution is necessary, and therefore possible. We do not know to what heights men can attain if they understand that it is necessary for them to reach them. We do not know what education can accomplish, because we have never tried it.

How Many Years Are Necessary?

Consider the question of time. Does anybody honestly believe that it is impossible to complete a program of liberal education in less than four years? Or is there anybody who can prove that President Gannon of Fordham is wrong in saying that liberal education should be completed by the age of 18, four years earlier than is normally the case?

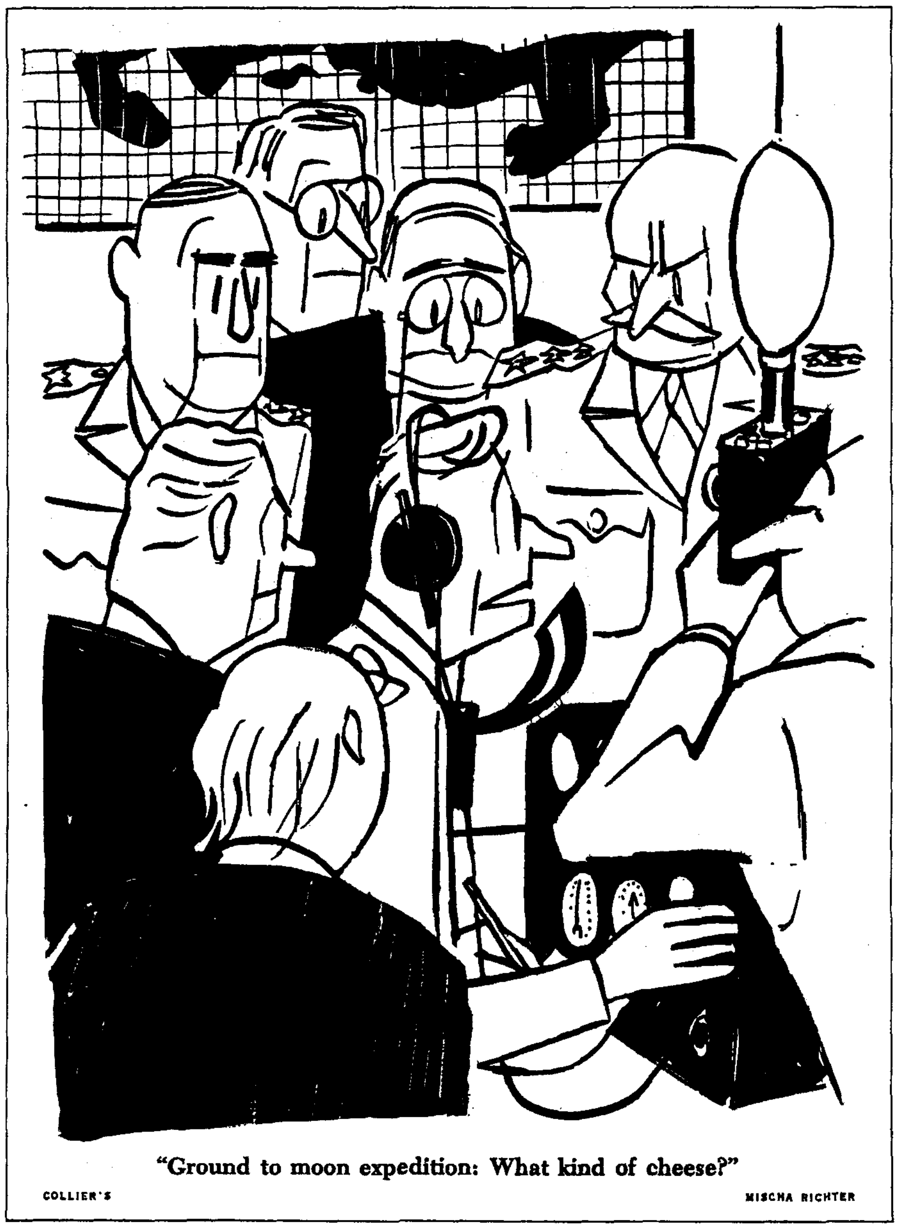
One of the most amusing features of the current educational situation is the outraged cries of educators at the spectacle of the hordes of people clamoring for education. Isn't this the opportunity we have been waiting for? Don't we believe in education? Don't we agree that in a democracy we must educate everybody or abandon universal suffrage?

As for the geographical scale on which education must now operate, we may remind ourselves that the problem before UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—is not more difficult under modern conditions of transportation and communication than that which Horace Mann faced in Massachusetts a hundred years ago.

Think of the chance there is today in adult education. Work is the enemy of education, and we are entering an age in which there will be unprecedented leisure for all. Leisure and recreation are not the same. Leisure has nothing to do with idleness. Leisure is that portion of the individual's time which he devotes to his moral and intellectual development and to participation in the life of the community of which he is a part. The more leisure there is, the better for civilization.

If American educators want to help save the world within the next few years, they must attend to the education of adults, for only they will have the influence within that period to affect the course of events. But education can no longer be looked upon as a casual activity attended by third-rate bookkeepers who want to become second-rate bookkeepers.

Think of the time, thought, effort and money we have wasted on vocational training. Its relevance to a moral, intellectual and spiritual reformation is certainly remote. And its relevance to the task of earning a living will reach the vanishing point in the Atomic Age. When we can make anything out of anything or nothing, anywhere, in any amount, almost without measurable cost, the fraction of our lives that will go into making things will be about the same as that which fortunate savages devote to picking their daily diet off the trees.



"Ground to moon expedition: What kind of cheese?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

The vocational education the world needs is education for the common vocation of citizenship. This is liberal education.

Where can liberal education be found today? In the United States the phrase "college of liberal arts" conveys no meaning to the mind. Most of the institutions so called deserve the name of trade schools, kindergartens, country clubs, body-building institutes, or reformatories. We do not know what these colleges could accomplish if they organized themselves to give a liberal education and then proceeded to give it, without regard to the demands of graduate schools, parents, football coaches and academic vested interests.

Many colleges boast that they have a highly diversified curriculum, or indeed none at all, in order to develop the special aptitudes of students. I have the impression that this kind of program results from the special interests of professors rather than those of students. Students can be interested in anything that is made important to them.

But for that we need a new type of teacher, and hence a new kind of place to train teachers, a new kind of graduate school. This school should be liberal, too. The members of this graduate faculty should not be selected in terms of their competence in specialized fields, but in terms of their capacity to see knowledge as a whole, to engage in candid and intrepid thinking about fundamental problems, and to guide the student in his efforts to do such thinking.

The colleges and universities today have lost any sense of community within them. Since everybody, even the sophomore, is a specialist, nobody can communicate with anybody else. The conversation among the students is about athletics and among the faculty about the weather.

Some of the most venerable of our institutions of learning—Harvard, Yale and Princeton—have now endorsed the movement to restore community in higher education. The movement is now respectable, and it is to be hoped that it will gain momentum.

Should Emphasize Human Values

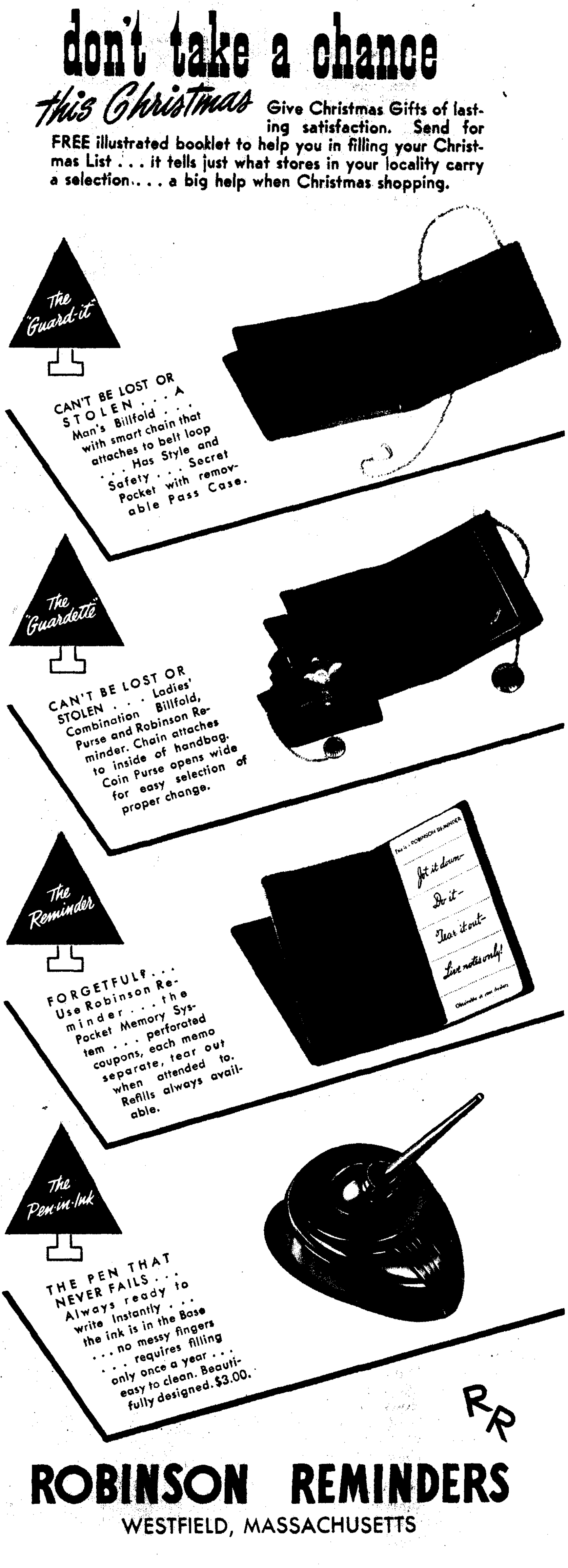
What the world needs is a liberal education worthy of the name. This would be an education educating a man's humanity, rather than indulging his individuality. It would be an education appropriate to man, offering him the habitual vision of greatness, and dealing primarily, in a world of rapid change, with values independent of time or place.

I believe that such an education is supplied by a course of study consisting of the great works of the mind, together with those intellectual techniques which are necessary to understanding them. Still, I do not insist on the great civilizing writers and thinkers of the past. If anybody can suggest a curriculum which is more likely to achieve the objects I have named than the one I have proposed, I shall gladly embrace him and it.

We must now engage in the liberal education of everybody, of all young people and all adults. This program requires drastic changes in our educational institutions. These changes should have been made years ago. But until they are made, we cannot claim that the task which history has imposed upon American education is beyond human achievement. It is better to try and fail than to decline the challenge.

THE END

One of the Treasures of all time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia.
Canada
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY



don't take a chance this Christmas Give Christmas Gifts of lasting satisfaction. Send for FREE illustrated booklet to help you in filling your Christmas List . . . it tells just what stores in your locality carry a selection. . . . a big help when Christmas shopping.

The "Guard-it"

CAN'T BE LOST OR STOLEN . . . A Man's Billfold . . . with smart chain that attaches to belt loop . . . Has Style and Safety . . . Secret Pocket with removable Pass Case.

The "Guardette"

CAN'T BE LOST OR STOLEN . . . Ladies' Combination Billfold, Purse and Robinson Reminder. Chain attaches to inside of handbag. Coin Purse opens wide for easy selection of proper change.

The Reminder

FORGETFUL? . . . Use Robinson Reminder . . . the Pocket Memory System . . . perforated coupons, each memo separate, tear out when attended to. Refills always available.

The Pen-in-Ink

THE PEN THAT NEVER FAILS . . . Always ready to write instantly . . . the ink is in the Base . . . no messy fingers . . . requires filling only once a year . . . easy to clean. Beautifully designed. $3.00.

RR

ROBINSON REMINDERS
WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

PAPER TREASURE

Continued from page 55

collectors and other interested citizens, Congress and the postal authorities have issued, from time to time, a series of specially designed stamps commemorating the important events in our nation's history.

The first of these special issues, the Columbians, which appeared in 1893, reproduces famous paintings of events in the life of Christopher Columbus: his soliciting aid from Queen Isabella; the ships of his fleet; his recall after failure; his triumphal return to Spain after his second voyage . . . and so on.

There are fourteen denominations in this set, in values from one cent to five dollars. This initial Columbian series is the most desirable of all the special issues, or commemoratives. A perfect block of four of the five-dollar denomination, for instance, may be purchased today for approximately $2,000. Contrast that price with the fact that in 1915—because at that time collectors had little use for special issues—the one-dollar to five-dollar Columbians could be bought for 20 per cent under face value. Thus, a block of four five-dollar stamps would have cost $16 in 1915; today they could be sold for $2,000!

In 1898 the Trans-Mississippi set of nine denominations appeared, commemorating the opening of the West. Of this issue the one-dollar stamp, illustrating Western Cattle in Storm, is generally conceded to be the most attractive of all United States stamps.

The Pan-American issue of 1901 consisted of six denominations and commemorated the exposition at Buffalo. Next, in order, came the Louisiana Purchase celebration at St. Louis (1904), the Jamestown Exposition (1907), and the Panama-Pacific issue of 1915.

About two hundred and fifty other commemoratives have been issued since, with the Tennessee stamp, celebrating that state's 150th anniversary of statehood, the current special issue. A complete collection of these popular and highly prized stamps would embrace upward of three hundred items. Since these stamps—like all stamps—are preferably collected in blocks of four or more, the number of stamps in a complete collection would total several thousand. This alone would constitute an extensive stamp collection.

An Envelope in an Old Book

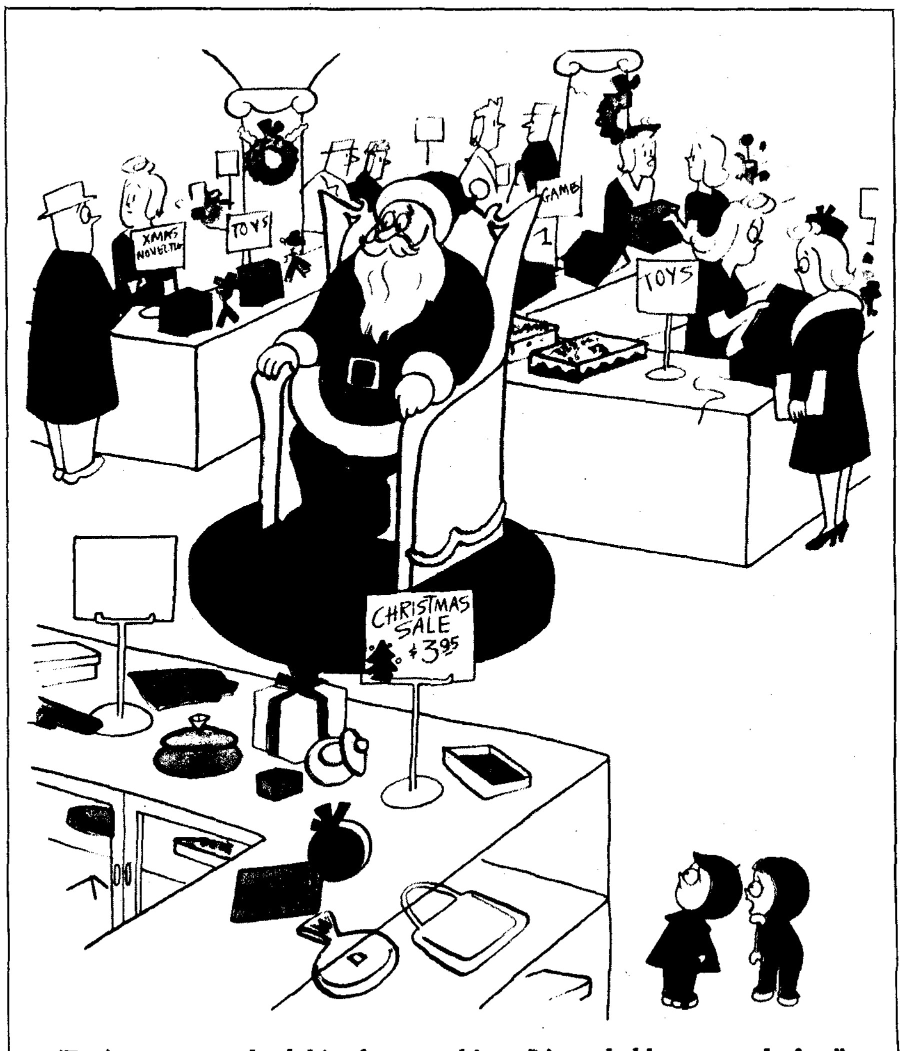
Not long ago a Washington educator died, leaving his estate to his only child, a daughter. Along with the inheritance went a large library of scientific texts. One day the girl, thumbing through an old volume, found an envelope which had apparently been used as a bookmark.

The stamp on the envelope was quite simple—a small square of white paper with a facsimile of the signature of President James M. Buchanan at the top. Below was a large figure 10, enclosed in a simple line border.

Next day, she showed the "queer stamp" to a friend—a collector—who took one long look at the envelope and let out an unhappy sigh. "Some people have all the luck, but never me," he said. "Do you know what you've uncovered? It's a Postmaster Provisional!"

That meant nothing to the girl and she made no bones about it.

"The first adhesive stamp was issued by the United States government in 1847," he explained. "Before that—during 1845 and 1846—the postmasters of about a dozen cities privately issued their own stamps. This particular one—in perfect condition, by the way, and on the original envelope—was issued in Balti-



"Let's go over and ask him for something. It's probably expected of us"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Say Merry Christmas ..to your sweet tooth with my O'Brien's Almond Butter Crunch!

SEÑOR O'BRIEN
FROM SAN JOSÉ

Hola, Amigos!

A big tin of my Almond Butter Crunch from California will look mighty handsome underneath your Christmas tree. The individual cellophane-wrapped pieces make nice tree decorations and I also highly recommend *them* for eating purposes.

I make my Almond Butter Crunch out of fantastic ingredients such as fat fresh California almonds, plenty of rich chocolate and I don't spare the high-priced butter... I do not particularly recommend this candy for gifts since it's much nicer to eat it all yourself. A big vacuum tin, (fresh as the day it's made) will set you back $1.22, outrageously expensive but outrageously good... So why not sweeten up for Christmas?

Gracias, amigos,

SEÑOR O'BRIEN from San José

ALMOND CRUNCH
$1.22

Copyright 1946

If your dealer can't fix you up, order from

O'BRIEN'S OF CALIFORNIA • SAN JOSÉ

more and it's worth a considerable sum. Now, do you want to sell?"

The girl said she most certainly did, and the sale of the ten-cent "Baltimore"—for $10,000—was completed in less than twenty-four hours!

A few years before the war an important stamp auction was scheduled to be held at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York. A friend and I intended to bid on some of the commemorative issues offered, so we paid a visit to the hotel several days beforehand for a close inspection of these stamps.

An elderly gentleman was already going through the album in which we were interested. When he came to the Trans-Mississippi issue of 1898 the old gentleman let out a chuckle.

"There's quite a story connected with those commemoratives," he observed quietly. "I doubt if a single issue of stamps has ever affected other lives so much as this one has the lives of my family and me."

He glanced at us and I suppose our interest was self-evident. He went ahead without further encouragement.

"I was married the year these stamps were issued," he said, "and my bride and I went to Chicago on our honeymoon. She knew of my interest in collecting stamps, of course, but I realized she looked upon the hobby as a pleasant and inexpensive method of occupying my spare time. Something akin to collecting old matchbox covers, I expect. And though I was young then, I was wise enough to let it go at that.

Buying Stamps as a Nest Egg

"It wasn't until we'd been in the city for several days that I found a few hours to be by myself. Then I was able to carry out a plan I'd had in mind all along. I went to the General Post Office and bought $1,000 worth of the Trans-Mississippi issue in half sheets or panes of fifty, in all denominations. This was purely an investment on my part; I regarded those stamps as a nest egg for the future.

"Upon our return to New Hampshire, where I have a small business, I laid the stamps away in my safety-deposit box and waited for them to 'mature.'

"During the next three years our two sons were born. When the time came for them to go to college—which was something my wife and I had long planned—my business was in such condition that I simply couldn't afford to send them."

The old fellow chuckled again.

"The sale of the stamps, a few blocks at a time," he went on, "enabled both boys to graduate from Harvard. The younger one is now an instructor there, while the older boy is taking a postgraduate course at the medical school. Nor is that all. I still hold enough of those stamps to keep my wife and me comfortably to the end of our days."

After he left us, my friend remarked, "You know, I'll bet anything the old boy was telling the truth. But what foresight! Just for the fun of it, let's figure his profit out."

After a little simple arithmetic we determined that his $1,000 investment would have bought over five sheets of fifty each, in all denominations of the Trans-Mississippi issue. The value of that purchase, at the time he told us the story, would have increased to over $60,000. Today's market value would be in excess of $100,000.

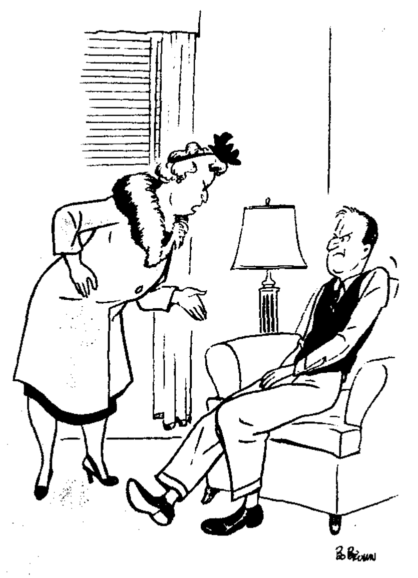
In the designing and printing of postage stamps the government tries to be as meticulous and exact as it is in the printing of paper currency. Despite this, however, the tremendous printing task involved allows occasional mistakes to slip through. These stamp errors are sought by collectors even more eagerly than perfect specimens.

Especially liable to error are the various United States stamps which have been printed in two colors. Since such stamps must run through two separate presses—one for each color—it sometimes happens that a sheet of stamps (usually numbering a hundred) will be fed into a press upside down. When this happens, the resulting stamps are known to collectors as "inverts" and are highly prized (and priced) rarities.

The first inverts were discovered in the issue of 1869, in three of the eleven denominations—the 15-, 24- and 30-cent stamps. As these were issued in sheets of a hundred, there must have been at least that number printed of each of these three stamps. The price of the three, correctly printed, totals about $200. The inverts are listed at $24,000.

The first air-mail stamps appeared in 1918. They were two-color stamps printed in sheets of a hundred—and in the 24-cent denomination a single sheet proved to be inverted.

A few days after the first air mails left the presses, a young Washington businessman walked into the post office and asked for a sheet of one hundred 24-cent stamps. Twenty-four dollars and a pane of stamps changed hands—and that was that.



"But I tell you I don't want the hundred dollars to buy a coat! It's for groceries for the week end!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Upon his return to his office the businessman removed the stamps from his brief case and noted that there was something radically wrong with them. The airplane, printed in blue against a rose carmine border, was apparently flying upside down.

A few days later, a New York dealer bought those inverts—for $15,000!

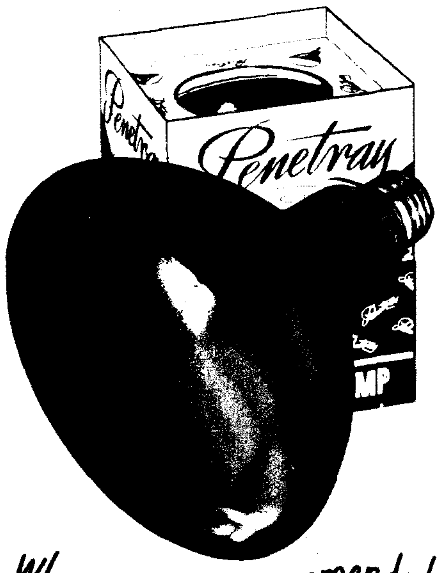
The dealer wasn't making a wild gamble, either. He immediately sold those stamps to Colonel Edward H. R. Green, a millionaire purchaser who believed in making a hobby pay dividends. The colonel is reported to have bought the sheet for $20,000, with the agreement that he would sell fifty of the inverts to other dealers and collectors at $250 a stamp and retain or dispose of the remaining fifty as he pleased.

When the colonel made that purchase, many stamp collectors said that his mother—the shrewd, penny-pinching Hetty Green—would turn over in her grave at such wanton extravagance. Could she only know the prices these and other stamps in her son's famous collection brought during a great auction sale—an estimated total of about $2,000,000—she'd probably comment, "Edward, clearly you are a chip off the old block."

And Mother Hetty Green would be right.

THE END

Nasal Congestion?



Where heat is recommended use Penetray RUBY Lo-Glare
INFRA-RED HEAT LAMP

Why suffer the misery of nasal congestion when temporary relief is so quick and easy with the Penetray Ruby Lo-glare heat lamp. The special Ruby bulb transmits the comforting, deep-penetrating heat rays — but *not* the glare. Penetray Ruby is equally good for muscular aches and pains... and dozens of other everyday household uses. Ask your dealer for Penetray Ruby Infra-red heat lamp. It's beautifully packaged for gift giving and makes an ideal Christmas present that will be appreciated the year 'round. The Penetray Corp., Toledo 5, Ohio. $3.60

available everywhere

PENETRAY is also available in Pyrex, Amber, Ceramic Coated and Inside Frost types....
Priced from $1.25 to $3.60

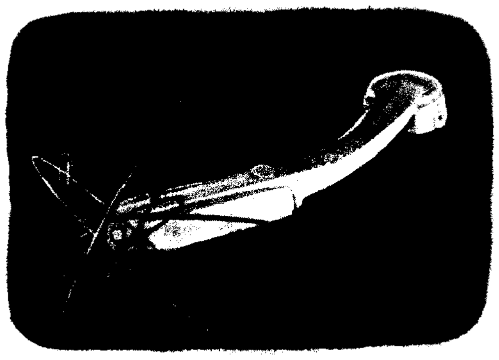
Penetray
handiest heat in the home

dries hair ... dries finger nail polish—quick ... dries dishes

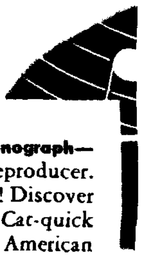
and 101 other home uses

MARGARET O'BRIEN—lovable young star of the* new MGM production, *"TENTH AVENUE ANGEL"

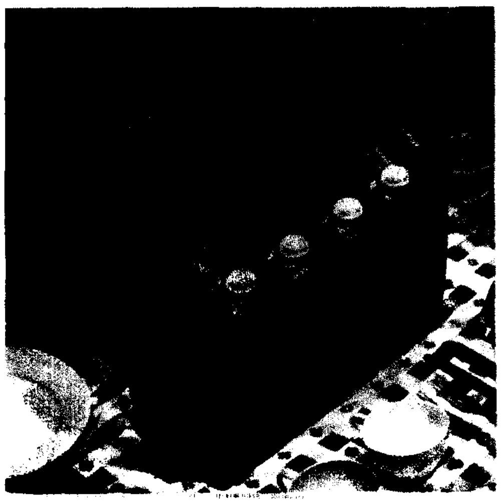
In all the



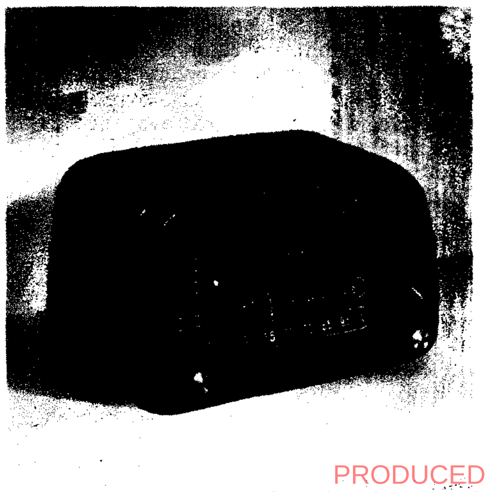
Sensational G-E Electronic Reproducer recreates recorded music...on an electronic wave! Self-protecting genuine sapphire jewelled stylus banishes old style needles. It reveals hidden beauties in even the most familiar and well loved records.



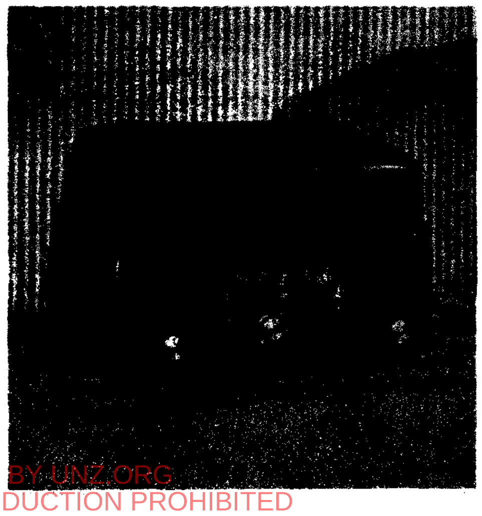
Self-charging portable — No more battery worries. It's carefree! It's more fun! Renews its power over and over again. Brings in more stations and has finer tone than many consoles. Built like a battleship, but light and handsome as fine luggage. Ask for Model 250.



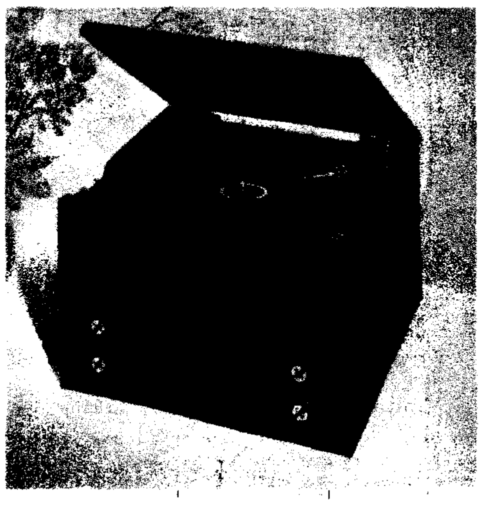
A world of radio at your finger tips! Globe girdling short wave broadcasts—all your favorite domestic stations at a touch of the controls in Model 220. In clear flowing lines its rosewood brown plastic cabinet gains added beauty from the gleaming grille and deep recessed molding.

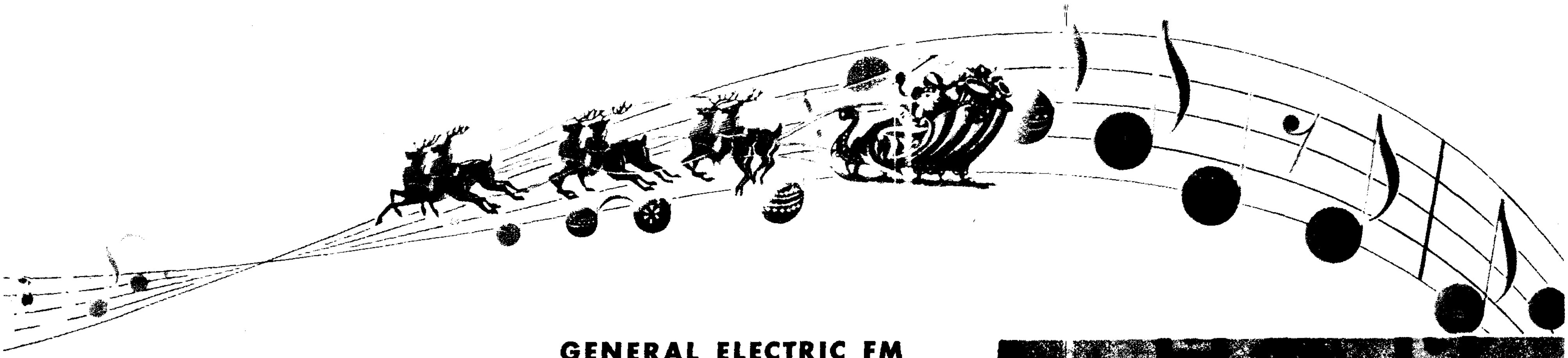


Glorious natural color tone—tone more beautiful than you ever thought possible from a radio of this size—is yours in Model 200. It's a joy to hear—a joy to look at. Its rosewood brown plastic cabinet with graceful curves and attractive easy to read dial typify the best in modern design.



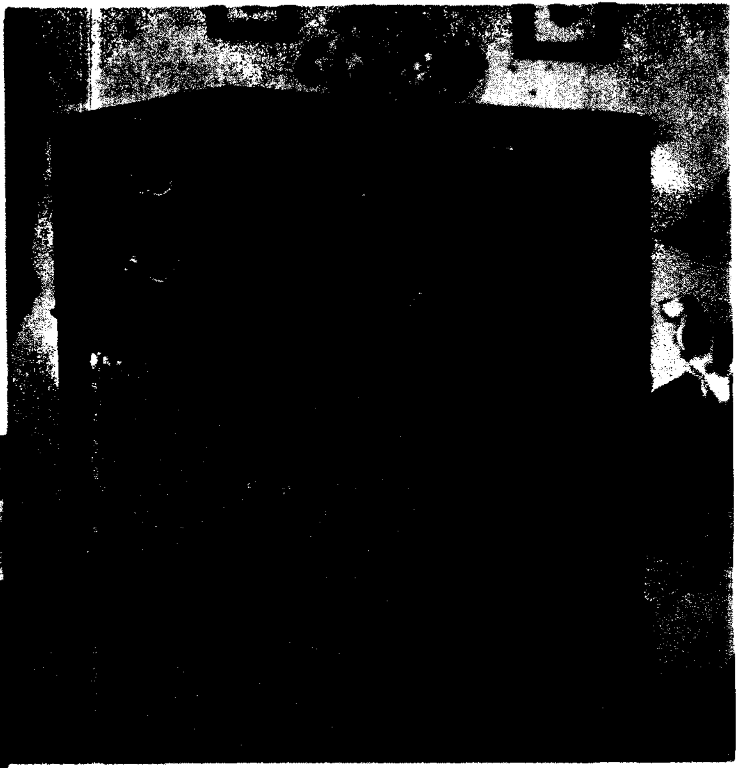
General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—equipped with the G-E Electronic Reproducer. Revel in its glorious natural color tone! Discover new delight in records, old and new! Cat-quick record changer. Model 303's handsome American walnut cabinet adds beauty to any room.

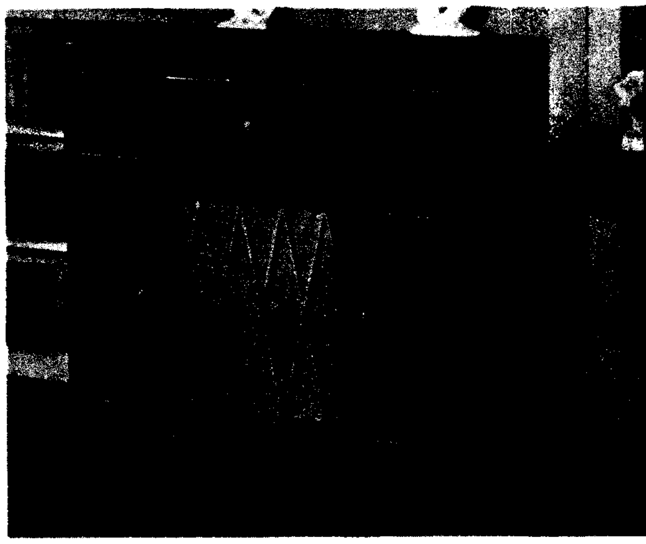




GENERAL ELECTRIC FM RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

Now radio triumphs over its ancient foes: *static, fading and station interference! Against a background of velvety silence you'll hear FM programs (genuine Armstrong FM) on Model 502 (at right) in their original beauty. Superb reception of standard and short wave broadcasts, too, and enchanting reproduction of recorded music through the exclusive G-E Electronic Reproducer.*





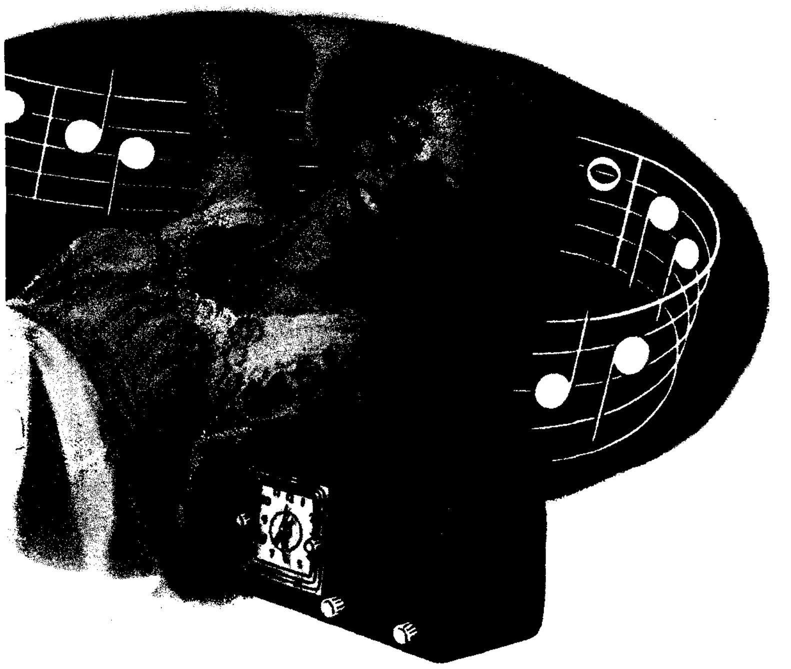
Thrilling realism of G-E natural color tone radio and record reproduction. Virtual elimination of static, fading and station interference with genuine Armstrong FM. Two short wave broadcast bands, too. Lovely 18th Century-inspired mahogany cabinet. Cat-quick record changer. Yours at moderate cost in Model 417 (at left).

world of no gifts like these

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-E11

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS



Don't be alarmed! Wake up to Music! Simply set the hour and the station on this amazing G-E "Wake-Up-To-Music" Clock-Radio and you'll start the day right. Also tunes in your favorite station or program any time, automatically. Model No. 50, the smartest little set of the year.

natural color tone radios

Here are magic pass keys to an enchanted realm of entertainment—heard in the full glory of General Electric's natural color tone from both radio and recordings... Here are the new electronic features you've waited for these many years... Here are the new 1947 instruments whose breath-taking beauty matches their unequalled dependability and performance.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

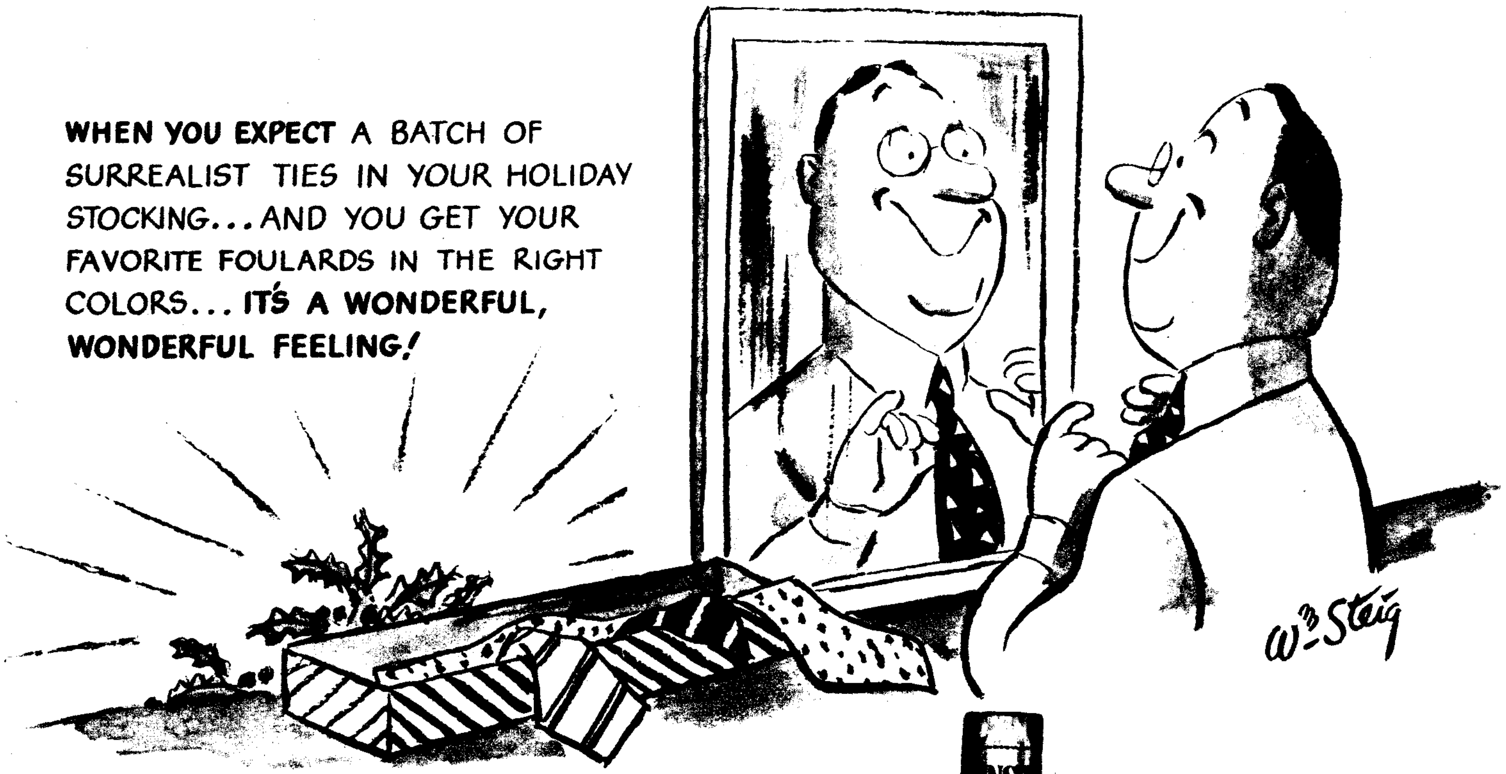
Gift Certificate

and Best Wishes

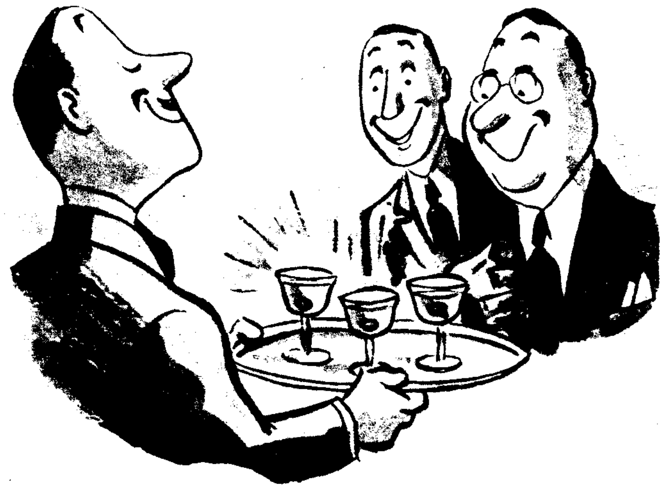
Delighted families throughout America will find this certificate a welcome gift under their Christmas tree. Get your new 1947 G-E Radio at your General Electric Dealer or use this Gift Certificate.

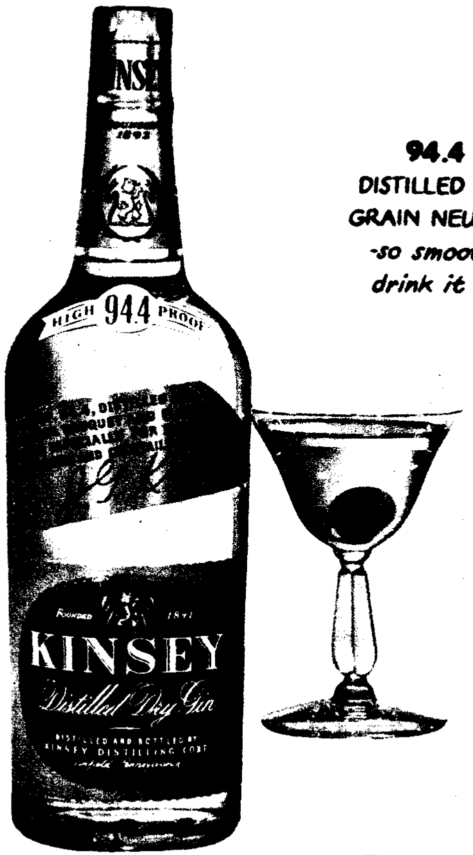
IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN YOU EXPECT A BATCH OF SURREALIST TIES IN YOUR HOLIDAY STOCKING... AND YOU GET YOUR FAVORITE FOULARDS IN THE RIGHT COLORS... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY—EXPECTING TO ENJOY EVERYTHING BUT THE MARTINIS—AND YOUR HOST MAKES 'EM WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SMOOTH, SO FLAVORSOME, SO DRY... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**





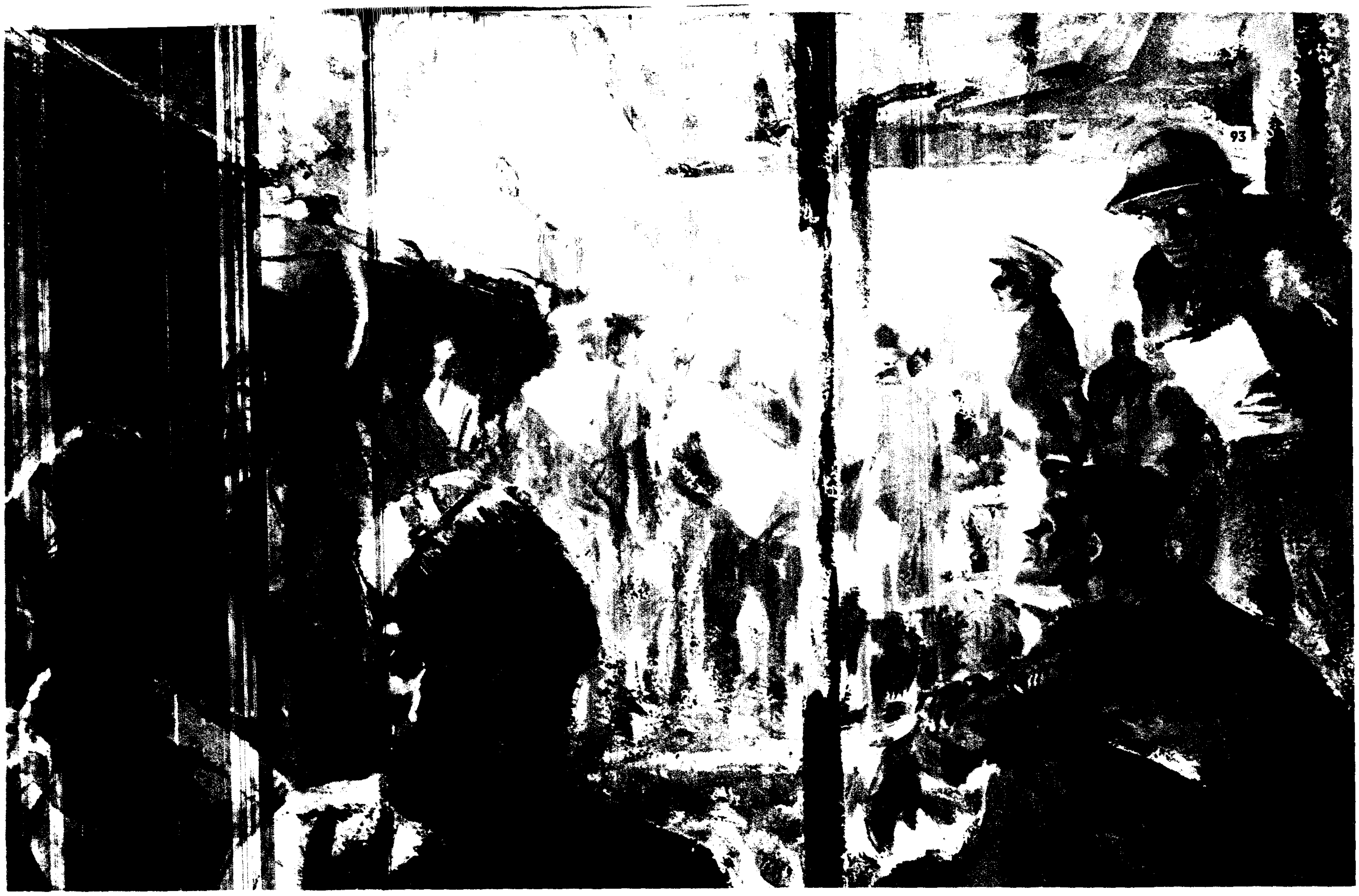
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
-so smooth you can drink it straight!

KINSEY *the Genial* GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN—*TRY IT!*



"You still here?" Mac recognized the voice as that of the railroad corporal. Opening his eyes he beheld the strange sights about the train

OVER THE HILL TO CATHAY

BY HAROLD LAMB

Don't judge MacKenzie too harshly. When you have read his story you may see that he sought what most of us are seeking—and that, unlike most of us, he found it

SEVEN minutes before the Trans-Iranian express took off, Sergeant John L. MacKenzie, late of the 82d AB Division, sat on his duffel sack in the full power of the sun on the gravel of the platform of the Ahwaz railroad station where the temperature was 117 degrees in the shade, and decided that he wanted no part of it. That express was not even a natural train.

For one thing, it was undersized, and khaki-colored—where the color showed through the dust—with an engine that looked like a yard tender. For another thing, Sergeant MacKenzie had trouble seeing it. When he lifted his eyes with an effort the landscape circled around him, taking the train with it; when he planted his feet to steady himself the platform beneath him rose and sank with the slow but massive oscillation of a C-46 in a storm. "This is no kind of situation," the sergeant told himself. Then a breath of air touched his bony face with the soft caress of a blowtorch.

For this situation there was a chain of causation not entirely known to the sergeant who had ceased to be a paratrooper. His I.Q. was not so good; he had jumped more than eighty times, and he had traveled. His travels from home had landed him on the North African shores, whence he had crossed the blue Mediterranean to land from the air on the rocks of Gela in Sicily, and again upon the rugged shore of Salerno. Each time under maximum fire.

When the medical examiners had recommended a transfer away from the battle zones, Mac had protested that he had not been wounded. To his company commander the medicos had mentioned the effect of shock upon the brain structure; his captain had said to him only, "There's a law of averages, Mac. You are entitled to a break."

The transfer had landed him in Cairo where the beer was flat and the whisky thin. The sergeant had tried both, after hearing that as a member of USAFIME—the United States Armed Forces in the Middle East—he was to travel farther to a place called Teheran, in Iran, in Asia, there to become one of a battalion of M.P.s. Concerning Teheran he knew nothing except the name, which he could not pronounce, but for all military policemen, he had a paratrooper's abiding hatred. The night before at sight of two British M.P.s in shorts and shining white belts standing under a sign which read: MEMBERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES WILL NOT PARTAKE OF ARAQ the sergeant had drunk too much of *araq*, a colorless liquid which turned white when you poured water into it.

Bracing his hundred and ninety pounds on the duffel bag, steadying his cattleman's arms on his musette bag and his sandy head on his arms, Sergeant MacKenzie decided that he wanted no more part of USAFIME. He was through. He would go over the hill as soon as he found a hill.

One thing he remembered very well, in the confusion of the last twenty-four hours. On the C-46 out of Payne Field, he had found a torn, pocket-size book. It was called The Travels of Marco Polo. Now the sergeant had read few books in his

(Continued on page 99)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

an individual gift
for the individual male
handpainted ties
by Signet

Naturally, you choose to give Signet handpainted ties of purest silk. Each tie is painted for one man alone . . . created to complement the personality you plan to please. Nothing could be more distinctive. In pure silk, and silk-lined, to make truly handsome knots.

Signet

FIVE DOLLARS AND UP

ARTHUR SIEGMAN INC. • 16 EAST 34th ST. • NEW YORK

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

scattered in all directions. The lucky ones got away, but one unfortunate was snapped up. I don't see what killer whales see in penguin meat. I found it tough, black, oily and rank. On the other hand, perhaps killer whales wouldn't enjoy a nice thick beefsteak as I do.

Milton J. Lebell, Chile

THE FORGOTTEN GIRL

Dear Editor: Your magazine and Howard Whitman deserve high praise for bringing the plight of the Forgotten Boy (Nov. 2d) so graphically to the attention of your readers. Maybe you will turn your searchlight on the many thousands of girls who, too, are caught in the same blind alley.

Your Community and Its Young People shows how community resources can be explored and teamed up to open worthwhile work and training opportunities for the Jims and Harveys and Melvins. Copies of this booklet can be had, without charge, from the U.S. Children's Bureau, Washington 25, D. C. Sincerely,

Katharine F. Lenroot, Chief, Social Security Administration, Washington, D. C.

WALTER DAVENPORT: WOULD SUGGEST THAT SCATTERED THROUGH AMERICA THOUSANDS OF MUSEUMS SUPPORTED BY PUBLIC FUNDS COULD BE USED AS EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS TO ABSORB SURPLUS OF YOUNG PEOPLE THAT THE REGULAR CHANNELS OF EDUCATION CANNOT PROVIDE FOR. I SHOULD BE GLAD TO CONDUCT YOU PERSONALLY THROUGH THESE VAST EMPTY CORRIDORS SO THAT YOU COULD SEE THE GREAT AMOUNT OF SPACE GOING TO WASTE.

MARTIN ANTHONY BRUNOR,
NEW YORK

TIN GOD

Dear Editors: Patiño—Tin King! Tin God! (Oct. 19th). Why the waste of precious paper eulogizing a man whose heart must be cast of the very metal which has cascaded him into the ranks of the billionaires? The great mass of Bolivians sweat, grub and cajole for a pitifully meager existence while this Bolivian Nero clinks his tin dollars together. While his workers live in ignorance and squalor, he builds beautiful, copper-roofed mansions. Why didn't he draw the copper into wire to electrify the homes of his workers, to provide telephones and radios that would open up the gates of knowledge barred to these simple folk? Why didn't he provide schools and books and open roads to new skills and knowledge?

Walter Walley, East Palestine, Ohio

MARRIAGE PROBLEM

Sirs: Mr. C. J. Tomashek's letter (Week's Mail, Oct. 26th), criticizing Ruth Carson's unscientific, if not immoral views on the sex question, was the best of its kind I have read in years. Overindulgence in sex is the real cause of the decline of health, vigor, nerve power and longevity.

Steve Morasky, Route 6, Caldwell, Ohio

. . . The letter signed C. J. Tomashek is a shining example of how unprepared many minds are to find any truth in anything that they are not familiar with. To classify your thoughtful article Afraid of Love as just so much bunk is certainly a brand plainly stamped on the writer of that letter. The intelligent mind sifts the information he reads and hears and finds some truth which can be added to his "whole" of knowledge.

S. Caldwell MacLean,
Evansville, Ind.

. . . If married couples renewed the promises they made on each anniversary of their marriage, it might make a bigger per cent successful. The eagle and wild goose mate for life. Should human standards be lower?

Martha C. Hubbard,
Representing Mothers of America,
Chicago, Ill.

LYNCHING

Dear Sir: My hat is off to you for the swell, short and pertinent editorial feature against lynching in America (Nov. 2d). This has been a stigma on the face of American democracy for much too long now. Lynching and all that it stands for MUST GO!

W. M. Marchand,
Exec. Secy. Franklin Street Branch
Y.M.C.A., Lake Charles, La.

HANDSOME ROGUES' GALLERY

Dear Editor: I think W. N. Simon's (Week's Mail, Oct. 12th) plan of publishing pictures of handsome men in Collier's is a good idea. Give the girls a break.

Hugh Baskin, Poynor, Texas

. . . Mr. W. N. Simon has me worried. What I'd like to know is how long has he been suffering from this inferiority complex?

Mrs. C. M. Mead, Canon City, Colo.

MUSCLE MEN

Dear Editor: For the edification of Mr. Roberts (One-Man Team, Oct. 26th), as well as the misinformed public, I would like to state that the University of Georgia does not confine its athletic endeavor to two sports. In addition to football, we engage in intercollegiate competition in basketball, golf, track, tennis and swimming. George Hamer, a member of our golf team, won the 1946 Intercollegiate Golf Championship.

J. A. Browning, Athens, Ga.

COMPARING HERBERTS

Dear Editor: Could you please put a picture of Herbert Asbury in your magazine? I have an 18-year-old brother whose name is Herbert Asbury. I'd just like to compare Herberts.

Maxine Denny, Wadena, Minn.

Very happy to oblige. We imagine the resemblance will be very close only if your brother worries a lot. Our Mr. Asbury (above) is now approaching 200, and shows those years spent on the Barbary Coast very pronouncedly.

THE FAN MAIL COMETH

Dear Kyle Crichton: In the mood for a fan letter? I guess I've read twenty pieces on Eugene O'Neill in my time, but I think your contribution to the Oct. 26th Collier's is the warmest, friendliest, and—most important of all—the most accurate I have ever read. It caught the spirit of the man himself. I feel that I met two really great men in my life: Franklin D. Roosevelt and Eugene O'Neill. You just keep on writing stuff like this and I will have to carve out a new niche in the Cerf Hall of Fame.

Bennett A. Cerf, New York

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

Dear Mr. Davenport: Racket on Wheels (Nov. 16th) was pertinent and excellent. The transfer of used automobiles between a dealer and the public is only a small percentage of the over-all picture. Seventy-five per cent of transfers of used cars are from individual to individual nowadays. Mr. Downs failed to bring this out and also failed to show any of the far-reaching evils of these transactions. We come across many instances where individuals who have purchased cars from other individuals wish to sell them to us and discover that *they don't really own the car at all!* Or that the car has never been properly registered and the possibility exists that at one time it was stolen.

Transfers of automobiles between individuals are responsible for maintaining the high price of used cars. The OPA has its hands tied because the man is selling his private property and not conducting a business. Letters pour in to dealers where people openly express the fact they know the ceiling of their automobile but that they want four or five hundred dollars above the ceiling.

I believe the public can find enough reputable licensed dealers with whom they can do business. There are just as many used-car dealers who are anxious to build their business for the future as the new-car dealers for EVERYBODY DRIVES A USED CAR!

Bill Williams,
"A Square Deal or No Deal,"
New York 1, N. Y.

. . . The problems confronting dealers today are, I think, well described by Mr. Downs. I would differ with the conclusions on one or two points. With regard to veterans, the sales manager of Chevrolet Motors announced this week a recent survey of their dealers revealed that through August 26th, seven per cent of retail deliveries have gone to veterans of World War II. Other manufacturers can show comparable percentages.

As to its being necessary to have a car to trade in order to purchase a new car, this statement is not fair or correct, so far as the overwhelming majority of franchised new dealers are concerned. It has been traditional for a customer to trade in his used automobile on the purchase of a new car. However, recent figures show that a very much higher percentage of cars are being sold without trade-ins than was true in normal times when such deals involved less than ten per cent of a dealer's business.

Lee Moran,
Executive Vice President,
National Automobile Dealers Association

THE VETERANS—OR ELSE!

Dear Mr. Davenport: Collier's must be really slipping to print such a hate-generating article as The Veterans Say—Or Else! (Oct. 12th) which implies that if the veterans do not get all they want, the nonveterans can be expected to be raped, murdered and robbed by vets running amok.

Philip Williams, Mt. Rainier, Md.

. . . Agnes E. Meyer hit the nail on the head. My husband, a veteran of four years in service, 38 months overseas, a few months in a prison camp, has been lucky in finding work and a home. But there are 99 to his one that haven't been lucky. "On the job" training is swell except for the limit in pay. How far does $200 go in these times? In turn for risking their lives the ex-G.I.s got a rotten deal.

Mrs. K. J. Lutz, Muskegon Hts., Mich.

. . . I have read so many articles lately wondering such things as "Are we making bums out of our ex-servicemen?" and "Are veterans chiselers?" that I'd almost begun to eye my discharge button with distrust. My hat is off to you, Miss Meyer, for looking around and getting the real facts.

Robert H. Henry, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . You should reprint The Veterans Say—Or Else! in pamphlet form and distribute it to every business concern in the country, plus many other places.

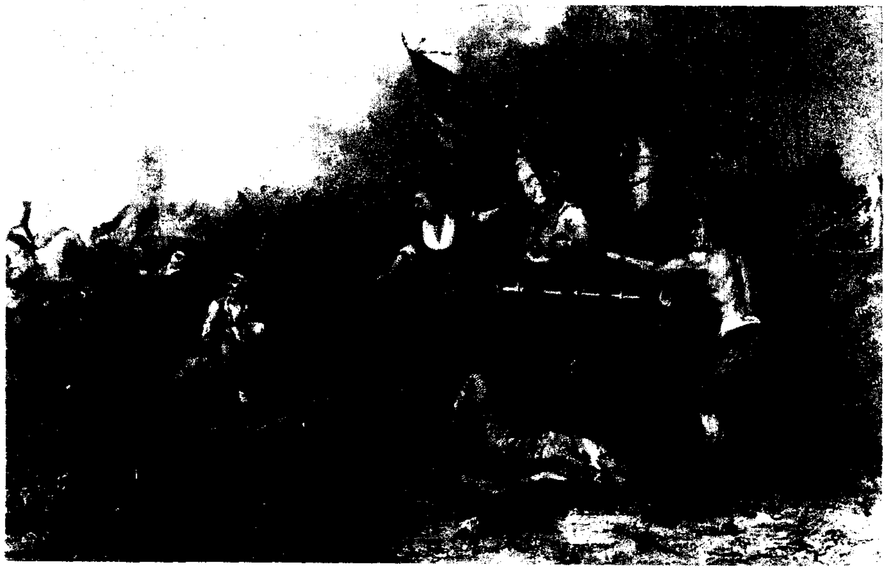
Clark C. Stockford, New York City

MAYHEMOUS MAIDENS

Dear Sir: Your article, Lady Killers, by Ted Shane (Oct. 19th), is the most heathenish display of behavior American women have yet made public. In my opinion, this is not anything more than legalized, publicized murder. Can you visualize Martha Washington, Molly Pitcher, Clara Barton or Mrs. Truman careening around a skating rink knocking one another's brains out? Neither can I.

Wilma Russell, East Palestine, Ohio

Below, two of the Lady Killers. Bottom, Molly Pitcher, and friends, at the Battle of Monmouth. Molly took her husband's place at the cannon after he was killed.



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ARCTIC HOT SPOT

BY CHARLES LANIUS

Swankiest place in Alaska is Anchorage's Aleutian Gardens. Night club and community center, it is the most popular rendezvous in the Territory

Entertainer Alice Hulett runs through her routine before appreciative customers. She has to be good—Alaskans won't stand for poor entertainment

A BUNCH of the boys, and some of the gals, were whooping it up in the Aleutian Gardens at Anchorage, the fanciest layout in all Alaska—sumptuous cocktail lounge, thirty-foot modernistic bar, ten bowling alleys, and two dining rooms with latticed wall mirrors, neon lights and checkered ceilings with glossy inlays. A good-looking brunette from Seattle was singing a throaty torch song; a little later she would preside with suitable dignity as hostess in the main dining room.

The Gardens' five-piece orchestra of strictly local talent—"We're a bunch of plugs but we like to play"—was busy with a curious arrangement of a hit-parade song which the musicians had learned by listening to the radio. Half a dozen couples were dancing on the 20-by-30 hardwood dance floor.

In the private dining room the Anchorage members of the Fraternal Order of Eagles were holding their weekly meeting, and near the door sat half a dozen Mesdames Eagle, grimly determined to head off their husbands before they reached the bar. In one of the booths a couple of the boys from the Rotary Club were rehashing the luncheon they'd had at the Gardens that day; in another a group of Lions were discussing a similar shindig scheduled for next week.

In a third booth a committee from the Women's Club huddled over rum and Cokes, busily planning an important forthcoming meeting. A score of early customers were enjoying the Gardens' five-course, five-dollar dinner, featuring fried chicken and steak. Just off the dining room, behind a thick glass partition, shirt-sleeved bowlers indulged in their noisy sport.

At one end of the bar two men in red-checked woolen shirts were working hard on a bottle of whisky and talking loudly about gold mining, in which it appeared that they had made a dozen fortunes. Near them three young soldiers from the Army post near Anchorage, Fort Richardson, were solemnly drinking beer and listening to a well-dressed man discourse learnedly on what he called "teetotalitarianistic nations."

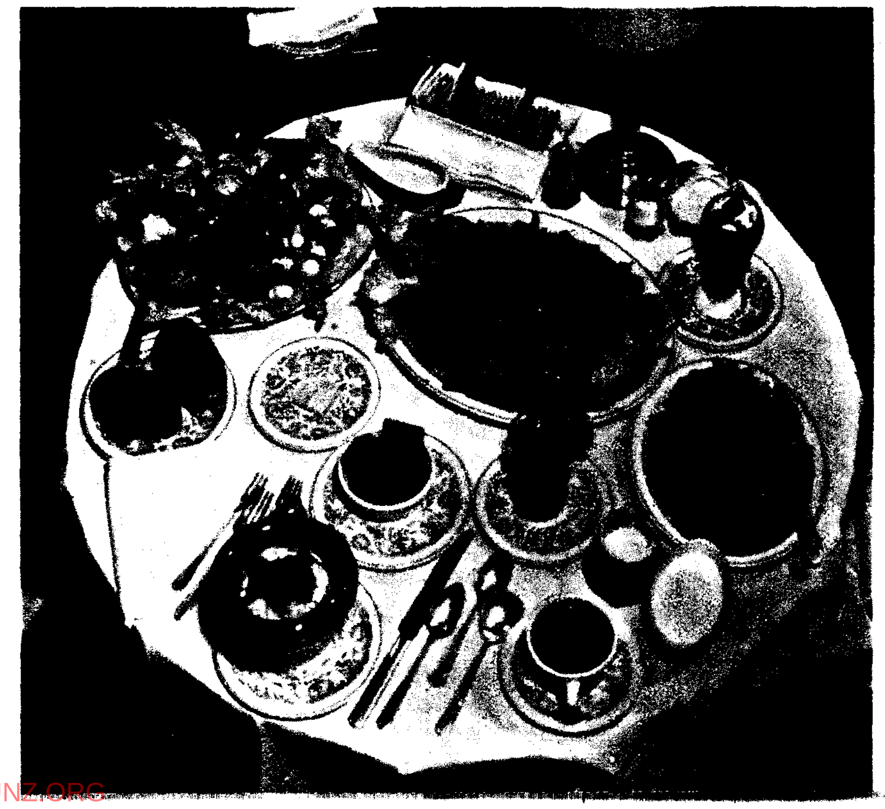
At the other end of the bar a natty little man clad in a white golf cap and a tight-fitting sport jacket—and, of course, a few other garments—was buying drinks for two pretty girls and vividly describing a wolf hunt. The girls urged him on with polite squeals. A gray-haired woman in an evening gown and an elderly man with a flower in his lapel were silently sipping Martinis, oblivious to the gaiety and confusion.

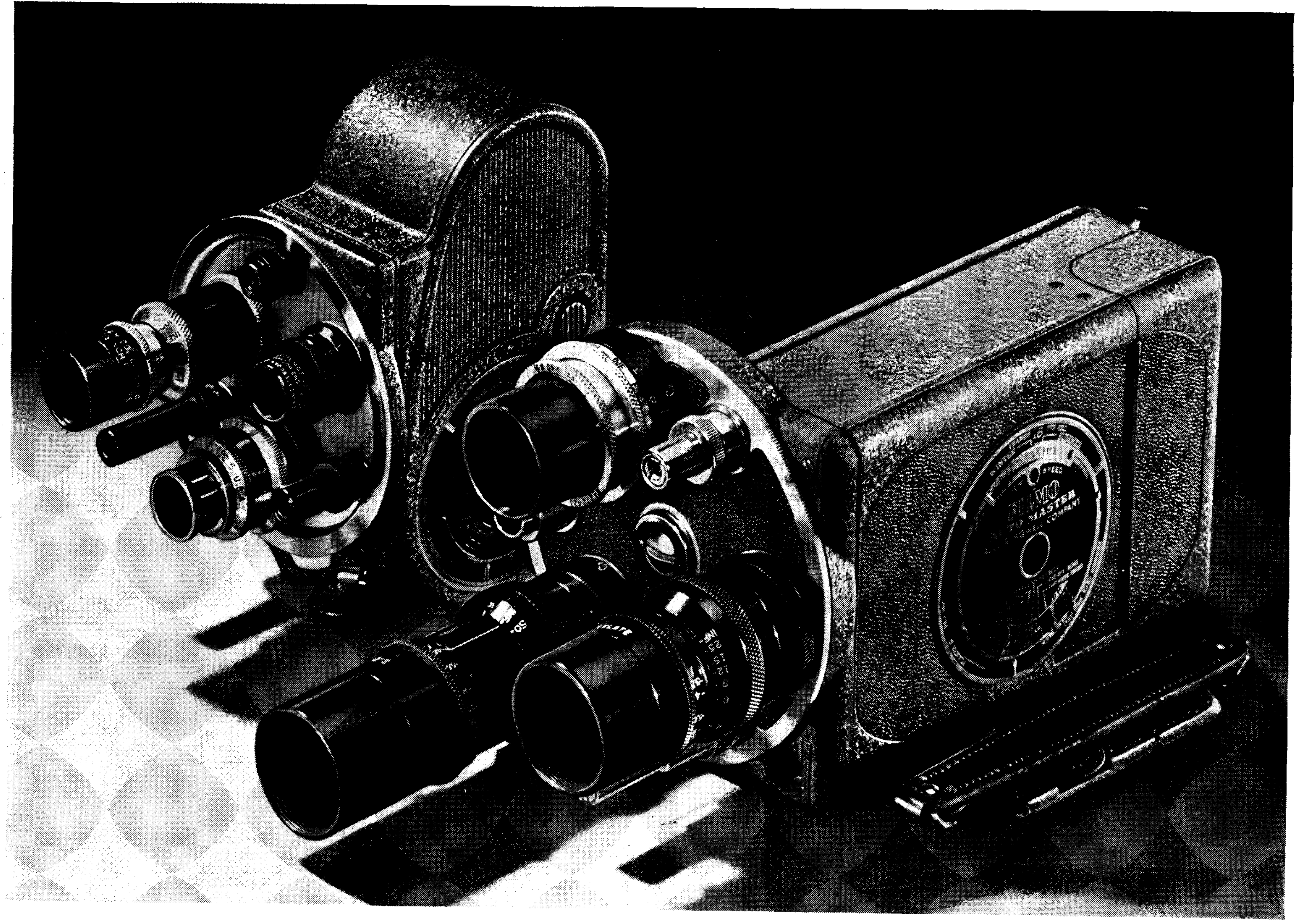
Behind the bar, as you might expect,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY O. C. SWEET

This might be a scene from a smart New York night club, but it isn't. It's Alaska's frontier builders and their ladies dancing at the Aleutians Gardens

A six-course, double-sirloin dinner is served for five dollars. The Territory was not rationed during the war, but some foods were difficult to get





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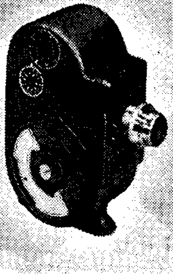
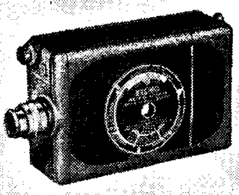
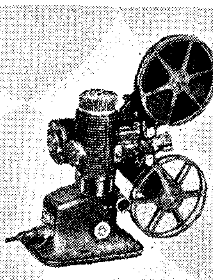


LEFT—Filmo Sportster, for taking inexpensive 8mm movies, including full color.

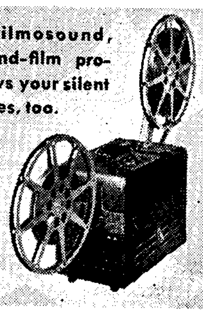
RIGHT—Filmo Auto Load, the 16mm camera that loads instantly with a film magazine.



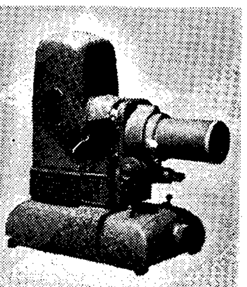


LEFT—Filmo Projectors for 8mm and 16mm silent movies.

RIGHT—Filmosound, 16mm sound-film projector. Shows your silent home movies, too.



RIGHT—Filmo Slide Master, brilliant, cool, 1000-watt projector for 2"x2" transparencies.



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were the two bartenders—Bill Tallman, a fatherly, slightly corpulent man in his middle forties; and Danny Woodruff, a young, dashing, side-burned character of Irish-Spanish descent and, of course, irrepressible, as all Irish-Spanish bartenders are.

"That guy talking to the two girls," said Danny, "has no roof in his mouth. That's why he sounds so funny. Those wolf hunters he's talking about were cheechakos, and they were hunting a real, four-legged wolf, not the kind you have outside. Now I'll tell you what a cheechako is. A cheechako is a greenhorn, an outsider, and when we say outside up here we mean the rest of the United States. If you hear that somebody's doing a 'snow job,' that means he's giving himself a phony build-up. There're lots of people up here working on snow jobs. A native girl, or squaw is called a *klutch,* with a long 'u'; and a sourdough is an old-timer, but some people get to be sourdoughs mighty quick.

"It's supposed to go like this. You're a cheechako until you get to be a sourdough, and you don't get to be a sourdough until you've killed a bear, romanced a *klutch,* and swum the Yukon. Me, I'm still a cheechako. I can't swim."

"Also," put in Bill Tallman, "in Alaska it is the custom, especially in saloons, to pay when served. Where you from, anyway?"

"New York," I said.

"Well, what d'ya know!" said Bill. "So am I. Have one on the house. Anybody from New York is okay with me providing he's all right."

The boss of the Aleutian Gardens is Keith Capper, a redheaded ex-cop, ex-hobo, ex-lumberjack, ex-cook and ex-miner. He usually shows up at the Gardens in the early evening when the dinner customers start coming in; and sure enough, the night I was there he wandered in just as the first diner sat down, heaved a big sigh and told the waitress to bring him a thick, juicy steak, medium rare. Capper is a big man, thick in the chest and weighing about 205 pounds. Some of his friends say he carries himself like a college halfback, others say no, more like a fullback. He likes good clothes, and usually wears well-cut business suits of a somewhat startling plaid. He neither drank nor smoked when he opened his resort five years ago. Now he drinks a little, but still doesn't touch tobacco. At 37 he's probably Anchorage's most eligible bachelor

Landed in Alaska Broke

Capper is one of Alaska's rags-to-riches boys. A Kansan by birth, he grew up in Dayton, Ohio. In 1937 he quit a job on the Dayton police force and struck out for Alaska. He traveled steerage from Seattle and landed at Seward, broke. He washed dishes in a Seward restaurant for a few weeks, then rode a freight train to Anchorage.

During the next few years he tried his hand at about everything Alaska has to offer. He cut timber on the government-sponsored farming project in Matanuska Valley, fifty miles east of Anchorage. He prospected the placer country around Anchorage and cooked at a gold mine. In 1940 he quit mining to become assistant chief of police at Anchorage, and became chief when his boss went outside. One night he was injured in a fight with a drunk, and spent the next six months in a Seattle hospital with two cracked vertebrae.

There he got the idea of starting a first-class lounge bar in Anchorage, which had plenty of saloons but nothing in the de luxe class. The population of the town was only about 3,500, but the Army had started a large construction project at Fort Richardson, and new people were coming in every day. Capper returned to Alaska early in 1941, scraped together $3,500 and found a partner who put up a similar amount. Then he went back to Seattle and bought $20,000 worth of equipment on credit. Back in Anchorage, he leased his present location, in the basement of the big Hotel Lido, and put in a plain cement floor and walls.

He was just beginning to do well when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Many people left Alaska, the Army imposed a strict blackout, and Capper's business fell off to almost nothing. But he was convinced that the restrictions would be lifted or modified, and that the Army intended to garrison large numbers of troops at Fort Richardson, which would mean lots of customers. He suggested that they put in a dining room and kitchen, but his partner objected

"I told him that if he didn't like my plans he could buy me out," said Capper. "He didn't want the place, so I gave him cash and a note for his share. Then I put in a kitchen and made other improvements. Everybody in town said I'd go broke, but I cleared $42,000 the first year. That is the least I've ever made."

Army Men Had Good Times There

During the war Capper's place was known as Club Lido, and thousands of servicemen found welcome relaxation there. Those were big years for Capper, and for Anchorage as well. The Army brought in troops, built a big air base at Fort Richardson, and Anchorage tripled in population. Many high Army officers practically made Capper's resort their headquarters. Receipts have dropped almost fifty per cent since the end of the war, but Capper isn't worrying. Anchorage is in the midst of a lively boom, with new businesses starting and new people arriving every day. And the Army has started a new $13,000,000 construction job at its near-by posts.

"A good chunk of that money," says Capper, "will find its way into my place. Of course I've got to keep people coming back. The bowling alley helps, but it's not enough. This year I'm putting on some floor shows with acts that will fly in from outside and work a circuit of my club and similar places at Juneau and Fairbanks. And they'd better be good. Alaskans won't stand for poor entertainment."

Last summer Capper started building the Aleutian Athletic Club next door to the Lido Hotel, and will eventually operate it in connection with his Aleutian Gardens. The Club will have luxurious meeting rooms, private rooms for resident members, a gymnasium, a solarium, and steam rooms. The third floor will house a new 250-watt broadcasting station, which may have the call letters FCAP, and on the fifth floor will be a penthouse for Capper himself. Capper said that he had already invested something like $300,000 in the Aleutian Gardens and the new clubhouse and will spend at least $250,000 more before the installations are completed.

"The trouble with building up here," he said, "is that everything from cement to nails has to be shipped in from the outside."

Capper's fine food and the bowling alleys bring a great deal of business into the Aleutian Gardens, but many of his employees think that the smartest thing he ever did was to hire good entertainers.

Business has picked up a lot since they came," said Danny Woodruff. "Why, some guys sit and drink all night just to look at them."

The entertainers like Alaska, too.

"People up here are swell," they say. "They make us feel like members of the community, not just entertainers. They do such nice things. Somebody is always bringing perfume, or a box of candy, or a gold nugget, or a piece of old ivory, or something."

THE END

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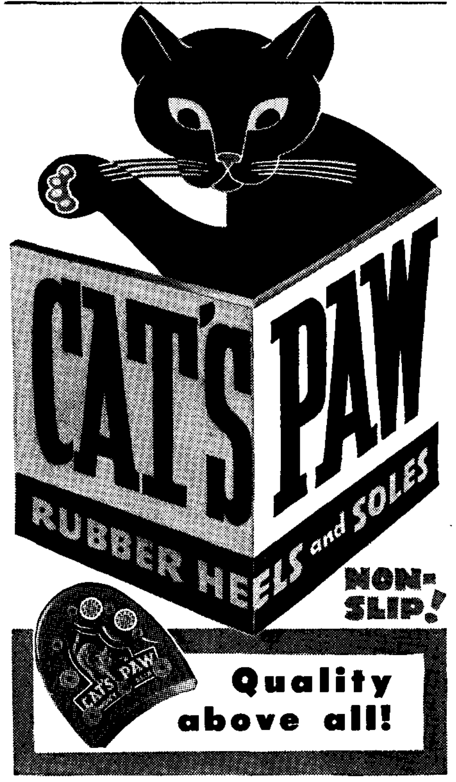

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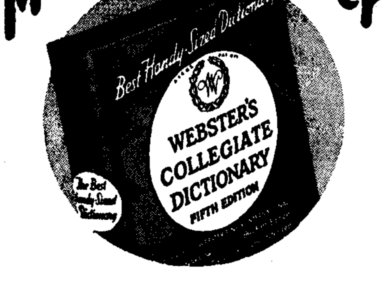

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OVER THE HILL TO CATHAY

Continued from page 93

twenty-three years, his knowledge of geography was limited to the United States and more particularly to Nevada. But he had heard, somewhere, the name of Cathay, the country to which it seemed this Italian, Mr. Polo, had traveled.

And in Cathay, this travel book said, there were drinking fountains that made you feel young; there were luscious trees of life, and ivory barges floating on pleasure lakes, and lovely princesses to act as hostesses. You made millions overnight if you hired out to a big shot called Kubla Khan. Closing his eyes and yielding to the gentle lift of the platform, the sergeant thought longingly of Cathay.

"You still here?"

The voice he recognized as that of the railroad corporal who had given him an order for a place in the one first-class car of this Trans-Iranian express. There had been no place, because a British brigadier had moved in with his staff. The other cars had been besieged by Oriental humanity carrying babies and bundles in rugs. "Uh," he said.

"Well," said the railroad corporal briskly, "you better hoist your tail and get yourself a place."

Opening his eyes, the sergeant beheld strange sights about the train. A husky G.I. strolled along it, tapping at the wheel boxes with a hammer. A girl, alone, slipped along in the shadow, graceful as a deer but wearing a service combat jacket. A group of bearded Sikhs tramped by, and she vanished.

A new sharp voice asked, "Where's the guard for those One Priority shipments, Corporal?"

And the corporal responded, "Sir, I'll get somebody."

A pause. Then the corporal bent over Mac. He had the healthy bloom of indoor life, and papers in his hand. "Look," he breathed, "here's a break for you. You can simulate a guard, and have a whole car to yourself. Sergeant, you can stretch out and sleep. All you got to do is occupy the high-priority-shipments van—and keep everybody else out."

He pointed to a metal freight car in the waiting train, its sliding door half open. He breathed hard. "Sergeant, I'll get you a belt and weapon."

"I need a laugh," responded the sergeant. "And this may be it."

"Sure. You can sleep it off. Nobody'll ask questions, because you'll be the guard, see?" The corporal ran off briskly. This sergeant with the hang-over was dopey enough to take on this duty that nobody else wanted.

When he returned with a carbine and ammunition belt, Sergeant MacKenzie was perched comfortably in the open door of the freight car with his bag. Here he had plenty of room, and no one to observe his actions. When he wanted to, he could step out and go his own way, with a carbine that would fetch real cash money. "What country is this?" he asked with interest, "And whereto does this international express go?"

"It's Persia, but they call it Iran." A bell clanged, and rapidly the corporal briefed his victim. "Officially we just help the Iranian wogs run this outfit, to move all the Lend-Lease stuff up to the Russian terminals—to Bandar Shah. Actually, we have to do all the sweating ourselves. The MPs aboard is mixed, British, Iranian and U.S.A. Keep the bag outa sight, Sergeant."

WITH a jerk that made Mac wince, the cars began to move. Vigilantly, the corporal walked alongside. "Watch that door, Sarge. These wogs'll steal the toe-nails off you—"

With a grin, he dropped out of sight. Stowing the carbine away, the sergeant closed his eyes to ponder in what part of Asia Cathay might be found.

Something heavy crashed into his chest, and jangled. Instinctively he caught it, and found it to be a small tin suitcase. Something else like a guitar flew past him, followed by a heavy overcoat.

"Hi!" said Mac.

A uniformed figure running rapidly beside the car, leaped up and sat beside him, grinning. The uniform was gray, with orange epaulets, and it ended earthward in a pair of hefty boots. Russian boots. *"Zdorovenki bouly!"* panted the wearer of the boots.

Mac handed over the suitcase and gestured with his thumb. "Out!" he directed. "Over and out, Russky."

The Russian shook his head. Obviously, Mac reasoned, he could not take a stowaway in the high-priority freight car. He intimated as much by starting to shove the stocky man in gray, who reacted promptly. An elbow like iron dug under Mac's ribs and sent a sharp stab of pain up under his skull.

The battle that followed in the confined space between the door and the crates was rapid, silent and painful. Mac was handicapped at first by his desire to oust the intruder. When he tried to kick the Russian loose, he found himself on his back. He could not grip his adversary, who wriggled loose and swung the tin valise viciously.

The Russian took all Mac's jabs to his head, and used his clipped head like

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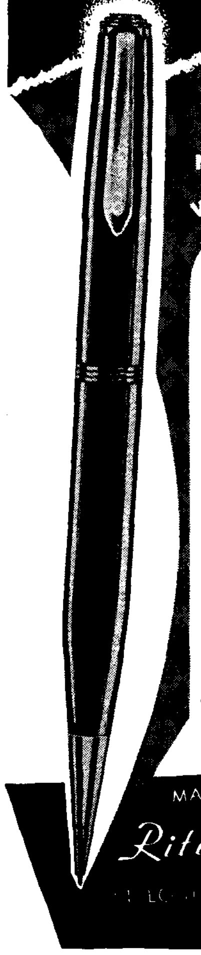

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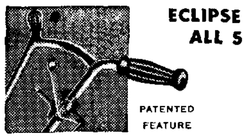

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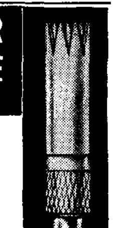

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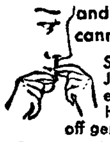

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a battering ram. He avoided infighting, and grinned enthusiastically as he swung and kicked. Mac edged to the crates and swung his right, only to be crashed down, with his enemy's elbow grinding into his throat. He felt blood in his mouth, and his sight blacked out.

"Viedma!" yelled his victorious foe. And Mac began to be conscious of something strange. A woman's hair pressed against his face, and instead of sweat, he smelled perfume. Unmistakably he heard a woman's voice.

The pressure on his windpipe went away. By degrees his sight cleared sufficiently for him to make out a lightweight girl prone upon him, talking back to the Russian, who crouched above him, eager to resume operations. Not a word of her lingo could the sergeant understand.

Mac moved to hoist her off.

"Lie still, you mindless idiot!" The girl turned her attention to him. "Otherwise, you will be dead."

MAC spat out blood, feeling weak. Cautiously he reached out and gripped the carbine by the side of the car. By fingering the clip he found it to be loaded, and he brought the muzzle up toward his enemy. The Russian did not seem impressed, but the girl looked scared. Swiftly she got up between the two men, and was silent.

Gingerly the sergeant seated himself on a crate, and rubbed his windpipe back into place. The train was moving too fast now to throw the Russian out, and Mac doubted if it could be done, anyhow. "Ouagh," he said. "Tell that—bozo—take a break. I'll take him—apart someplace else."

"Take him apart?"

"Fight him."

"Oh." Her wide gray eyes looked full into his. "You want a truce, Sergeant?"

She let off some more explosive talk to the Russian. That enthusiast grinned again, nodded, and sat down unconcerned in the open door. Opening the midget suitcase, he drew out a slender bottle filled apparently with water and drank from it thirstily. Mac's throat ached for the water, but he did not ask for it. Putting down his weapon, he eyed the girl.

She was young, her arms and throat too thin, with a wealth of hair like spun straw tinged by the sun. She was costumed in an American combat jacket and a short skirt.

"Where'd you drop in from, sister?"

Silently she pointed up to the darkness above the top layer of crates. There, apparently, she had hidden out. It bothered Mac that she seemed to be more afraid of him than of the Russian.

Her name, he learned, was Anna, and she spoke English because her mother had been English. "And so your dad was Russian?" Mac asked.

"No, Lithuanian."

"What's Lithuanian?"

A smile touched her lips. "If you don't know, does it matter?" And she sat down by the Russian, cross-legged, as if Mac and the train did not matter. She just looked out at the mud villages and the hot brown fields sweeping by. When she did that, she looked older. Mac decided she wasn't pretty, but something about her bothered him.

It was as if she sat waiting and listening for something to happen, without caring what it would be. The soldier offered Anna the bottle, and when she refused, he drank some more. After a moment he began to sing to himself. Putting his arm around her, he felt for her breast, and she jerked loose, hitting him hard over the eyes. Shaking his head, he laughed; but he did not reach for her again. Then she turned up her head to Mac without moving.

"Now you have found me, you will put me off?"

Before he could answer, the train began to jolt to a stop.

When it came to rest beside a stone castle that looked like a motion-picture set, the girl glanced quickly at Mac and climbed up to the top layer of crates, out of sight.

Along came the G.I. mechanic. "Hi," said he to Mac, and peered at him curiously. "You had your face lifted?"

Running his fingers over a bruise, the sergeant answered, "I slept on it. Where you come from, they like to ask questions?"

Then the unpredictable Russian offered his bottle, and the G.I. took a deep swallow and sighed heavily. He did this as if he liked the water of the country.

"Ever hear of a place called Cathay?" the sergeant asked.

The brakeman considered, when the sergeant described it. "Sounds a mite like Salt Lake City," he offered.

"It's here in Asia."

The brakeman shook his head.

After they got going again, the girl climbed down. "Thank you please," she said. "You are kind, soldier."

Mac stared. Nobody had called him kind before. It had not entered his mind to turn in the two stowaways at the whistle stop by the castle. With the Russian, he had an unfinished argument, and with the girl—

As before, she sat between them, drinking water out of an old whisky bottle, and tearing off strips from a roll of native bread. Mac accepted some of the water and felt better.

The train was winding into a gorge, climbing into mountains where sheep grazed, as in Nevada.

Anna had traveled, she made clear in her soft voice. At the start of the war she had been taken from her home into a labor camp in the Urals where the other inmates were Poles. Later she had been taken from the Urals into Persia, where the refugees like herself formed a colony and found some work, helped by the British. She had a nice room in *Tihran;* and then the British had started to move the refugee colony to East Africa by train. At Ahwaz, Anna had escaped from the train, because she did not want to travel to Africa. She had no home except the room in *Tihran,* and she was on her way back there, if God permitted.

THE gorge had opened out to an upland valley, with horses grazing in the gullies. When the sunset glow struck through behind them, Mac beheld across the way long robed figures staring up from a campfire ringed with black tents. They looked like pictures of people in the Bible—two thousand years distant from the train.

Beside him the Russian heaved a bottle, empty, into the shadows beneath. Propped against a crate, he had been singing quietly to himself. Now he drew another bottle from the tin valise and broke the sealing wax on it.

"The guy," Mac observed, "is sure thirsty."

Anna looked carefully at the Russian, and said sharply, "You must *stop* him, now."

"It's his water, Anna."

"It's not. It's vodka."

"Well, I guess these Russians take vodka like water."

"He is not a Russian. He is a Ukrainian Cossack from Perekop. The Germans took away his family to labor like me. So Sokol, which is his name, hates those Germans." She caught Mac's arm. "Sergeant, you must stop him drinking now, because if he is drunk in *Tihran* the Russian military police will take him and shoot him. They have orders to do that, if a soldier is drunk in the streets."

It was all tangled up, this Russian business, but Mac was beginning to think the straw-haired girl knew the answers better than he did.

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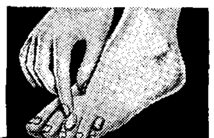

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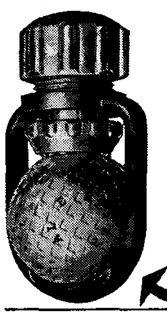

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"Sokol drinks because of his family. He will not stop just if you tell him to."

"Okay, Sister Anna, we'll keep him ready for inspection."

But when Mac pondered how to do this, it did not seem so easy. Sokol kept the bottle firmly in hand, and Mac doubted his ability to confiscate it by force. Then the solution came to him.

"Tell this Sokol I'd relish a drag myself."

By dividing the bottle, its effects on Sokol could be halved. The sergeant had never tried vodka, yet it looked smooth. It tasted smooth, when he tried it.

"Zdorovenki bouly," enunciated Sokol.

"What's that he's saying?"

"Good health to you. And he also says he will break your head like a melon when you say."

The sergeant laughed and took another swallow. Sokol reciprocated at once, pleased. It was going to be hard to keep ahead of him . . .

The darkness in front of them grew bright with a moon's glow. Crests of hills stood stark against a shimmering sky. Cold air bathed their lungs, and the sergeant felt as if he were coming home to the Nevada mountains again. A good place to hop the train.

Beneath him the train did a strange thing. It crawled and wormed its way up toward a mountain summit. When he leaned forward he beheld four separate angles of track traversing up. Anna pulled at him anxiously, and he took her hand and held it, to reassure her.

Her face shone faintly white, beneath the brightness of her hair. She did not look so tired now, only young. Mac said, "It feels good here."

"Nobody told me *that* before, Mac."

All three of them had a touch of it, he thought. It came out of these years. He was tired and going over the hill; she had no home to go to, only a room in *Tihran;* Sokol had a home, but he had lost his family.

Sokol pointed up. A peak appeared between two crests, high and lonely, white with snow. Mac looked at it and nodded.

"He must have traveled some, Anna. Ask him if he knows whereabouts Cathay is."

"Cathay?"

Mac told her about the fountains that gave you a big kick out of life, and the lakes with white boats just floating on them. He omitted the hostess princesses. Anna spoke rapid Russian to Sokol.

"Sokol says," she explained, "only the eagles know about Cathay, and he is a falcon, not an eagle. Drink some more, or he will be drunk."

She sat there like a picture out of a fairy tale, not real but lovely. Sokol threw away the empty bottle while the train crept along a summit against the roof of the sky.

The moon left the sky, and Mac's eyes closed. After a while he stretched out against his pack and slept.

Once he woke up, hearing the door sliding shut. Anna was pulling at it, and day seemed to be coming up outside. Another time when the train pulled up, he stirred and listened. Somebody was crying close to him. It was the girl, asleep with her hand over his. Sunlight streamed through the cracks of the high-priority car.

TRAMPING and voices woke the sergeant with a feeling that he had overslept. Through the open door, electric lights shone along a cement platform crowded with natives and soldiers under packs.

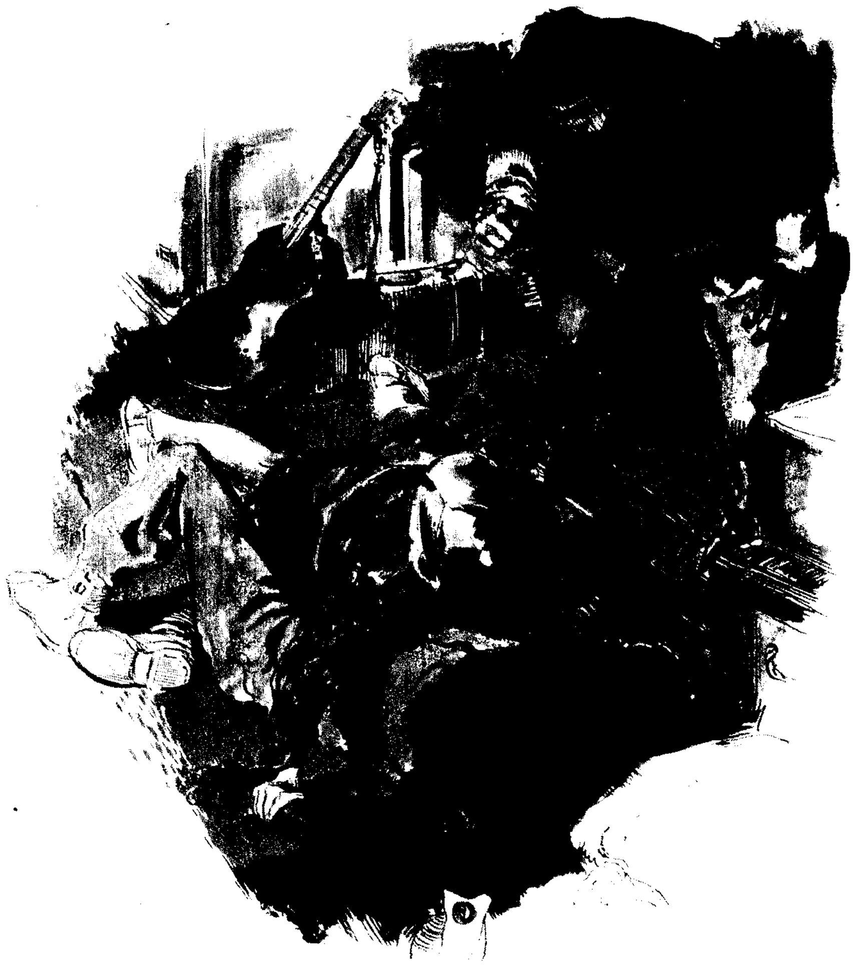
"What's this?" Mac demanded, half awake.

"It's *Tihran,"* Anna announced, "and I—"

It was her stop. Mac noticed that Sokol had disappeared, although his coat, valise and guitar were lying as they had been. "What happened to him?" he asked.

"Oh, he went. Quite well he could stand, and talk, thanks to your drinking. How do you feel? Please," she added swiftly, "can you walk with me, by the military at the gate?"

"Sure," he said, and climbed down to help her. From somewhere she had produced a bundle done up in a shawl. Although Mac could take in all these sights, his brain felt blurred. About



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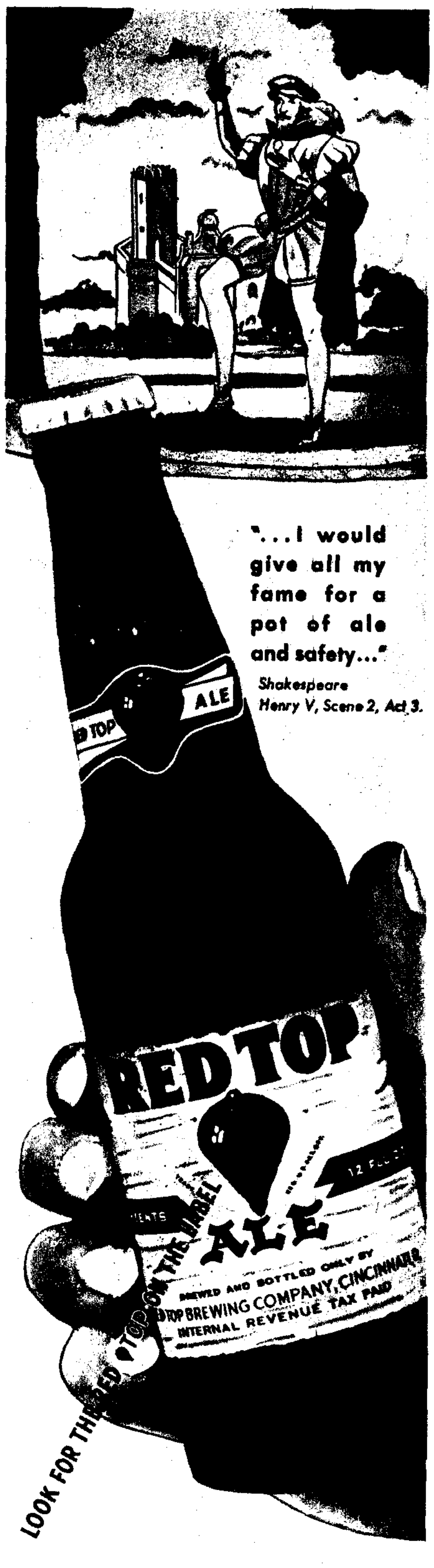
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Anna he remembered that she was a wraith, a refugee without a pass for the train. So he talked to her, and held her arm as they pushed through the Persians and whatnots crowding to the gate.

Strange-looking soldiers in mustard-colored uniforms examined the others but paid no attention to the American sergeant and the girl. Likewise, the American M.P.s merely looked at Anna's legs in silent appraisal. Mac remembered to ask about his train.

"How long does this transcontinental limited stop here?" he asked the nearest M.P.

"That?" The soldier looked surprised. "Two hours officially. Actually five or six. Who cares?"

Anna pulled at him, and he went on, out to a cobbled square full of dust and sunset glow. "What now?" he questioned.

"We will go in a droshky."

And she climbed into a horse-drawn hack that looked like a museum piece tied together with cord. Hugging her bundle, she made room for Mac, smiling. "Now you come. I want you to eat your dinner with me, please."

All at once he felt hungry. In two hours, he reasoned, he could get some chow and be back on the train, which would take him out of this *Tihran* place where M.P.s of all sorts abounded.

Although the droshky bounced and sideslipped, Anna seemed happy. So did the dark figures that clustered in the open shops and sidewalk fruit stands, singing and talking and calling out the stuff they had to sell. Some of them stretched out on rugs beside the small torrent of water that ran in the gutter. It struck Mac that this was one continuous block party. "What goes on tonight?" he asked curiously.

"Tonight is like any night in *Tihran.* Oh, these Persians have so little money and things, they enjoy themselves like this." And, gravely, she added, "Tonight is special for me."

At a door in a clay courtyard wall she stopped the driver, and paid him with some coins from her purse. Taking Mac's hand she led him in, through a shadowed walk to a garden lighted with lamps on tables where a dozen assorted people sat eating, including four American soldiers. The walls of this garden were painted with horsemen and dancing girls out of a fairy tale. As soon as Anna stepped into the light the big woman at the counter by the kitchen door screamed and ran over and embraced her.

The waiter, who wore a black jacket, put down his tray to kiss her hand. An old guy playing a fiddle out of tune waved his bow at her. This sort of thing went on all through the meal, which took a long time. Anna ordered veal and rice with sauce, broiled chicken, long white melons and bottles of beer that must have come from some American PX. Mac ate and drank most of it, because she did not seem to be so hungry.

Finally four assorted girls under teen age came out and hugged Anna. They wore what looked like kimonos and head scarfs, and one of them interrupted her native chatter to say, "How do you do?" to Mac before they all giggled and ran off.

By then Mac could not help asking, "Does the cat know you, too?"

"They are my pupils. Like everyone, they are glad to see me, Mac. I told the children, if God permitted, I would come back."

When a pair of older girls with the bright-tired look of prostitutes came in to a side table, Anna went over and hugged them. They did not so much as glance at Mac.

Time was passing, and he tried to call the waiter for the check, but Anna stopped him. "Please, you cannot pay here. You are our guest."

"Whose guest?" demanded Mac, his head still wrapped in layers of fog.

Anna looked at him. "Ours. This residence and garden belong to Madame Suhaily, who has lost all her other things. So Madame Guthor who is a Hungarian refugee"—she nodded toward the large dame at the counter— "manages this restaurant, and pays something to Madame Suhaily. These Polish girls sleep here and also pay, and we all eat here while I have some money from teaching English to the children. So, we manage."

And this, Mac remembered, she had called her home. It was a hell of a home, he thought. "Then you have your room here?"

"Yes." Anna seemed pleased. "I will show it to you."

When he followed her, it struck him how gracefully she walked, as if her sandals were high-heeled shoes. At the top of a dim stair that smelled of dust and onions, she took his hand and led him through a hanging into a small space with embroidery hung on the bare walls, and a rug underfoot. This place smelled of flowers, perhaps because there was a box of them in the open window. Moonlight streaming in showed a few books ranged on top of a crate.

"This?" Mac asked. "Where do you sleep?"

In the moonlight she stood close to him, looking straight at him, her eyes questioning him. Had he ever thought she was not pretty? In Mac's experience, if a girl stayed so quiet in her room, like this, it meant one thing only.

Anna's dim eyes seemed to look into his mind. She smiled, but not at him. Then she said "Here," and led him out of the window.

They stood full in the moonlight, on part of a roof, with a roll of quilts near. The sergeant's arm eased around her body, which felt too slight to be real. After a second she drew away and pointed.

In the shadow a few yards away the form of a large woman showed, covered by blackout robes, and under mosquito nets the slight figures of the four girls lay outstretched on their sleeping quilts. Then Mac noticed other piles of bedding stacked around the roof which was walled in from observation, except by the moon.

"Madame Suhaily and the children," Anna whispered. "You wanted to see where I slept."

It was like a women's dormitory, and Mac eased back through the long window. Suddenly he remembered to look at his watch. Three hours had passed since he left the train! "Listen," he said, "I got to go—that express will be pulling out."

Startled, she turned to him. "But you can not go on it, because of the Russians."

"Never mind the Russians. I'm moving." He didn't understand his own urgency, but he had to go on. This wasn't far enough—he had to go on to Cathay.

"Come on down with me to the train," he urged abruptly.

She answered his voice rather than the words: "I cannot go on the train—now."

The heck she couldn't! She had managed it once, easily enough.

"You stay," she said quickly.

Looking at him, she became frightened, more so than when he had picked up the carbine. Something wild and fearful in her looked out at him. Then her eyes closed and she turned her back to him so he could no longer see her face. Her English did not sound so good as before. "All right, Sergeant," she said to the window, "I understand how you want to go."

It was funny that running down the steps he felt as if he had forgotten something. . . .

Along the platform everything appeared different, with most of the lights

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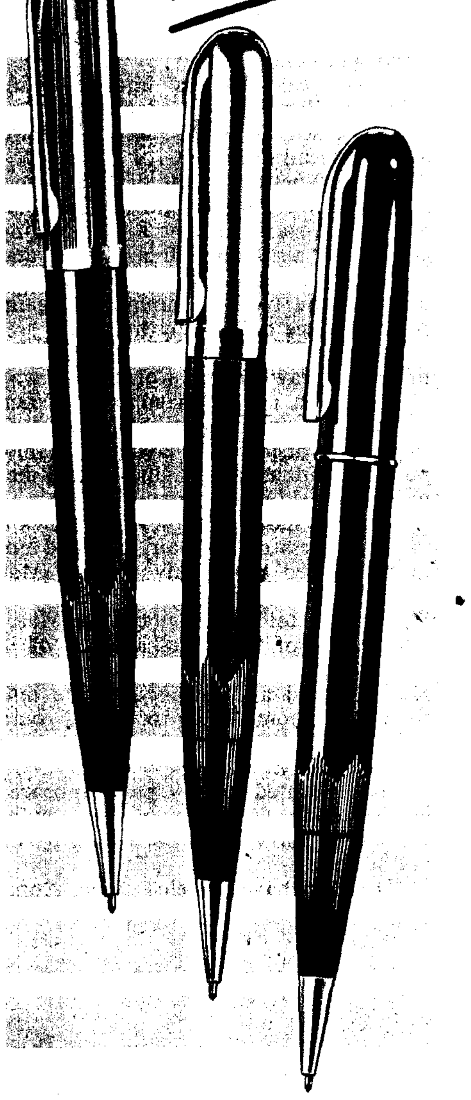

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out and the train over on a siding. He passed a lot of uniformed groups smoking outside the doors before he found his freight car and climbed in. Not until he started to undo his duffel bag did he remember that he had sighted no familiar M.P.s.

A lantern flickered outside, and three husky Red Army soldiers climbed in, two of them with tommy guns slung on their shoulders. Sokol the Cossack followed with the lantern. The sergeant had no chance to ease out, if he had wanted to.

It was clear to him that the Cossack had come back with three of his mates to settle the argument between them. He was rolling up his sleeves when Sokol sighted him, and registered surprise, saying something unintelligible, and motioning outside.

Mac shook his head. "This is good enough for me, you ham actor," he grunted.

Sokol laughed, and put down the lantern, saying something to his bodyguards. Then he let fly with both fists. He seemed to be cold sober.

THE sergeant had had a few seconds to plan what he wanted to do; that was to end the bout in one round. After jabbing Sokol away with his left, the paratrooper dove under a savage swing, caught Sokol under the crotch and bashed his head against the crates. Before Sokol could grip anything, Mac was pounding the Cossack's forehead against the metal flooring. In ten seconds Sokol went limp.

Now for it, Mac reasoned and slid back to the carbine. As he did so, the train jerked and took off. With his weapon the sergeant crouched against the wall, ready for the rush of the bodyguards.

One with a crooked nose ejaculated "*Shabash!*" The other two had not unslung their automatic weapons, but they were between the sergeant and the door. They were working over Sokol with a vodka bottle. Mac watched their hands.

Presently Sokol coughed and sat up, wiping the blood out of his eyes. He grunted "*Shabash!*" Then he held out the bottle to Mac who did not take it.

A Russky with medals over his blouse stepped front and center. "Yank!" he shouted. "You will—understand—basic English, Yank?"

"Sure," admitted the sergeant cautiously, "I guess so."

The other waved a husky arm. "American okay," he bellowed over the rattle of the train, "British well done, Russian *Shabash.* You understand?" They were grinning.

The sergeant heaved a long sigh. *They weren't ganging up on him.* Warily he accepted the bottle and drank thirstily. It was water.

To get a break to think, Mac handed around cigarettes, which they all took. He saw that the train was really an express now; it was hiking along too fast for him to jump. Then Sokol reached out for his guitar-ukelele thing, and they began to sing, a strange sort of blues with a bit of a hymn thrown in. The train swayed and groaned, huffing through tunnels, and then hanging on by its wheels to the rock of a mountain's face so steep that Mac blinked when he looked up. It was racing itself down the mountain while these crazy Russians who had taken over the car sang to glory . . . Mac gave up thinking about it.

When at last it stopped, Mac eased out with his stuff, first. The four only waved to him. After a minute he stopped dead.

It could not be! An orange moon sank on one side, while daybreak gleamed on the other. Before him gurgled a rushing waterfall, above him rose a tropical tree hung with bananas. Ahead of him stretched the shore of a lake, big as an ocean. It smelled salt. In its gentle wash hundreds of men and a few women were bathing, stripped. They were singing the blues-hymns, also.

Into this lake extended a jetty. But what held the sergeant spellbound was the yacht, large and white and anchored off shore. A yacht for presidents and Grand Chams. Mac was entirely sober.

"Cathay," he told himself.

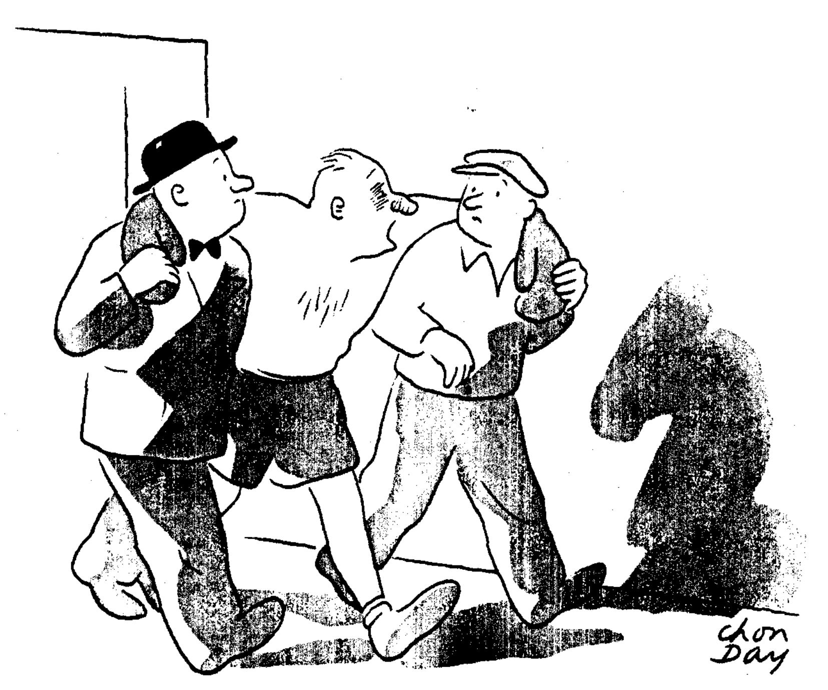
Beholding a big skiff taking off from the jetty, he ran down to it. When he jumped in, it smelled of fish. The rowers, soldiers like himself, did not object. They pulled out to the yacht he indicated. Mac lay back and enjoyed himself. The Volga boatmen must be like this, he thought.

A swimmer's head bobbed beside him, and a shapely arm grappled the skiff's side. The Volga boatmen weighed oars and Mac, tugging at the arm, pulled in a young woman. Like the other swimmers he'd seen, she wore no bathing suit.

"*Americaniec,*" she panted, smiling. "I have seen pictures of the United States Army. Do you speak English?"

"Sure," said Mac. Princesses in Cathay went swimming in the dawn's earliest light. This one had a nice figure, and she said her name was Katya.

When the two of them climbed the steps to the yacht's empty deck, gold gleamed from the stanchions' knobs, and



COLLIER'S "Boy, I sure was grist for his mill, wasn't I?" CHON DAY

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gold gleamed in Katya's bobbed hair as the sun rose and she dried herself on a shirt.

"So this is Cathay," Mac commented.

"So this is—what?" Katya wondered.

He explained, and the more he explained, the more questions she asked. And while she asked questions, she put on her shirt, and she changed. In boots and pants she looked not so much like a princess as like an incredulous and suspicious young woman. She still looked pretty good.

Finally she asked for Mac's papers. "I am the commandant's first category interpreter," she identified herself. She put her finger on the word Teheran in his T.O.'s. *"Tihran* is not here. It is far back behind you, Sergeant."

So Teheran-*Tihran* must have been the stop where he had eaten dinner with Anna.

Katya began to do some explaining herself: "At *Tihran,* Russian crews take command of all the trains. But the man Sokol was inspector, who journeys all the way with shipments to the Soviet Union. Do you understand?"

"Sort of—" Mac admitted.

Katya jabbed a finger at the seaside town, with the train. "This is Bandar Shah, the end of the railroad. It is not Cathay." Her voice sharpened: "There is no Cathay among the autonomous republics of the Soviet Union. This"—and she jabbed a finger overside—"is no lake. It is *Kaspy More,* the Caspian Sea. This yacht is no recreation ship; we guard it and are allowed to swim from it. Now do you understand all of everything?"

As she considered him, her gray-green eyes softened. Mildly, she said, "But you can stay here and swim as long as you like, Sergeant."

Now that he could see her clearly, Katya looked husky. While he pondered, she jumped up. So did Mac.

Behind them stood a man in a weather-stained soldier's tunic. He had one empty sleeve, and the face of a tired poet. Behind him five officers waited with portfolios.

"The commandant," breathed Katya, "the distinguished General Dobra Khan, who goes ashore in the boat." And she interpreted: "He is asking what he can do for you, American soldier?"

For a moment the paratrooper looked into the eyes of the commander who might have been a poet, who was more tired than any human being he had run across in his travels. . . .

With Katya interpreting, Mac told Dobra Khan of his search for Cathay. Feeling easy under the poet-general's kind gaze, he even told of his desire to go over the hill. After a long pause. Dobra Khan spoke. MacKenzie listened, spellbound. . . .

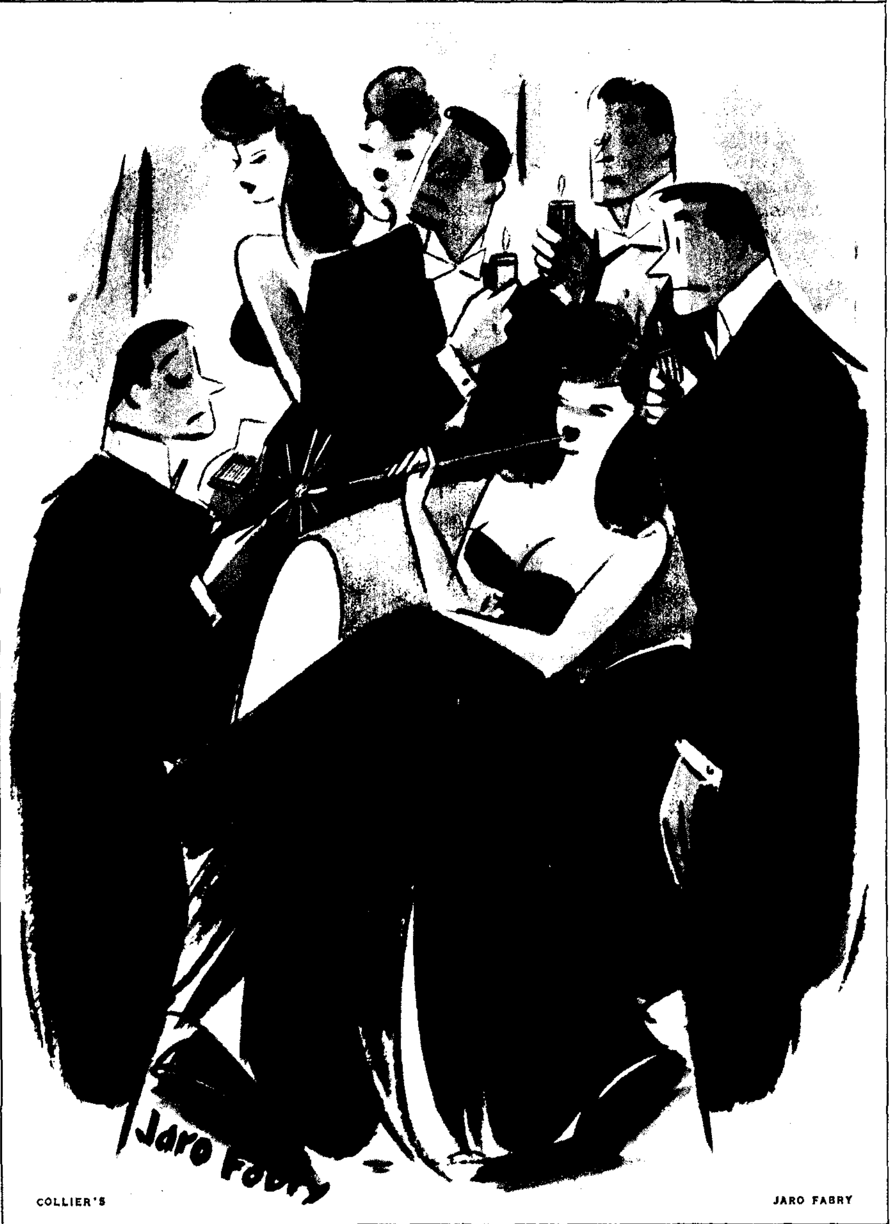
TWO evenings later Sergeant MacKenzie of the Teheran battalion of M.P.s walked into the garden of Madame Suhaily, and over to the table where Anna sat alone. Pulling up a chair for himself, he sat down. It felt good here. Anna looked beautiful with her eyes shining, when she brushed back her hair.

"Did you find Cathay, Sergeant?" she asked softly.

"Yes, and no." Leaning his elbows comfortably on the table, Mac considered. "I met a big shot, a kind of Grand Cham who knew the answers. He said Cathay wasn't a country any more, it was a place that tired soldiers looked for and never found. So I came back here. What do you think, Anna?"

She didn't tell him. "I'm glad you came back," she said.

THE END



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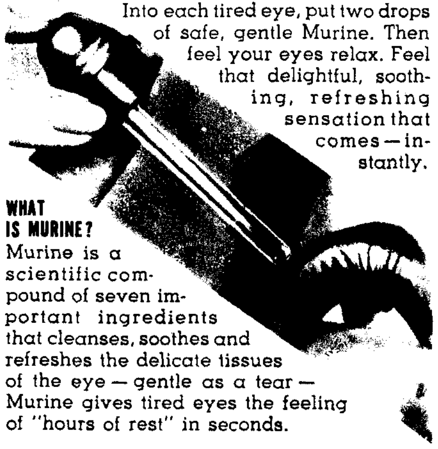


YANKEE FISH FAMINE

Continued from page 23

overturned and dorymen washed off decks by breaking seas. The days were long and the nights short. Torches made them so when sunlight failed. On my last trip aboard Ben Pine's famous Gertrude Thebaud, we worked eighteen hours a day for eight days at a stretch. That vessel carried the last working dories out of Gloucester.

The point to be made, however, and the one to be borne in mind is: The fish caught by the dory trawlers were fat and mature. This means that they had spawned and had left billions of little cod and haddock behind them to thrive for seasons to come. No small fish were killed. The reason for that is simple, too. It's this: Nature provides that a small cod will not take a bait. He prefers daintier fare for his small gullet. For the first six months, he eats plankton, the minute organic life on the surface. When he goes down thirty fathoms to join his papa, he eats other little things. He doesn't touch a bait until he's a father himself.

In those facts you have the reasons why the dory trawlers, even in the most successful seasons, never made a noticeable decrease in the fish population. There was always more than enough. It was true to say: There are lots of good fish in the sea.

That isn't true today. And the dragger is the cause.

Like a Monster of the Deep

The dragger is a power-driven craft that catches fish by dragging a large, cone-shaped net along the bottom of the sea. The net is usually about one hundred feet long and eighty to one hundred feet wide at the mouth. It tapers to a cod end which holds the fish as they are swept down from the mouth. The vessel drags at about three miles an hour. It sweeps up everything that lies in its broad path.

The net cannot select. It must take all, young and old together. The mesh of the net is 2¼ inches. This is so small, that even the half-pound fish—the scrod—are caught and cannot wriggle through. Crowded into the cod end and kept under heavy pressure by the fish following after, these young fish are dead or dying by the time the bag is brought to the surface. When the bag is hauled inboard by the winch, the net is opened by means of a slip rope at the cod end. The useful fish are culled and dressed. The young fish, dead or dying, are thrown over the side to be eaten by sharks and gulls.

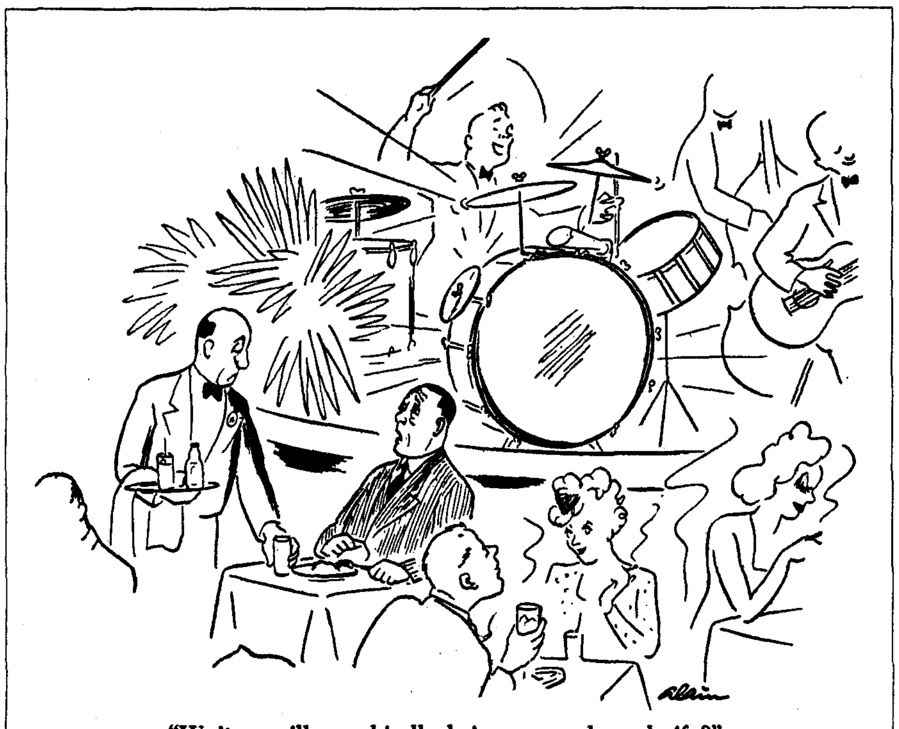
Quite often the catch includes more baby fish than fish of a useful size. Their destruction is a total waste. It is more than that. If the fish were left on the banks for another season, they would double in weight and be worth catching. It may happen that the vessel drags its net through a nursery ground, where young fish are feeding. On such occasions, the entire bag of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds may be composed of young fish. They are poured onto the deck. They must be thrown away quickly to clear the way for another catch. So the big scuppers are opened and a stream of water is turned onto the fish. They are washed overboard. This is called "railroading." I don't know why.

I have seen this done time after time on one long voyage on Georges Bank. Hundreds of thousands of young fish were killed. Billions in spawn were destroyed. I saw square miles of water covered with dead and dying cod, so thickly spread that the sea glittered like cloth of silver. According to the reports of biologists employed in the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of the Interior, the draggers once destroyed 63,000,000 baby haddock in a single season.

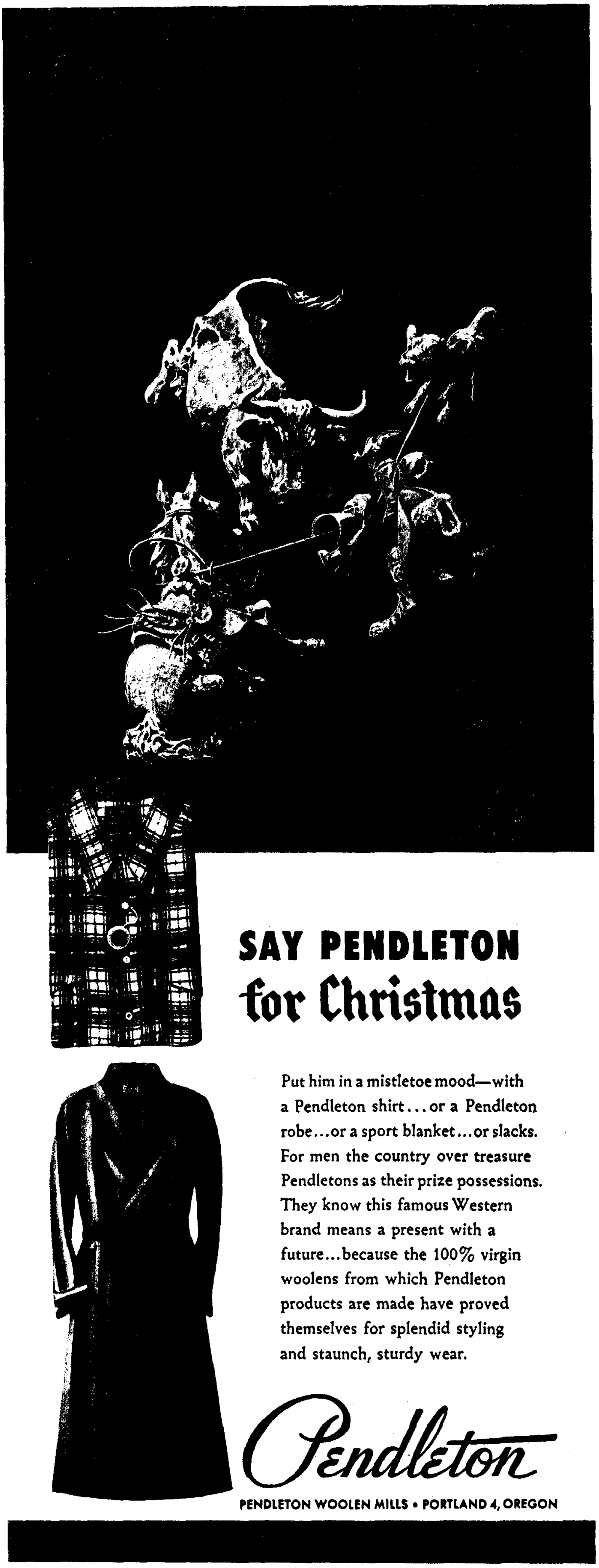
The fishermen didn't take this destruction calmly. They foresaw the danger in 1905 when the first draggers went to work. They saw it even more clearly in the course of seasons when the draggers drove the dories off the banks. Such men have no effective way of making their fears known. Nobody wants to hear complaints at a time when money is being made. The answer always was: "Shut up, will you? There's lots of good fish in the sea."

I think that most of the fishermen didn't want to kill fish that way. The net made them feel uneasy. But they were forced to use it. The profits were so large and the work so much quicker and easier that a dollar invested in a dragger earned ten times the profit of a dollar put in dories.

Some skippers refused to do the job. I recall one such man, who had been skipper of a dory trawler. His vessel was converted into a dragger and he went to sea. In the first four days, he caught



COLLIER'S "Waiter, will you kindly bring me a sharp knife?" DANIEL ALAIN



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100,000 pounds of cod and haddock. He then struck a run of small fish. In two days, he killed and destroyed 100,000 pounds of baby fish. It made him sick.

He said to the mate: "To hell with this! Take her home."

That was five years ago. He hasn't had a command since.

Now, quite suddenly, Gloucester has been hit hard in a place where it hurts. That's the redfish industry, the most recent and striking example of waste and destruction. For many years, the redfish (rosefish) was despised as a worthless catch. The Portuguese used to bring them to the wharves and sell them for fifty cents a barrel. They were resold as bait.

Then, seven or eight years ago, the high food value of this fish was discovered. Redfish were shipped to the Middle West and sold in fish-and-chip joints. They were used in a popular fish sandwich. Their oil and vitamin content was found to be remarkably high.

A Bonanza for Gloucester

Gloucester didn't miss the trick. The draggers turned to the new fishery with skill and efficiency. When the war started in Europe and the price of fish rose, Gloucester found it had struck a bonanza. The redfish were abundant. They were close at hand. Some draggers continually hailed for 200,000 pounds a trip. The profits were high. Those were the days when skippers made $25,000 a year, draggermen made $10,000 and more, and $100,000 vessels paid for themselves in a season. In five years, the catch of redfish rose from a million pounds or so to over 100,000,000 pounds a year.

From 1937 to 1940, before the real drive was under way, these fish were caught offshore. In 1940, the vessels sailed 75 miles to get a trip of fish. By 1943, they were fishing 150 miles at sea. Today they are hunting redfish in Nova Scotian waters. They are looking for them at Sable Island and on Banquereau, just as they are looking for cod and haddock on those banks.

Why do they go so far for redfish? The answer is: The small mesh killed everything it caught and left too few fish to spawn. Three years ago, while I was on the Columbia, the bag came up with 15,000 pounds of redfish that had obviously been struck while getting ready to spawn. The pressure of the mesh and the force of the avalanche of fish on deck forced the spawn out of the fish. In five minutes, I was standing ankle-deep in spawn. There were literally billions of valuable fish dying between me and the lee rail.

I scooped up a handful of the spawn to look at it under a magnifying glass. The skipper said to me: "You've got a thousand dollars worth of fish in your hand, chum. But we'll never see the thousand."

Oddly enough, these skippers and fishermen can't see the way out. Ask one of them what might be a smart thing to do and he will only shake his head and say something about Gloucester being closed down.

"They can plow that place up and plant it to clover. Five years from now there won't be a trip of fish a year coming in."

Even such a top-notch operator as Ben Pine of Gloucester can't see an answer to the problem. And he's the best ship's husband in the fisheries. Owner of several vessels and part owner of others, he watched the dories go and the draggers arrive and conquer. His skippers are fishing today a thousand miles farther east than when he started. He admits that the famous Georges Bank is caught up.

"There's nothing there now for us," he said, "except now and then, in the spring of the year, the haddock come across the bank. We've got to fish to the eastward."

"Why so?"

His answer is simple: "The nets kill the little ones. And you can't kill the young and have the old."

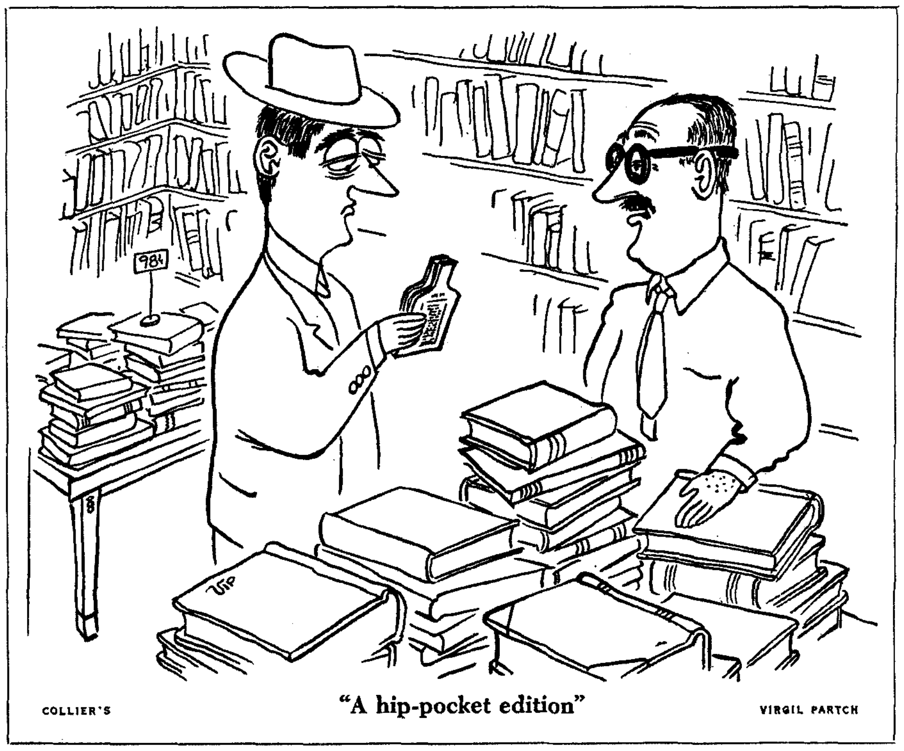
"Can anything be done to the nets?"

Here he always shakes his head.

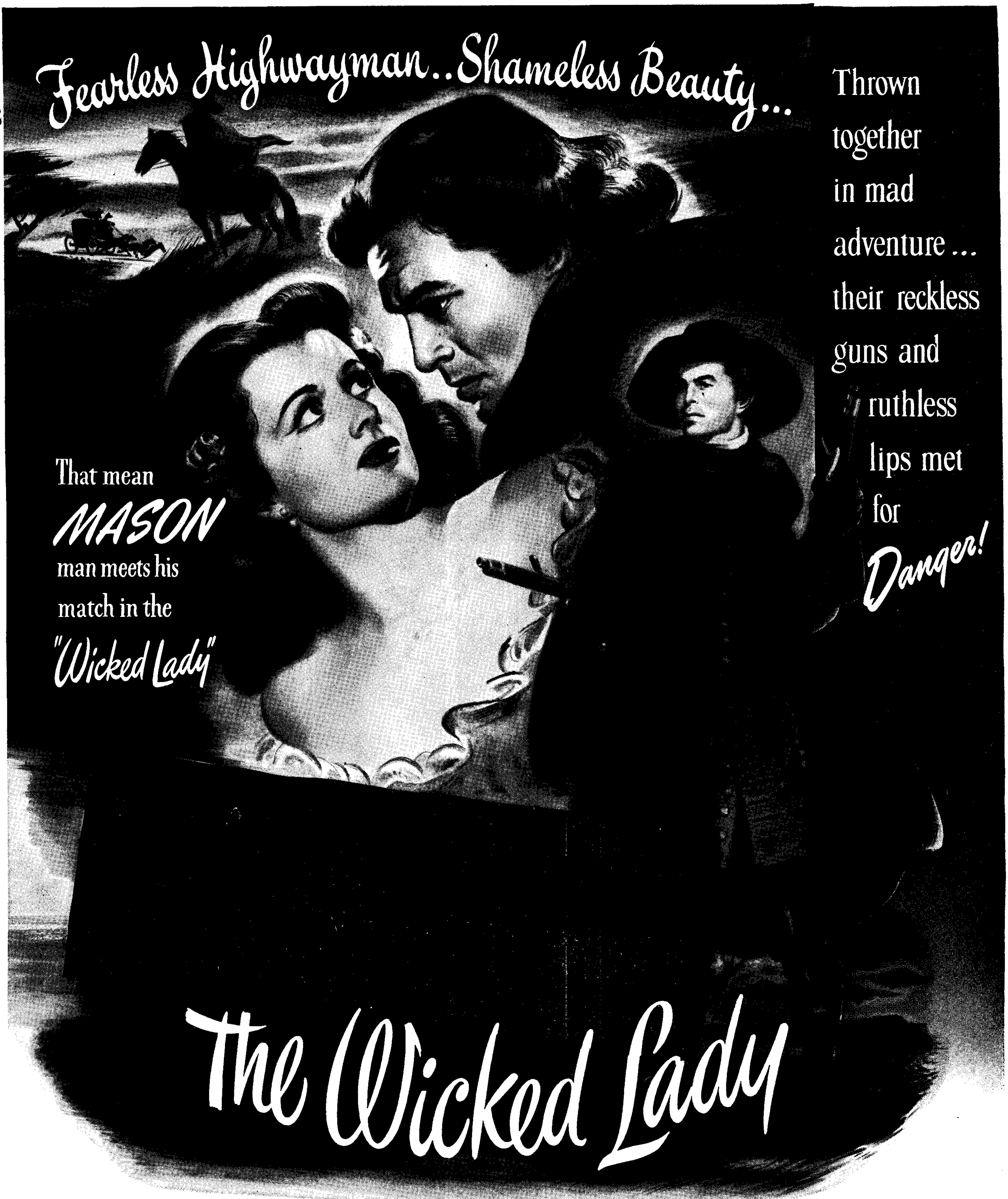
In my opinion, there is a remedy. It is an opinion held by many others concerned in the welfare of the fisheries. The remedy has been provided by science. It has been carefully worked out during decades of research by those same biologists of the Fish and Wildlife Service, once the Bureau of Fisheries. The Lord only knows why it has been kept such a secret all this time.

Their findings show that the mesh of the dragger net must be increased at once to at least five inches. Such a mesh will permit the escape of young fish—haddock, cod, and redfish alike. Hundreds of experiments with large-mesh cod ends aboard draggers proved that a five-inch mesh permitted the escape of practically all fish under one pound.

The effectiveness of such a mesh in saving young fish and building up fish populations is shown in elaborate studies which were summed up by William C. Herrington, a federal biologist, in charge of the federal office at Cambridge, Mass. His escapement index proved that no



COLLIER'S "A hip-pocket edition" VIRGIL PARTCH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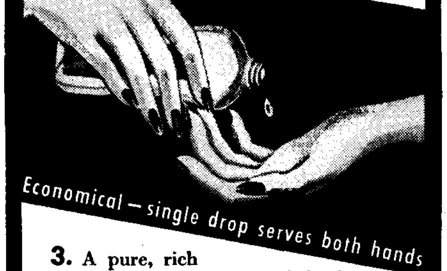

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fish over 2½ pounds escaped through the large mesh. In short, the use of such a large mesh will at once increase the population of the Banks by the billions now destroyed in spawn every season.

And the objections to the large mesh? Oddly enough, there are none. The fishermen know that the government men are correct in stating that the large mesh will catch just as many *pounds* of fish as the small mesh does. The progressive shipowners do not challenge the findings. The Atlantic Fishermen's Union, headed by men who once fished in dories, not only approved the findings, but it also drew up a bill to be introduced into Congress.

The Bill Nobody Would Sponsor

In line with other federal research, the bill advocated the restriction of all fishing during spawning seasons and a limitation on the size of fish that could be sold. Nobody in Congress was sufficiently interested to sponsor the bill. It's dusty now.

Little harm will be done to production if the fisheries are closed during the spawning seasons. All the draggers have to be overhauled once a year, a job that takes from five weeks to two months. This work could be done during the spawning seasons. There would be no loss. More than that, the nursery grounds should be barred to fishermen. The U.S. biologists expect that catches might fall off for a little while, but that a great, permanent gain should follow.

History shows that such a change will help. For instance, the Scottish Board of Fisheries began its studies long ago when the dragger first became useful in the North Sea. It took the Scots a long time to come to their conclusions; and it took the operators a much longer time to adopt the conclusions and the laws based upon them. Before the larger mesh was ordered and the fishing seasons were interrupted at spawning times, the fish population had decreased so much that a first-class British dragger (248 tons) could bring up only 500 pounds of inferior fish in an hour's dragging. Now they hope for better things.

On our side of the water, there has been a marked success at conservation: the halibut fishery of the West Coast. The mesh is not a factor there because the net hasn't been made that will hold a halibut very long. They are still caught with hooks. Preservation of spawn and of immature fish was the chief problem. At the time that halibut fishery became important, the fishing was unrestricted. Halibut were killed at all times and in all places. All sizes were taken. West Coast fishery grew in importance as the halibut fishery in the Atlantic fell off to nothing. Prices rose. The fleet increased greatly and the fishing became intense.

The result was the expected one. Both the Canadian fishermen and the Americans discovered that the big fish were becoming scarce. The fishery came upon hard times. The Department of the Interior came into action. Under the guidance of Ira Gabrielson, who retired this year as director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Canadians and Americans got together at a table. The unions sent their delegates, the boatowners sent their skippers and came along themselves. The result was President Roosevelt's proclamation of the convention entitled Preservation of the Halibut Fishery of the Northern Pacific Ocean and the Bering Sea. This became a law in 1937.

What did it accomplish? Everything. Areas inhabited by immature fish were closed. Spawning fish were protected. The number of halibut per vessel was limited and the number of vessels held down. Today the West Coast halibut fishery is a success. It is profitable to all hands and commands an unchanging supply of mature fish. It is a notable monument to co-operation between unions and employers. When Gloucestermen go out there and take a look at it, they are astonished.

Conservation for Great Lakes

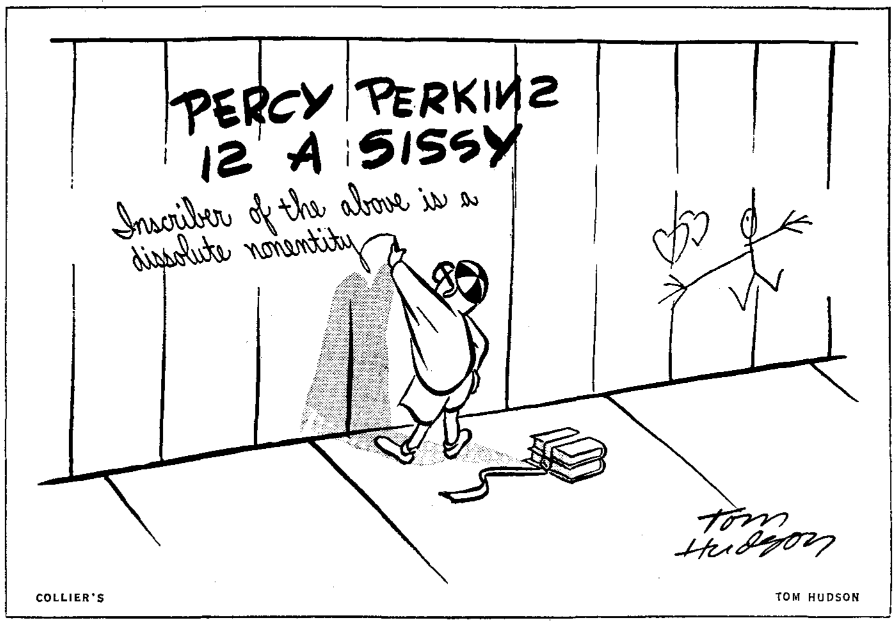
The success of that deal led to another. Last April, President Truman sent to the Senate a similar treaty between Canada and the United States for the purpose of enacting conservation laws for the Great Lakes. This treaty also provides for open and closed waters, open and closed seasons, limits on catches and the adoption of improved gear for the fisheries there.

New England has taken no such action. The Yankees commonly regard the Atlantic as their own lake. They forget that lots of other Americans have fought a war or two there and have a stake in the fishpond. They are bound to talk loudly about interference with some sacred right or other. Yet none of the parties concerned is strongly opposed to such a convention. The chief trouble is that there has been no force strong enough to get them together.

Such a force is in the making. It has its origin in the fact that there are no more fish close to home. It's hard for the ship's husbands to send vessels all the way to Banquereau.

That's why the Atlantic Fishermen's Union is trying again. It now proposes that a conference be held at once to draw up a treaty that may stave off the complete destruction of the Yankee fisheries. The members mean business this time because they know that Banquereau won't last much longer. And after Banquereau, there's little left but the Grand Bank itself. Beyond the Grand lies the Labrador, the ice, and cod seasons too short to feed the world.

THE END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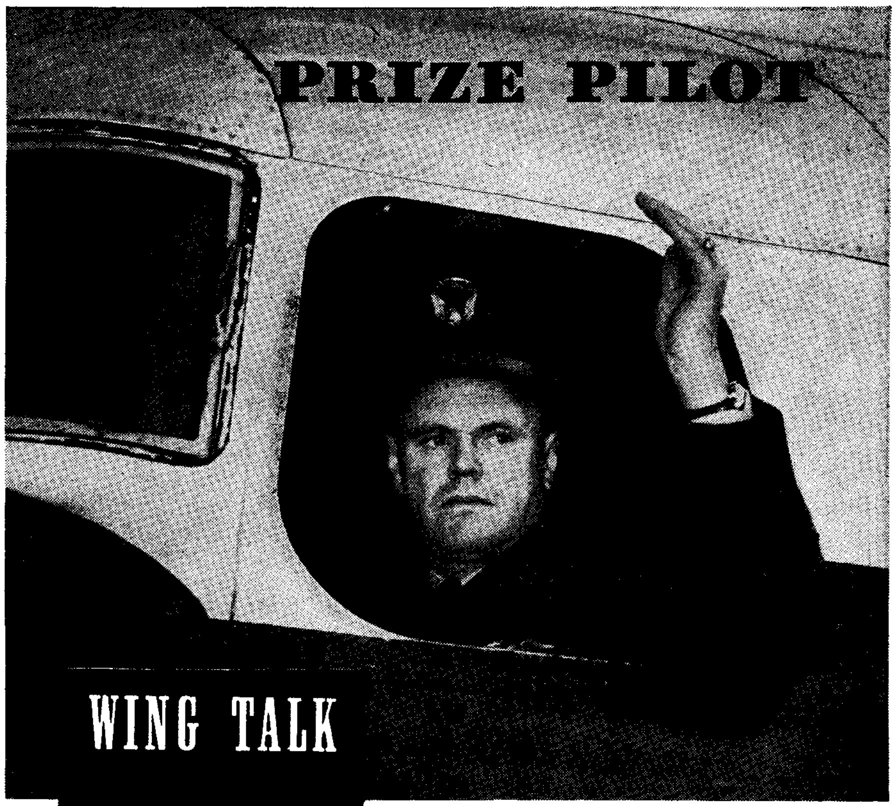

Western Air Lines Captain Frederick W. Wall, this year's winner of the F. R. Neely Medal for Consideration

PRIZE PILOT

THAT dour-faced character waving stiltedly from the cockpit of a DC-4 is Western Air Lines Captain Frederick W. Wall, a photogenic failure, but the winner of this department's award for the Nicest Air Line Pilot of 1946.

After easily lifting our 33-ton four-engined Douglas off the airport at Burbank, California, on an unusually hot and calm noonday and settling down on the 884-mile nonstop flight to Denver at a comfortable 220 miles an hour, Captain Wall turned over to Copilot Everett Thomas and entered the cabin to look at his passengers. They numbered 44 including two infants and a pair of small twin girls, an amateur motion-picture-camera fiend and a great Dane, crated and parked in the baggage compartment between the pilot seats and the cabin door.

While Stewardesses Lou Manning and Shirley McDonald fluttered back and forth serving lunch—consisting of fruit cup, salad, two sandwiches (chicken and cheese), ice cream, cookies and coffee—the captain began by holding the infants and telling their mothers what beautiful babies they were and small-talking with the twins. These amenities were interrupted by the lonely great Dane, who began barking. The captain went up front, knelt down, patted the big fellow on the head and chucked him under the chin. The great Dane looked pleased.

By now some passengers had finished their lunch, so Captain Wall helpfully picked up their trays and carried them back to the buffet. It was then he spotted the camera bug trying to shoot the sunbathed Western scenery through the cabin window glass amidships—and getting nothing but the enormous right wing. The captain thoughtfully invited him to the rear where he opened a window through which the picture taker got a lot of footage of Boulder Dam, as Copilot Thomas obligingly circled this engineering wonder.

The great Dane got lonely again and let everybody know it. Captain Wall, seeing that one of the twins, to whom the dog belonged, had not eaten her cheese sandwich, led her up to the crated pet and she fed it to him. That shut him up. Captain Wall then comfortably established her beside her sister, got a dish of water from the galley and carried it to the animal. Between these chores he found time to chat pleasantly with every passenger.

The stewardesses, what with having to set up the 44 meals and render first aid with heated bottles and diapers for the infants, removing chair arms and making beds for the twins' afternoon nap, passing out magazines to the adults, answering their interminable questions and pointing out Bryce and Zion National Parks, found the captain's tray-pick-up service invaluable. Queried by us if this were part of the duties of a Western Air Lines captain, Miss Manning replied, "Heavens, *no!* But isn't he a *jewel?*"

"Jewel" Wall, satisfied that his passengers were comfortably fed and fixed for the remainder of the trip, returned to his post, saying hello to the great Dane on the way. Spylike, we sat there and noted this superb job of public relations without revealing our nosy profession either to him or the stewardesses.

As Western Air has no competition on the Los Angeles-Denver route, which it flies in four hours and twenty-five minutes as against 32 hours for the fastest train, we couldn't figure out any commercial reason for such devotion to the public in *these* times.

But on the ground at Denver, after Captain Wall had culminated a long glide to the airport over the snow-capped Rockies with a feather landing, we found the answer from Western Air's obliging District Traffic Manager Earl Kimmel. Fred Wall is universally known as a good guy who loves his air-line pilot job and people and children and dogs. He is 41 years old, a native of Arkansas, but a resident of the bighearted West since a small boy. He is a graduate of Wyoming University and has been flying for 20 years, first as a barnstormer, acrobatic pilot and student instructor, and, for the past seven years, as air-line pilot. He is married and has a son and daughter and they live in Los Angeles.

Captain Wall's reward for his solicitude for everyone aboard, from the tiny infants to the great Dane, was the necessity (together with Copilot Thomas) of having to finish the last hour of the flight into Denver wearing an oxygen mask, because the great Dane—had an unfortunate accident! ★★★

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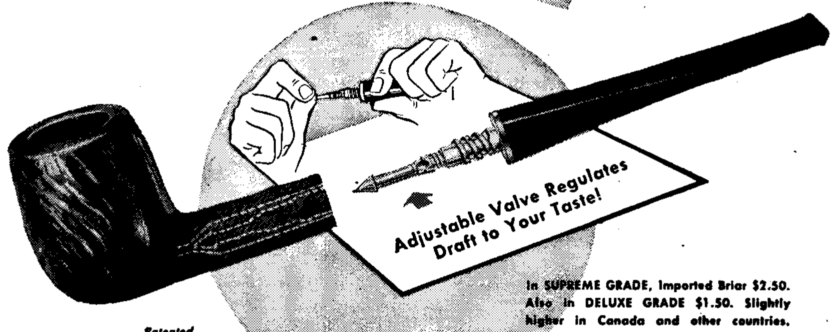

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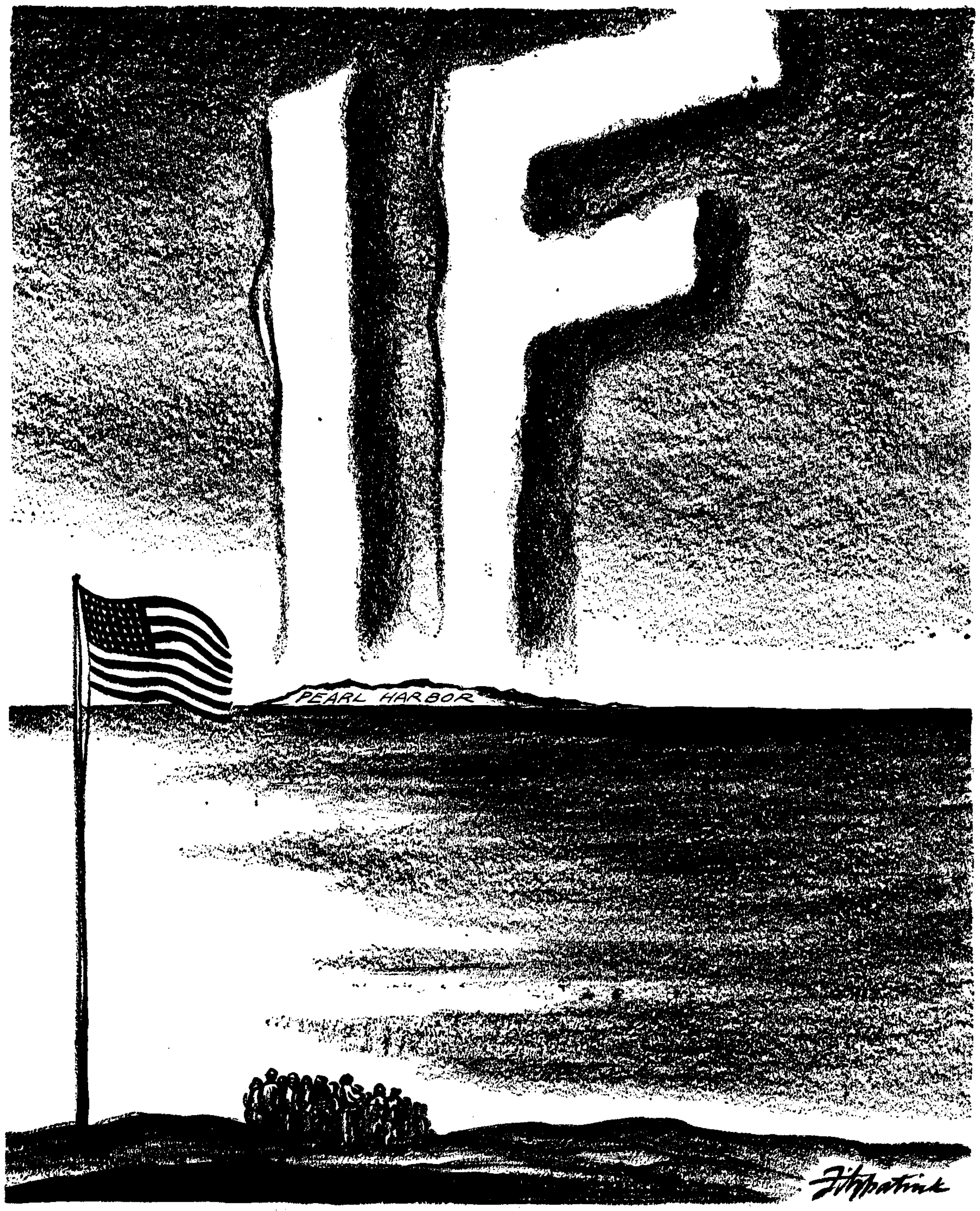


FIVE YEARS AFTER

IT SEEMS almost unbelievable that five years have passed since Pearl Harbor. The worst defeat in the history of the United States was dealt us by the Japanese on December 7, 1941.

We staggered, recovered, and were on the way to winning the war after the Battle of Midway—true. True, too, the United States won the Japanese part of World War II almost singlehanded, while contributing a tremendous part of the Allied war effort against Germany.

Nevertheless, Pearl Harbor Day has not as yet become a cheerful, flag-waving occasion like the Fourth of July. We hope it never will. The anniversary can be put to a much healthier use than that.

Indeed, its name might be changed to Just Suppose Day, and on each successive December 7th we might be smart to indulge for a while—every one of us—in some reflections along the following lines:

Just suppose the Japs had foreseen what a crashing, crippling victory they were going to score over us in that raid on our big mid-Pacific outpost. Suppose they had had two or three divisions of troops in transports a couple of hundred miles off Honolulu, ready to follow up the air attack with an invasion of Hawaii. At that time they probably could have got away with it.

Then, just suppose they had had a little more luck than they did have when they tried to take Dutch Harbor, in Alaska. Suppose they had established themselves there, instead of having to fall back to Attu and Kiska, in the Aleutians.

From there on, your imagination can write its own ticket. Had these things occurred, we might still be fighting the Japs somewhere along the line of the Rockies, with our West Coast people in the same kind of hideous bondage as the Japs visited on the Filipinos.

Quite conceivably, Germany might still be in the war, and the world might be looking to years more of slaughter and misery.

It didn't turn out that way. But it was just by the grace of God, so far as we've ever been able to figure the thing out, that it didn't.

We're trying now to rig up a peace that will endure, and to build the United Nations organization into something that can keep that peace.

But that job is only begun. It looks like a long and difficult job, if indeed it isn't an impossible one. Until it is finished, we shall lose sight of the chief lesson of Pearl Harbor only at our peril. That lesson was that a nation which hopes to go on being a nation must never let its guard down so long as there is any other nation which can conceivably attack it.

NO RUNOUT, PLEASE

CONGRESS voted earlier this year to reorganize itself for greater efficiency in its vast and complex work of making our laws.

The feature of the reorganization act which got the most public attention, and was generally approved, was the increase in pay for members of both houses from $10,000 a year to $15,000. Along with this went a pretty fair pension system, something which has long been needed.

But Congress also voted itself various less dramatic but equally important organizational reforms. One of these was a cut in the number of House standing committees from 48 to 19, and of Senate committees from 33 to 15. The remaining committees under this new law are entitled to capable research staffs. Spending and taxing committees are expected to work closely together. Lobbyists are to be required to register. In various other ways, the legislation is designed to gear Congress up to modern times.

It is an excellent law; and the thanks of Congress and of the public are due its principal backers, Senator Robert M. La Follette (Rep., Wis.) and Representative A. S. Mike Monroney (Dem., Okla.). Monroney, by the way, won the Collier's 1946 award of $10,000 for distinguished Congressional service.

A law that isn't applied, however, is neither good nor bad. It is just a dead letter. And there is considerable talk now going the rounds that this law will not be applied in full if some senators and representatives have their way.

They won't turn down the pay increase or the pensions, of course. But some of them don't like the idea of losing committee chairmanships or memberships, or of parting with other shreds of power or influence. The warning signals are out against an attempt to sabotage the Congressional Reorganization Act in part.

We hope any such attempt will fail.

CAPSULE SAFETY LESSON

COLLIER'S a few issues ago printed an article called Stop, Look and Live! by Lawrence McCracken and Robert Becker Phillips, Jr. It was all about Detroit's long-time policy of being tough though educative in the matter of automobile accidents, and the fine results that the policy has produced.

The whole piece was loaded with valuable tips to any community which would like to slash its highway massacre and mayhem averages, and we hope plenty of community leaders all over the country took careful note of those tips.

Besides all that, however, this article wound up with a paragraph which contained the best single piece of advice we have ever seen or heard of for the individual motorist.

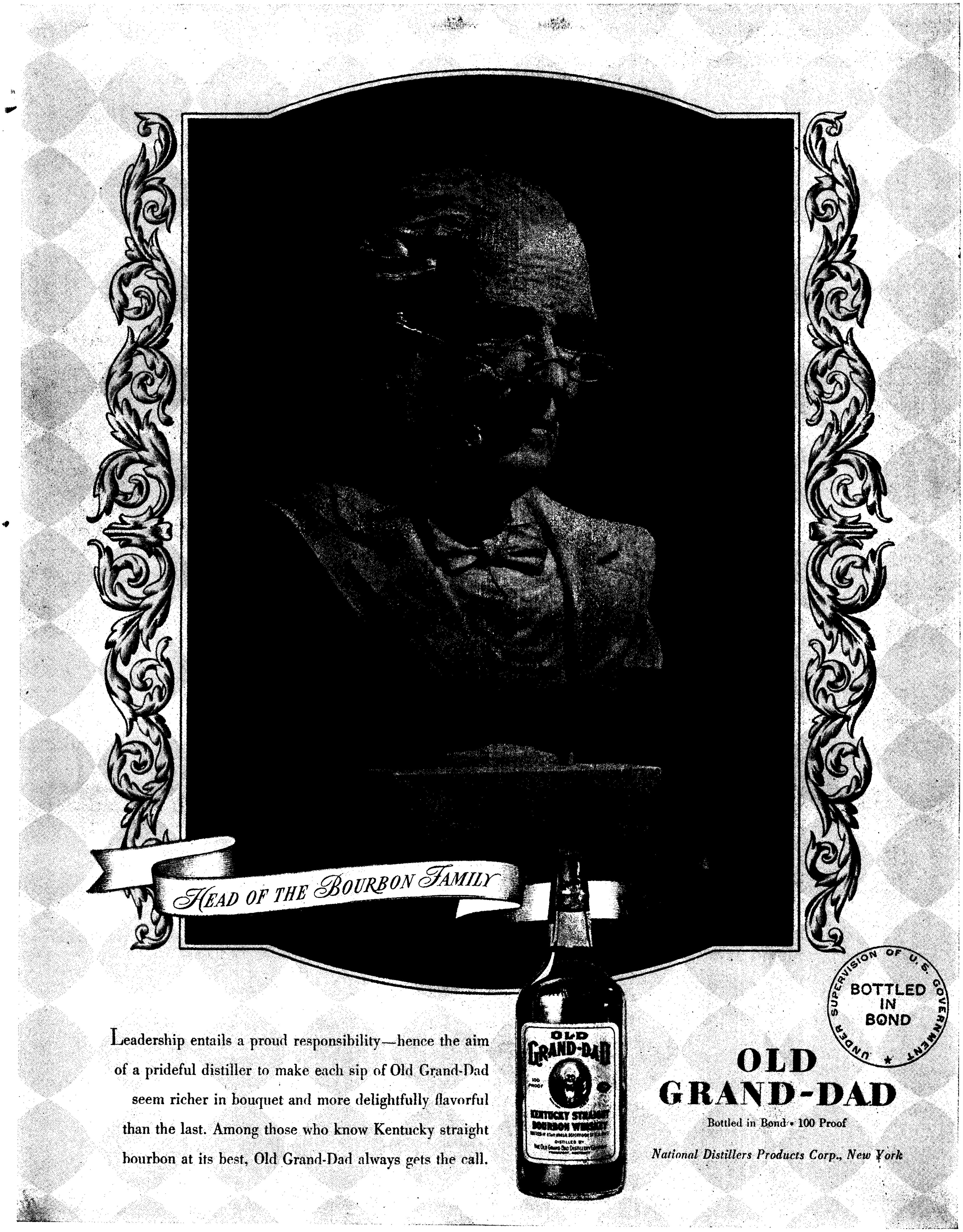
It seems that a Detroit taxi driver who had driven 1,000,000 miles without an accident was asked to give a 15-minute radio talk on the subject of safe driving. What he said was:

> It won't take me any 15 minutes to tell how to avoid accidents. It's simple—just drive on the theory every other guy in the world is crazy.

If there is a better piece of advice to the motorist than that, we'd be pleased to hear it.

PUFF OUT THAT CHEST

THAT Community Chest, we mean—the consolidated, one-shot charity fund taken up in many cities and towns for the systematic support of various worth-while and necessary relief, medical and kindred activities. The more you give, the better you feel. No contribution is too small to be gratefully accepted. You can count on the money being spent where it will help most. And it's deductible on income-tax returns. Please!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'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse.

Well, that isn't always true for the doctor. Sometimes there's just no rest at all for him—even on Christmas Eve.

Blizzard or heat wave... December or July... night or day... near or far... early or late... no matter when you call, he comes!

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● Not a single branch of medicine was overlooked in this nationwide survey made by three leading independent research organizations. To 113,597 doctors from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific went the query—*What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?*

The brand named most was Camel.

Like anyone else, a doctor smokes for pleasure. He appreciates rich, full flavor and cool mildness just as any other smoker. If you don't happen to be a Camel smoker now, try Camels. Let your "T-Zone" give you the answer.

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